SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

E. BENNET

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SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

SOME OF MY TROPHIES

SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS
IN
BRITISH EAST AFRICA

BY

E. BENNET, LL.D.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

WITH FIFTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND TWO MAPS

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS
1914

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ERRATA

Page 9, line 12 from top, *for* '20,000' *read* '200,000.'
„ 78, „ 5 „ bottom, *for* 'Colabus' *read* 'Colobus.'
„ 79, „ 9 „ top, *for* 'Colabus' *read* 'Colobus.'
„ 223, „ 20 „ „ *for* 'Sitatunga' *read* 'Situtunga.'
„ 223, „ 22 „ „ *for* 'sitatunga' *read* 'situtunga.'
„ 224, „ 11 „ „ *for* 'sitatunga' *read* 'situtunga.'
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SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Towards the end of the year 1912 I obtained a year's furlough, and left Bombay for a long-planned shooting expedition in British East Africa. I had shot some big game during my eight years' service in India, but I had not yet shot in Africa, and therefore I had the whole field of African sport to choose from—the Soudan, Uganda, the Congo, German East Africa, Nyassaland, Portuguese East Africa, Abyssinia, and Rhodesia, as well as British East Africa. I selected the latter country because it offers a great variety of game, the climate in the uplands is good, and it is well known and easy of access. So I sailed from Bombay in the D.O.A.L. *Kanzler*, which, being advertised to make a direct passage to Mombassa, proceeded on a lengthy cruise to Goa, the Seychelles, Dar-es-Salam, and Zanzibar, before arriving at Mombassa. At Nairobi I was beset with various difficulties about porters and arranging a

safari; I made a short trip to Simba and Sultan Hamud; and eventually, thanks to the assistance of some friends, I started on a four months' safari in the end of November, visited the Tana Valley, and shot buffalo, rhino, and eland, climbed Mount Kenia in a vain search for elephant, spent three months shooting lion and other game on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, and returned to Nairobi by Laikipia. I then made a tour to Mohoroni and Lake Victoria for hippo, topi, and roan antelope, and left Mombassa in May 1913, after spending six months in the country.

And now having made my bow to the reader, I may give a brief impressionistic sketch, a rough daub, of British East Africa as I saw it. Take a background of red granite koppies and a vast expanse of burnt-up grass and thorn scrub, fix some corrugated iron shanties in stiff red clay, dot your unclothed natives and kongonis in the foreground, with a few settlers (rampant) and officials (recumbent)—but perhaps the most lasting impression is the red clay. You meet it everywhere, and it never leaves you; the carriages and waggons of the Uganda Railway are red mud colour with red tarpaulins; the platforms are red mud; fine red sand blows in from the Taru desert, and you assimilate it into your system with the goat chops at the tin eating rooms on the railway; you open your red sandy throat and put a red mud peg down it.

But, like the ticks in the Tana Valley which you scrape off by the spoonful, that is only a partial picture, and I have dwelt on it overmuch, because it forced itself upon me and tickled my fancy. Other countries also have their inconveniences. India for example has its roasting hot weather, smells, and beggars; and in Ireland it always rains.

What really renders that first journey up the Uganda Railway remarkable is the quantity of game you see in the reserve—kongoni, Grant and Thomson's gazelles, zebra, in vast numbers; now and then ostriches, a herd of wildebeest, or a string of giraffe; sometimes a lion or a rhino. These animals do not fear the train, so you get a good view of them; but you must not conclude that they are as easy of approach when you are on foot.

On arriving in most countries there is usually one question for which the newcomer should be prepared. In Sydney I am told he must admire the fine harbour; in Ireland he will probably be asked what he thinks about Home Rule or William the Third; and in British East Africa he will soon be asked what he thinks about the Uganda Railway. The carriage I travelled up in leaked in a rainstorm, and I said what I thought of the Uganda Railway in language that could not be mistaken. But I soon saw that this was not what I was meant to say.

Seriously, however, the Uganda Railway is a fine undertaking, well carried out in the face of great difficulties, though the cost of construction of the 584 miles, about seven million sterling I am told, makes it very dear compared to Indian railway construction. But the British pushed their railway up to Lake Victoria, and carry the whole trade of Uganda, and the railway now pays its way. The Germans, who of late years are usually considered to surpass us in everything, had not yet got their railway up to the Lake. They seem to have spent their time in reproducing a German town, complete to its Biergarten, on the African coast in Dar-es-Salam, with its fine public buildings of grey stone. Most of the Government offices in Nairobi are still in iron sheds, though a beginning has been made with a fine stone building for the Treasury.

British East Africa has been styled a colony in the making; and it is therefore of great interest to the student of empire to analyse it. It will never be a colony in the sense that Canada, Australia, or New Zealand are colonies, as the white man does not do manual labour in it; the system is rather that of the Bengal planter, being based on native labour. This of course is similar to the South African colonies, but unlike them it has neither coal nor mineral wealth, if we except a recent alleged discovery of mica.

As no book on British East Africa appears to

be complete without some reference to the economic state of the country, I may make a few brief remarks, founded on what I was told by persons who had resided there for a considerable time, as of course my own stay was too short to enable me to do more than appreciate the value of what I heard.

The country may be divided into four areas for economic purposes. First comes the coast belt, low-lying and feverish, with a tropical climate and abundant rainfall. It is suited to the production of rubber, cocoanut, sisal, gum copal, simsim, and cotton. Rubber is grown in the Tana Valley, and as far inland as Kibwezi. Cotton is grown at Malindi. Cocoanut is grown within ten miles of the coast; and sisal is grown at various places along the coast. This tropical area extends inland as far as Kibwezi, which is 2,990 feet above sea-level.

The Highlands of British East Africa extend from Kibwezi to Fort Ternan, and the height of the Uganda Railway reaches 8,300 feet, the average height of the plateau being 6,000 feet.

It is this tableland that it is hoped will prove a white man's country. The climate is temperate and healthy, and it is not necessary to wear a sun helmet though it is on the equator. Coffee and black wattle are the most profitable investments in most of this area. The price of land suited for coffee has recently risen very high; as an example

a farm with coffee in bearing at Kyambu has recently changed hands at £50 an acre, and 300 acres of the same land was sold three years ago for £3 an acre. Land suitable for coffee but little developed can be had for from £10 to £15 an acre; so a settler would require at least £2,000 capital if he wished to start coffee-planting in this neighbourhood. It is, however, possible to get suitable land in less settled places for a pound an acre.

Ostrich farms are beginning to pay their way on the Kapiti Plains, at Ulu and Machakos. The ostriches are merely the wild birds in captivity, and their feathers are by no means so good as those of the South African bird, which has been improved by breeding. In time, however, the breed of ostrich will improve.

From Naivasha to Fort Ternan the country is suited to stock rearing—cattle and sheep. Land can be got from Rs.5 an acre upwards, some distance from the railway, but a good deal of capital is required for purchasing stock. Land can be got direct from Government, but the conditions are perhaps rather difficult. For example, a settler buys 3,000 acres at Rs.2 an acre, price Rs.6,000 (£400). He must spend an equal amount on improvements within two years, and the rental is ten cents an acre under the new conditions, £20 a year. Cattle are not reckoned as an improvement, only building, fencing, and ploughed

THE RIPON FALLS, THE SOURCE OF THE WHITE NILE

land. The land will be revalued for rent at the end of 33 and 66 years.

New allotments were being given out on the Uasin Gishu plateau at Trans-Nozia, 180 miles from the railway; at Mt. Elgin; and on Laikipia, from which the Masai have just been removed, though this removal is now the subject of litigation.

There are frequent complaints at the slowness of the Land Department in allocating and in registering farms. The third area is the Nyanza Province round Lake Victoria Nyanza, where the climate is again tropical. Cotton is being cultivated here by the British East Africa Corporation; at Kibos an Indian settlement is growing maize and chillies; and at Muhoroni there are some rubber plantations.

Districts like Nyeri and the Uasin Gishu plateau are of course handicapped by their great distance from the railway, and one of the needs of the country is capital for the construction of branch lines. Two branch lines are being made at present—one to the Thika River, from Nairobi, which will eventually reach Fort Hall, and one from Lake Magadi to Magadi Junction, to transport soda.

The fourth area of British East Africa is the bush desert, low-lying and tropical, waterless, except for a scanty rainfall, and a few large rivers. The bush desert extends over a great part of the

country—the Northern Frontier Province and Jubaland, from the Abyssinian and Somaliland borders to the Northern Uaso Nyiro, part of the Tana Valley, and the Taru desert. This bush desert resembles Somaliland, and is unfit for any economic purpose. It is mostly uninhabited, except for a few wandering tribes with goats, sheep, and some cattle—Somali, Boran, Rendile, Semboro, hunting Wanderobo and Enyeka. To the sportsman the bush desert is the most interesting part of the country, as it forms an immense natural game reserve, and game will be found here long after it has become scarce in the more habitable parts of the country.

Another question of much interest is that of native cultivation, and I have been told by residents of experience that the future exports of the country will probably come largely from this source. A beginning has just been made with the export of maize from the Kavirondo country, under the fostering influence of Government. There are large reserves for natives in various parts of the country—Kitui district, Meru district, the Masai reservation; and some districts such as Baringo are closed districts. At present the natives in these districts are economically independent, living comfortably on their cattle and plots of fertile land which require little cultivation. They do not wish to work for the settler, and they can easily get the three rupees annual hut tax,

which amounts to no more than half the price of a goat. If, however, some of these tribes can be induced to grow crops for export, they will be brought into economic relations with the rest of the community, and will therefore come more under control. Some tribes like the Masai have obtained a large amount of wealth, and are not cultivators. During the recent move of part of the Masai from Laikipia to Naivasha, about 20,000 persons, including women and children, were moved, and their possessions amounted to almost 20,000 cattle, besides sheep and goats. Allowing Rs.100 as the average price of the cattle, this gives property in cattle value Rs.1000 for each person in the tribe, which shows how wealthy these people are.

The exports from British East Africa are still small, amounting to £276,480 in 1910–11, though this was a large increase of £85,812 over the previous year. The total exports from the country, including the produce of Uganda, for 1911 amounted to £962,911, and the imports to £1,000,346. Among exports, cotton, hides and skins, ostrich feathers, and ivory are important items; and among imports, cotton goods, grain, provisions, and building materials are the largest heads.

The Indian is present in British East Africa in fairly large numbers, as there is no restriction on immigration. He is mostly a trader, though

there are some Indian subordinates in Government offices, mostly Goanese, and a number of Indians on the Uganda Railway. In fact I found my Hindustani quite useful, though it went much against the grain to be persistently addressed by Indian shopkeepers as "Tum." This, however, was not intentional rudeness, but was due to the fact that they did not speak Hindustani well, being mostly Mahommedans from Bombay of a very low class, some of whom had originally come as coolies on the railway.

The railway subordinates are usually from the Punjab, and are of course better educated.

The system of administration in this Crown Colony is largely based on the Indian model; it is divided into districts with a District Commissioner (a more suitable name than Deputy Commissioner or Collector by the way), and several districts form a province under a Provincial Commissioner. The local press thinks that Provincial Commissioners are an extravagance, and is always crying out for their abolition. It represents to some extent the views of the settler class, who have no direct control over the Government at present, but who hope to rule in future. Revenue is largely raised by the tax of three rupees per hut, and it is collected by the District Commissioner and his assistant in person, which is a part of revenue work not performed by European officials in India. There are no native officials

corresponding to Tahsildars; in fact there is no intermediary between the District Commissioner and his askaris. The incidence of the hut tax is very light, and the ordinary native has no use for money, and values his goats and his cattle at four or five times their price in India. There is no system of land revenue, but there seems no reason why it might not be introduced successfully. In some ways it would be an advantage, as the native is an artist at concealing a hut; but it would not be quite so easy to conceal a field.

This year a poll tax of £1 per head for Europeans has been introduced, which is, I believe, the only direct revenue the settlers pay, and in indirect revenue they have their agricultural machinery free of customs duty. There is no income tax, and the only payment Indian traders make is a small ground-rent in outstations. The Somali safaris, which sometimes make as much as Rs.20,000 profit on cattle in a single journey, only pay a small tax for each head of cattle.

One of the questions which is demanding solution is the shortage of native labour. There is of course no scarcity of natives, but they do not choose to work, as a fortnight's labour in the year will pay their hut tax, and they do not need money. A commission was investigating this problem during my visit, but the difficulties appear to be very great.

In conclusion I have to express my thanks to

many residents of British East Africa for their kind assistance and hospitality during my visit, and also for some of the photographs which illustrate this volume, which have kindly been lent to me by Lieut.-Col. B. R. Graham, King's African Rifles; G. St. J. Orde Browne, Esq., District Commissioner, Embu; and H. Branwhite, Esq., Rumruti. Finally I may say that I think no country offers so fine a selection of game, and anyone fond of sport should certainly visit British East Africa.

CHAPTER II

THE VOYAGE, SIMBA AND SULTAN HAMUD

I LEFT Bombay on 21st October 1912 in the German East African liner *Kanzler*, which had been advertised to sail on 19th October. There were only three other passengers in the first class, but when we reached Goa we took on board a crowd of Goanese in the second class. Many of these descendants of the Portuguese adventurers go to Africa as clerks, traders, or cooks. There were about five hundred Indians in the hold, mostly going to Mombassa as traders. On the night we left Goa, an Indian carpenter from Bombay jumped overboard. The officer on the watch at once threw two lifebuoys which had carbide lights and gave a bright illumination on contact with the water. The engine bell rang out sharply, and the ship slowed down. A boat was lowered, and we cruised round for half an hour. The Indians, including the poor fellow's relatives, looked on with impassive faces; it was the hand of God. A choppy sea was running, and the moon was fitful and cloudy. The dark waters shone with a phosphorescent glow, and the lights of the two lifebuoys twinkled in the dim distance.

The boat had no lights, and it seemed as if we might have difficulty in picking it up. I heard that the carpenter had been restless in the heat of the hold, where many families were crowded together. Day after day these people sit in the same place, patiently waiting for the end of the voyage over the black water, which is so mysterious to them. We picked up the boat, the engine bells rang full steam ahead, and we left the Indian in the lonely waste of waters. Doubtless he had sunk at once as he would be no swimmer, or he had fallen a prey to the following shark.

On the 28th October we crossed the Equator, but the weather was not unpleasantly hot.

On the 30th October we arrived at Mahe, the capital of the Seychelles, which are a group of islands belonging to Britain and lying about a thousand miles east of Zanzibar, in the Indian Ocean. The Seychelles were acquired by Britain in 1810, and serve as a coaling-station for the fleet, though they are not fortified in any way. No British lines touch here, but the Messageries Maritimes and the D.O.A.L. each have a steamer calling once a month. These islands are very picturesque; granite hills with tree-clad slopes rise steeply from the blue sunlit sea, and white villas nestle on their green sides. A whaling schooner lay at anchor, and we heard that lately it had accidentally marooned its captain and his wife on a small island where they had landed. A

gale sprang up and the anchor was lost, and the mate had to sail to another island to refit before he could take them off.

The town of Mahe is clean and neat in appearance, with its white houses and corrugated iron roofs. The people all speak French, and are a mixed race, grading down from the pure Frenchman to the negro who speaks French and wears the blue pantaloons of the French sailor. There were some Chinese shopkeepers and a few Indians. The Governor and higher officials are English, and both English and French are taught in the schools. Fishing and the export of turtles and copra, a product of the cocoanut palm, appear to be the chief industries of the islanders, who are very poor.

There are botanical gardens, with vanilla trees, pineapple, cocoanut, and trees with blood-red sap. The natives carve these cocoanuts into quaint shapes. There is the inevitable Carnegie library, and we read the cablegrams of the invasion of Macedonia by the Balkan allies. There are a number of tortoises in the Governor's garden, the oldest of which is said to be 125 years old.

Mahe has one newspaper, *Le Reveil*, and from it I gathered that the islands are in a state of commercial depression, and that the revenue has been seriously declining for several years. This paper calls on the Government to come to the rescue, but how and in what manner it does not state. I noticed that the people in the shops seemed

quite indifferent whether they sold you things or not.

As we walked in the streets a tall negro came and measured himself beside my cabin companion, who was 6 feet 4½ inches, and the negro acknowledged with a merry laugh that the Englishman was taller than he.

The kings of Uganda and Unyoro who joined the mutinous Soudanese troops in 1897 were deported to the Seychelles, and still reside here.

After midnight we sailed for Dar-es-Salam, a thousand miles to the west, and left these lonely little islands to slumber in the tropic calm of the Indian Ocean.

On the 4th November, at 6 A.M., we arrived at Dar-es-Salam, the capital of German East Africa. The harbour is one of the finest in Africa, landlocked by pineclad slopes, with a narrow winding entrance, which could easily be blocked by mines, and which is commanded by a battery of four field-guns.

There is a third-class cruiser, the *Seeadler*, stationed there, and there is a small dry dock. The *Prinz Regent*, the largest steamer of the D.O.A.L., was in the harbour, and the *Kanzler* drew alongside and transhipped a quantity of rice. Zanzibari boys in their white flowing robes and turbans without a fez took us ashore, and it was worthy of note that for the most part they knew English and not German.

The town is on the German model, built in white stone with neat, red-tiled roofs—a Gothic Church, High Court, Post Office, and Customs House. The streets are neatly laid out with avenues of trees. The small railway runs a hundred miles into the interior, which is more thickly populated and better country than British East Africa; there are about four hundred miles of railway altogether.

I went to the Kaiserhof Hotel at 1 P.M. and asked for lunch, and the manager spoke to me more in sorrow than in anger, and explained that there was only one hour for lunch, 12.30 P.M. However he got me a sort of a lunch, under protest that I had broken one of those strict regulations that Germans love.

In the evening I went to the Biergarten and drank white beer out of enormous glasses which held two bottles, and my cabin companion talked to a cheerful blue-eyed sailor from the *Seeadler*. These men always wear straw hats in the tropics, and look very fit, though you would fancy this would expose them to sunstroke. There is a white population of under a thousand in the town.

We left at 10 A.M. next morning and arrived at Zanzibar at 3 P.M.

I went on shore for a couple of hours. This island and the sister island of Pemba about fifty miles to the north are administered by Britain

in the name of the Sultan. The Sultan's palace is a picturesque building. The town is built just on the edge of the water. The streets are winding and narrow, and the houses overhang with odd corners and projections like some old Italian town. A motley throng of Arabs, Swahili, Wanyamwezi, Turks, Somalis, Indians, Chinese, Japanese and many European peoples are to be seen in the streets, and a few good roads carry motor traffic. I saw the Jail, Post Office, Victoria Gardens, and English Club. Two companies of the King's African Rifles are stationed here. Zanzibar used to be a great centre for the slave trade, and slavers brought their captives from the centre of Africa for sale. The status of slavery ceased to be recognised by a decree of the Sultan in 1897. But still boys and girls are occasionally kidnapped here and at Mombassa and taken in dhows to ports in Arabia. After the sun had set the town showed a thousand twinkling lamps, which shimmered in long lanes of light on the face of the dark waters.

Next morning, the 6th November, we arrived at Mombassa, the chief port of British East Africa and the seat of the High Court. The aspect of Mombassa is brilliant in its tropic luxuriance, feathery palms and great trees of dense foliage laced together by clinging creepers, and in startling contrast to their green luxury are the red

NATIVE QUARTER, ZANZIBAR

MOMBASSA HARBOUR

roofs of the houses and the splendid purple patches of bougainville. Mombassa was visited by the Portuguese under Vasco da Gama in 1498, and from that time they brought the coast under their sway. The present jail is in Fort Jesus, which was begun in 1593 and completed two years later. It has an ancient inscription stone over the doorway.

The famous siege of this fortress, which lasted for thirty-three months, began on 15th March 1696. The garrison consisted of native troops for the most part, and there were fifty Europeans and 2,500 natives in the fort. They were blockaded by a fleet of Arab ships. Plague broke out among the people in the fort, and in August of the following year the commandant, who was the last European survivor, died, leaving the king of Faza and a handful of Swahili who kept the Arabs at bay for three weeks. Reinforcements now arrived from Mozambique of 150 Portuguese and 200 to 300 native troops. After fifteen months' further fighting the garrison had dwindled to eleven men and two native women, and in December 1698 the Arabs carried the fort and put the garrison to the sword. By the irony of fate the Portuguese fleet from Goa arrived two days later, and the commander, seeing the Arab flag flying from the citadel, retired without attacking. Nor did the Portuguese ever again gain permanent possession of Mombassa.

The town was under Arab control, nominally from Muscat, and later from Zanzibar. British control in East Africa came through suppression of the slave trade, the first agreement with the Sultan of Zanzibar being entered into in 1822. As in the history of so many colonies, a chartered company was the means of opening up the country, and the Imperial British East Africa Company did useful work from 1887 to 1895, when direct Government control was established over the East Africa Protectorate.

Mombassa is the terminus of the Uganda Railway, which, passing through the coastal belt of tropical vegetation, winds its way through the great Taru desert of sand and thorn-scrub, ever rising higher; traverses great rolling plains of grassy upland, dotted with countless herds of game; climbs steep slopes of primeval equatorial forest, and descends to the shores of that great inland sea, Lake Victoria Nyanza.

There was some plague at Mombassa, and the local press was loudly complaining of the insanitary state of the town. It was raining hard when I landed, so after the usual customs difficulty I went to the railway station at noon and left for Nairobi. Subsequent events showed that I would have been wiser to wait for a couple of days and see my luggage off by goods train, but I depended on the assurance of an agent who told me he would despatch it next day.

The railway runs over a pretty island, and then by an iron bridge across a winding arm of the sea which separates it from the mainland, giving you a glimpse of Kilindini roadstead. We then begin to climb up between green slopes of dense tropical vegetation, past neat little corrugated iron stations with their Indian station-masters, and crowds of scantily attired Wakamba on the platform. Later come the scrubby thorn trees and penetrating red sand of the Taru desert, and there are few signs of inhabitants. This desert used to be a great obstacle to communication with the interior, and is the reason why the native tribes remained till very recently in their primitive simplicity. It also enhanced the difficulties of railway construction. Next morning we found ourselves running through great grassy uplands, on which we saw countless hartebeest, awkward-looking antelopes of light yellow colour, graceful Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, ostriches, and some heavy-looking wildebeest. On the left side of the line is the game reserve, extending as far as Nairobi. A glimpse of the snowy top of Kilimanjaro can be caught from the neighbourhood of Simba.

Nairobi is the seat of government and the capital of the country. It is a very new town, still in the stage of corrugated iron, though some stone buildings have been erected. It was selected at mile 327 as a railway headquarters, and the rest of it happened to grow in the way British

colonies are apt to develop. It is 5,450 feet above sea-level, and the climate is mild and healthy. Unfortunately the town itself is built on low ground, which seems to prevent a proper drainage system, and there are constant complaints in the press about the insanitary conditions of the place. Government House, the quarters of the King's African Rifles, which has three companies here, and most of the civil and military officers' bungalows are built on higher ground a mile beyond the town ; and among numerous other political divisions which rend this small community is the antagonism between the Town and the Hill. The white population numbers 580, and there are 3,100 Indians and 10,550 natives. The Indians have a great part of the retail trade in their hands, both at Nairobi and at outstations, and they are asking for their voice to be heard in affairs, and they have a local paper. The settler community are well organised, and have two newspapers to represent their views. The natives of the country, some four million in numbers, are as yet silent, but the recent action of the Masai, in taking legal action against the order of government removing them from Laikipia, shows that they will not long be a silent community. The task of governing and deciding fairly between the interests of these conflicting communities is a difficult one. Bitter controversy has arisen, and violent actions have taken place in the past. It seems, however, as if

to some extent mutual misunderstandings have been removed, and with the goodwill of all parties the future development of the Protectorate will proceed on harmonious lines.

A new station club in Nairobi is being built, and the amusements consist of polo, golf, and tennis. There is a racecourse here and at Nakuru, and a good pack of hounds hunt jackal. The prevalence of horse sickness seems to make horses fairly scarce, and people go about in rickshaws, motor bicycles, motor cars, or on mules. Most of the roads are not very good, being merely hardened earth, but there is one good macadamised road.

On arrival at Nairobi I was met by Colonel Graham, who kindly put me up during my visits there. Next day I went to the safari agents, who had written to me as long ago as June that they would supply me with porters and fit out my safari at fourteen days' notice. I had accepted their offer, and given them the approximate date of my arrival. Now however they stated that they could not supply me with porters at all, even after a month, and that they were a hundred porters short of their requirements. Had these agents taken the trouble to send a letter to this effect for me to their agents at Mombassa, I would have been able to engage porters there. I asked them if porters could be got at Mombassa or anywhere else, and they said No. But I afterwards found other firms in Mombassa could supply porters.

The only thing these agents could offer me was an ox waggon to go down the Southern Uaso Nyiro at Rs.16 a day, and even for that a few porters were needed, whom they could not supply. This trip would only last six weeks, and I wanted to spend six months shooting. So it seemed of little use to take the ox waggon, as at the end of that trip I would still be without transport, and I would then have less chance of getting porters as there would be more shooting parties in the country. Through the kindness of Colonel Graham and Mr. Stone, District Commissioner of Fort Hall, I was able to arrange for twenty porters there on the 1st December. I engaged a personal boy or bearer, Juma, and a cook, Elissa, both Waganda; a Somali gun-boy, Mahommad, and a second gun-boy, Rajab, a Soudanese who had been in the King's African Rifles. With these boys I determined to spend ten days down the line near Simba, waiting till my ammunition was forwarded from Mombassa, and till the Fort Hall porters could be supplied. This short trip also served the purpose of showing me what I required on safari.

I had arranged to leave Nairobi on the 12th November by a goods train which I was informed would leave at 1.40 P.M., but it left at 1 P.M., and I did not get another till 5 P.M. I had not received my luggage yet, so I hired a tent and equipment. I travelled in the guard's van, and the guard entertained me to his views on religion (he had

MY WAGANDA COOK AND BEARER

been secretary to a church gymnasium), politics, morality (strict), and history (he was well read). He also handed out my thermos by error to the station-master, who was shooting down the line, and I did not get it for a week.

The point of travelling on a goods train on this railway is that it will stop for you between stations, and I wished to stop at the second landi, or iron hut, beyond Simba. But it was late at night, and raining, so the guard persuaded me that it would be better to stop at Simba station and go on next day. I did so, and spent the rest of the night uncomfortably in a corrugated iron room dignified by the name of a waiting-room.

Next morning I went out with my two gun-boys, and we soon got drenched in the rain, but after some time the sun came out and dried us. We saw large herds of hartebeest and zebra, which gallop about excitedly on the smallest excuse, some waterbuck does, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, ostrich, and warthog (which I wanted to shoot, but my Mahommadan gun-boys would not touch them, so I would have had to extract the tushes myself, and I gave up the idea). I stalked some impala, but I did not get a shot. We were on our way home when we saw some wildebeest. They are not unlike the American bison, but they have not got his characteristic mane. We crawled a long way across the level plain, which had not got much grass on it, and when one of the wildebeest

looked up, we remained perfectly motionless till he went on feeding. Then we advanced again. In this way we got near enough to pick out a fair bull, and I fired and he fell. The rest of the herd ran a little way and then stood looking at the intruders; and when we approached they moved off. When we got into camp I was quite done up with my seven hours' tramp, as I was out of training. I also suffered from thirst, as I had not taken a waterbottle with me; it is always advisable to do so. I dined with Colonel Stanley and Mr. and Mrs. Upton, who were in camp at Simba.

Next day, as my luggage had arrived from Mombassa, with the exception of the ammunition, I went by a goods train to the landi at mile 220.

The local savage produced a notice that persons taking water from the landi tanks would be prosecuted, but I made an arrangement with him, as the river water here is medicinal and not fit to drink. These tanks are filled from Nairobi by a water train.

I went out in the evening and got a long shot at a waterbuck, which I missed. I put my camp bed up a tree at the landi, tied up a goat, and fixed up the electric light which I had brought from India. But there were apparently no lions about, and nothing came.

Next morning I woke up rather uncomfortable, as it had rained during the night, and my

pillows got wet, though the rest of my bedding was protected by a waterproof sheet.

I went out at 6 A.M. with the gun-boys. It was raining, but after a little the rain stopped. We crossed the Salt River and ascended some low hills, and there we saw some waterbuck. I spoiled my chance, much to the Somalis' disgust, by advancing too eagerly. I got a headache from wearing soft hats on account of the rain, so I resolved to wear my helmet in future. In the evening we went down the line, and while approaching some impala I got a sudden view of a waterbuck, and I brought him down with a bullet through the forelegs, as the rifle fired a little low.

This night I tied up a goat and arranged an opening in my tent through which I could fire; it was not a safe plan, but more comfortable than sitting up in the rain. Nothing happened, except that the small goat died in the morning, from exposure I expect. Natives prefer goat to any game, and the Somali hastened to cut its throat before it died, and it served as food.

We went out for about six hours' tramp in the bush, and I got a shot at an impala, but I missed it. We found a tortoise about a foot long, with a yellow and black shell. The boys turned it over, and it hissed and withdrew its limbs and head into its armour-plated house.

I turned it right side up and left it. We followed the tracks of a rhino till he crossed the river, and we could not follow, as it was flooded from the rain.

Next morning I shot my second waterbuck, and as it was only a mile from the landi I sent Rajab back, thinking the landi men would come for some of the meat, as they had no "official duties," the day being Sunday. These duties consist of replacing little stones on the line when the rain washes them off. But I had not yet learnt the innate laziness of the African native; although they would have liked the meat well enough, not one of them would take the trouble to come for it. Most of their time is spent lying in the sun in front of the hut, singing and playing.

A little farther on in the bush a dik dik suddenly ran across our path, and stood gazing back at us. It is very difficult to distinguish the small horns of two or three inches in length without practice; so I shot it, and it proved to be a female, without horns, but good for the pot. These pretty little antelope are not much larger than hares, and you frequently see them bounding into cover.

After some time we came on the tracks of a large rhino, made that morning after the rain, and we followed it up. It led us across a small river and into dense bush. We made some

little noise in our passage through the thorn trees, and suddenly the rhino got up from close in front of us, though we could not see him. He made off in the opposite direction, running upwind, as they nearly always do, with a grunting and rumbling like a herd of swine. If he had charged us, I could not have seen him till he would have been five or six yards off, which would have given me very little time to shoot.

Coming back we followed the tracks of a smaller rhino for some time, but lost them eventually. I was not anxious to shoot rhino in this neighbourhood, as I had been told that they had small horns. I made up my mind to leave this place, as owing to the scarcity of grass there was by no means the quantity of game that the agent in Nairobi had told me I would find here.

Next day I determined to have a good try down the line to see if there really were any kudu, as the agent had marked on his map. After three miles I saw some tracks of lion, and there were vultures circling over some trees, but as it was in the reserve we could not go there. We left the line, and at noon we came to two huts of Wanderobo, a hunting tribe. One hut was built up a tree, and the other was on the ground. Some women tried to talk to my boys, but they did not know the language, and though they offered to send for the local interpreter we did not wait. These people were poor, but cheerful. We wan-

dered on and had lunch at the Simba River, which was in flood. After lunch we saw some impala, and I tried to get within range, but a doe spotted me, and I got a running shot which I missed. Coming home I got another chance at impala, but I missed again. I think it was because I used the telescopic sight, and as I found out later it was throwing low.

After dinner my boy was helping me on with my overcoat—I was wearing pyjamas—and I suddenly experienced a stinging sensation in my back as if a red-hot needle had been run into me. I put on some Scrubb's ammonia at once, which relieved the pain, and on examining the coat I found a large scorpion in it. Juma rolled his eyes and said, "Oh! oh!" and took the coat to the fire and shook the scorpion into it, which I felt was a fitting end for him. I had seen several about the landi, and they seem to come out when the rain-water runs down the cracks in the ground where they live. Thanks to the ammonia, I did not feel any further effects from the sting.

Next day, 19th November, we went out after some impala, but the Somali made too wide a circle to get downwind, and we lost them. I had breakfast, and got the tents down and packed up the things, expecting the luggage train at noon, but it did not come till evening. The cook had just started to make dinner, but we hastily put the dinner, and the surviving goat, and other things

into a waggon. I travelled in an intermediate carriage with the boys.

We arrived rather late at Sultan Hamud, and I tumbled into bed in the tin waiting-room. We went out comparatively late next morning, 7 A.M., and we were not able to induce a single coolie to come out with us, though there were lots of them loafing about doing nothing. There is a bazar here, consisting of a dozen iron huts of Indian traders, who sell cloth, beads and brass wire for ornamental purposes to the villagers near, mostly Masai and Wakamba. We met some Masai, the men carrying long spears, and the women with metal breastplates, not unlike those worn by classical dancers. They told us that a lion had killed two cattle at their village last night, and they were bringing in a hide to sell. We tried to find their village, and had a long tramp, and saw very little except kongoni, female Grant, and a female duiker; I expect this place is too much shot over. Coming back we met the Masai again, and found that their village was in the reserve, so we could not go there. There was great activity of the landi people, as an engineer was coming down to inspect. I now discovered that these landi people are supposed to work daily, though till then I never saw them actually working.

Next day, 21st November, I saw a herd of hartebeest and resolved to shoot one; so as they were wild, we resorted to a trick which is often

useful. The Somali and I approached in single file, and after we got nearly within range, he stopped, and the kongoni continued to look at him, while I advanced under the cover of an ant-hill, and shot a bull with horns about 17 inches, fair for this species. Both sexes carry horns, and it is not very easy to distinguish the bulls from the cows. Some Wakamba herdsmen helped to carry home the meat.

I had heard from Colonel Stanley that he got porters in Mombassa from the British East Africa Corporation, so I had wired to this firm, and they replied to-day that they could supply me with twenty porters. This therefore solved the porter difficulty for the present.

On 22nd November, after being driven home in the morning by heavy rain, I went up the line in the evening and saw an oryx and some Grant. The oryx moved off, and it was dusk before I got near him. He saw me, and as I remained quite still, he began to stalk up to me to see what I was. When he got close enough I fired, and the bullet went low and broke a foreleg. We followed him for a quarter of a mile, and the Somali then turned him, and I finished him off. This was the fringe-eared oryx, and he had a fair head, 29 inches. Next day I got another oryx, and this completed my allowance of this species. I also tried to get a photograph of a giraffe, but failed, as they were too shy. They are a quaint sight as they lollop

along, looking at you over the tops of the bushes, with a peculiar shuffling motion which always reminds me of a small boy trying to run in trousers much too big for him.

On the 24th November I returned to Nairobi by a goods train, which took the whole day to do this run of a hundred miles, and when I arrived in Nairobi I found the restaurants and hotels shut up or deserted, and it was late in the evening before I could get anything to eat; as in this very democratic community people have a decided objection to working on Sundays. I gave the Soudanese gun-boy leave to go, as he was rather a rotter, and had not gone out with me for the last three days, alleging he was suffering from some imaginary illness; which did not prevent him smoking endless cigarettes, the usual amusement of the intelligent native.

So ended my trial trip, which I advise every sportsman to take, as it shows him what is necessary on the longer journey he is about to embark on, and it enables him to dispose of the useless members of his party.

CHAPTER III

THE TANA RIVER

On arrival at Nairobi I busied myself for a couple of days in making preparations for an extended safari. I was rather astonished on visiting the agents to find that my ammunition had not yet arrived, as I had been informed by wire of its despatch from Mombassa thirteen days previously. However, I went to the railway station, in spite of being assured that several inquiries had been made there. I found that the ammunition had been lying at the station for ten days, and the goods clerk had twice asked the agents' clerk to take it away, but he had refused.

I got stores from a firm of grocers, as the posho I had bought from the agents was so bad that I had to throw it away; porters' tents from the Indian shops in the bazar for Rs.4 each, for which agents charge Rs.5 plus commission; maps from the Survey Office; cooking-pots for the porters, and a hundred little odds and ends which are needed in camp.

My twenty porters arrived from Mombassa, and looked a very useful lot, mostly wearing their red blankets and a fez. They had been enrolled

before the magistrate, but I soon found that this document was of little use, as they gave fictitious names. In place of Swahili or Wanyamwezi, some of these boys were local Kikuyu who wished to return to Nairobi, and had no intention of going on safari. So they gave Mahommedan names; and the agents sent them to me with Rs.5 advance each and their fare to Nairobi, also a water-bottle and a blanket, so that they had cost me a sovereign each. Two of them ran away the first night, and as the enrolment certificate described one as "Twelve O'clock," and the other as something equally silly, and gave no proper address, it was not possible to take any steps in the matter. This habit of getting advances and running away is, I am told, rather common, and it ought to be stopped by the agents taking care not to register Kikuyus whom they can easily recognise by the holes in their ears as Swahili from Mombassa. Two more ran away on the way to Fort Hall. I was not able to get much useful advice as to a route in Nairobi. The agents were sending most of their clients to the Southern Uaso Nyiro in ox waggons, so that country would be overcrowded. The only books on big game shooting available were out of date in the matter of routes, as the country has become settled in many places which used to be favourite haunts of game, and now these places are no good for the sportsman. However, I heard that there was a large herd of

buffalo between the Tana and the Ziba Rivers, and I made this my first objective, and determined to be guided in my further wanderings by whatever information I would get on the way.

Accordingly I started out on the 27th November on the Fort Hall road, with my eighteen Mombassa boys and five Kikuyu whom I had picked up in Nairobi—one other Kikuyu left his load in the road and bolted before he had gone half a mile. The men were rather heavily loaded, and some of them put their bundles in carts going the same way, and by the evening we arrived at the Kamiti River, fifteen miles from Nairobi. The land on both sides of the road is all taken up for farms, and commands a high price.

Next morning I found another Kikuyu had run away during the night, so I impressed two others on the way. The road was a good unmetalled track, running through little hills and valleys. Most of the streams were dry, but some of the larger ones had running water and fine trees on their banks. The uplands were covered with good grass, and scattered thorn bushes. Twenty miles away to the south there stood up an isolated mountain, Donio Sabuk, 6,700 feet high, which serves as a landmark for all this district.

The porters were again helped by some carts, and we got to the Thika River by sunset, having done a march of twenty miles. Here there is a

quaint hotel, where each guest is housed in a neat thatched hut. There are two rivers, the Chania and the Thika, and each leaps over a high waterfall; tall trees line the banks, and the sunshine makes rainbows in the spray. The Public Works Department have made two artistic single arched bridges, and evidently this department does not suffer from want of taste. Two more of the Mombassa porters ran away this afternoon. I had them all assembled and explained that I was willing to listen to any complaints, and the others said they would stay. Next morning I got six Kikuyu from the manager of the Blue Post Hotel, and this enabled me to reach the Saba Saba River by the afternoon, a place noted for its sandflies and mosquitoes. I treated a porter for conjunctivitis, a disease of the eyes which makes them painful for a fortnight or so, and another for blisters. On tour you have frequently to doctor your men, so it is well to take a good supply of medicines and bandages.

On the 30th November we arrrived at Fort Hall, which is on a low hill, and is rather hot, and said to be unhealthy. I may describe it, as it is a typical district headquarters. There is the courthouse of the district magistrate, with the Union Jack flying, and a crowd of half-clothed natives squatting in front, waiting for their turn to be heard and have justice dispensed

to them. Some askaris, native policemen, stand about in their smart khaki uniform. The jail, which is also under the district magistrate, stands near the lines of the administration and police askaris. These askaris are housed in neat beehive huts, and their wives and families may live with them. The police askaris are often under the district magistrate directly, but in Fort Hall there is a Superintendent of Police. There is also a small dispensary, and a few low bungalows with pretty gardens for the officials. There is an Indian bazar, consisting of a dozen corrugated iron sheds, where all kinds of things from European stores to brass wire ornaments can be purchased from the wily shopkeeper, who usually asks considerably more than he is prepared to accept. There is no fortification to entitle the place to be called a Fort, but natives call such stations a "boma," a word which is applied to any enclosure for residence, for your camp, or for sitting up for lions.

I found that the district commissioner, Mr. Stone, had kindly arranged for twenty porters for me; but as he had gone on safari and I wanted advice as to where to go, I called on Captain Bowen, the Superintendent of Police, and he kindly asked me to dinner. I went round the lines, and I was shown an askari who had been attacked by a whole village with spears when he went to arrest a man, and the villagers wounded

him in many places and left him, thinking he was dead. But being a man of extraordinary vitality he managed to crawl away and return to Fort Hall with the news, for which he was duly rewarded.

I heard many amusing stories about would-be sportsmen who come out from Europe with no previous knowledge of rifle shooting. One wealthy French nobleman never hit anything, and at last his white hunter and five Somali gun-boys rounded up a lion at 5 A.M., and kept it till 8 A.M. when he had comfortably finished breakfast. He came up close with a selection of rifles, took careful aim—and hit a Somali. However, he treated his people with lavish generosity; he gave his white hunter Rs.900 a month, and a free trip to Cairo, each porter got a tip of £5, and his Somalis Rs.400 each. I was also told many stories of famous lion hunters in British East Africa. One man despised lions so much that he used to go out lion-hunting with a single cartridge, and if he failed to kill with one shot, he stood disdainfully with folded arms; and strange to say, he had never been attacked. Another hunter used to stand in front of a wild elephant and measure his tusks by the barrel of his rifle before shooting him. Elephants have not very good sight, and presumably they were too surprised to do anything. But one day a big bull got his wind, and seized the rifle with a scream of rage, bending

the barrel into a V-shape. The hunter escaped between the elephant's legs, and he has now given up this game. I was told in Nairobi of a hunter who, when he met an elephant in forest paths with its tail towards him, would spank it on the behind end and call on it to turn round; and when it did turn round, he shot it if it was a good tusker. I was not told what he did if it was not a good tusker, but I presume one should not inquire too closely into this class of big game stories. It is considered necessary for everyone in British East Africa to lay claim to special knowledge of big game shooting, and sometimes this has amusing results. A German shopkeeper in Nairobi wrote a book some time ago in which he described how he shot seventeen elephants close to a railway station where no elephants have ever been seen. As the book was in German, he thought no one in Nairobi would read it. Much amusement was caused when someone who knew him read it, as he had never shot anything in his life.

Some details of district administration may not prove uninteresting.

Fort Hall district has a population of about 200,000 natives and a few planters. The revenue is the hut tax, which at Rs.3 per hut yields about Rs.200,000. There is no restriction on arms, and every native carries a spear with a double head, and a long knife or sword. A tax

of fifty cents on spears is in contemplation. Only paramount chiefs have guns, and they are allowed six shot-guns, which are chiefly ornamental. These chiefs form a Native Council, and petty cases are tried by them in the same way as benches of native magistrates try small cases in India. The Indian Penal Code and the code of Criminal Procedure were borrowed from India, but the latter is now being slightly modified to suit the country. The elaborate diaries which the Indian police keep up are not employed in this country. Each village has a headman, who is supposed to report crime, though he often neglects to do so. In the eleven months of 1912, only seventy-six cases had been reported at Fort Hall, which would be the average at a small police station, one of a dozen, in an Indian district.

These chiefs have been established by Government. One chief in the Fort Hall district was very wealthy, had a cellar full of ivory, three stone houses, hundreds of wives and cattle; he always lived on European tinned stores, as he was afraid of being poisoned, though from the sort of stores you sometimes get in British East Africa, you might think that he still ran a fair risk of poison.

When you walk along the roads natives frequently run up to you and shake you twice by the hand with a peculiar double grip. It is well meant, though it soon becomes monotonous. I

met a headman coming into Fort Hall who wore a top hat and a red blanket with an air of great gravity, and he greeted me in this manner.

Government servants in British East Africa get less pay than in India, but they get leave every twenty-six months or so, and are given a free first-class passage and four months' leave; whereas the Indian civilian does not get furlough till he has completed eight years' service.

Fort Hall is classed as an unhealthy station because the water is not good, though I did not find it bad. It is considered hot, as the temperature rises to 98° Fahr. in the shade in January, and there are some mosquitoes. But it has a far better climate than most Indian stations.

There are some missions in the district, and I was told that the local chiefs prefer the American Mission, and do not object to their schools. The Roman Catholic missionaries wisely take their boys for two years and teach them a trade before they begin to convert them. Uganda I had always heard held up as the great success of the mission field; but Waganda boys have the reputation of being all thieves, and Waganda women haven't got any reputation at all. The Swahili and Somalis are Mussulmans, but they never seemed to say any prayers, which is a contrast to the Indian Mussulmans, who can always be heard chanting the melodious "La ilah il-lalah" at sun set. The Kikuyu, who inhabit the country round

Nairobi and up to Meru, where they grade into the Wameru, who are not so very different, seem to have no religious beliefs, except that when their witch doctors are giving them medicine, they turn their heads towards Mt. Kenia, as they believe that a great vague Spirit called Mumbo lives there.

Next morning I tried my rifles on the range, and found that the heavy rifles were accurate, but the ·350 rifle was shooting too low. I selected twenty Kikuyu porters, at Rs.5 a month, and gave them each a blanket. I got about fifteen loads of posho (mealie meal for the porters' food), and marched seven miles to the iron suspension bridge over the Tana. Here I camped and received a visit from the headman of the village near, who asked for some bakshish, and he supplied me with two villagers as guides. The Tana River is not more than a dozen yards across here, but it runs for several hundred miles to the sea.

The safari now consisted of the following details:

1 Somali gun-boy. Wages per mensem		Rs.45
1 Personal Boy		25
1 Cook		25
1 Second gun-boy, Kikuyu		10
20 Mombassa porters (4 replaced at Nairobi), 19 on Rs.10, and headman on Rs.12		202
21 Kikuyu porters from Fort Hall on Rs.5		105
45 men	Total wages	412

Posho for 44 men at Rs.1·80 each	80
Rice, sugar, and ghi for Somali	20
My stores	80
Miscellaneous, guides, &c.	100
Total cost per mensem	Rs.692, say £46

This was much less than the £100 per mensem per gun in the field, which is the rate the safari agents contract for, though doubtless with ingenuity the expenses can be increased to any figure. I found it necessary to give my Waganda boys rice and sugar later on, as they took my stores instead of living on posho, and Rs.30 p. m. may be added on to the monthly bill for this.

A labour agent in Nairobi was advertising that he alone could supply porters and labourers. While I was at Fort Hall a letter from this man to a local chief was brought in, in which he implored the chief to send him natives. It is obviously much better to get your porters through the district officials than resort to agents who have to recruit by such methods.

On the 2nd December I marched S.E. from the Tana River bridge past some Kikuyu villages where there was a little cultivation and open grassy plains with large herds of cattle grazing. Farther on we came to thorn scrub, and there were large herds of hartebeest, which were rather wild. However after stalking behind some bushes I got a shot at a buck and brought it down. Then

we came to a beautiful green valley where there were countless hartebeest and some zebra feeding. There was no cover and the grass was short. The Somali and I approached the zebra in a crouching attitude, partly sheltered by a small thornbush. Sometimes the zebra looked up suspiciously, and we remained quite motionless, which was rather trying, as we had to remain in the cramped position we happened to be in at the time. But the zebra, though of course they saw us behind the small bush, and later when we left its shelter and advanced in the open, do not pay much attention to strangers as long as they do not see them actually moving. The fact that the next time they look up you are twenty yards nearer, does not appeal to the intelligence of most wild animals. When their heads are down grazing they cannot see what you are doing. This time, however, I tried their patience too far, and the zebra moved off. So I had to fire as they were retreating, and I hit one in the hind quarter, followed it up and finished it off. I sent a boy to the camp for my camera, propped it up and took a photograph, and kept the skin. Zebra, however, are little use, as porters do not care to eat the strong flesh, though some years ago they were not so particular. Porters use their skin for sandals, and they are also useful as a bait for lion. I sat up in a tree this night, but nothing came. I saw some guinea-fowl on the march, and making a line of the

porters I shot three. These birds are a standing dish in the camp, as you tire of antelope and gazelle day after day, and guinea-fowl are fairly plentiful and not difficult to shoot.

I had not been walking much in India, as it is the custom of the country to ride or drive, so the long marches over rough ground made my feet blistered, and I had to rest for a day. Next day we marched about twelve miles S.E. and camped on the Tana again, about twelve miles above its junction with the Ziba (or Thiba, as it is written in some maps). On this march I had my first encounter with dangerous game in Africa. We were out to the right of the safari, when the porters stopped, and signalled to us to come up. We did so, and they told us a rhino was in front. The Somali and I advanced, and there was the huge beast, heavy and unwieldy, looking like some antediluvian monster, placidly grazing among scattered scrub. We went on to within twenty yards of the rhino, scarcely sheltered at all by some scraggy bushes. It seemed inevitable that he must see us and charge, but rhino are very shortsighted, and we had approached upwind. We had a consultation as to whether his horn was good enough. I thought not, but the Somali thought it was as good as I would get. So I fired, and the dull thud of the heavy ·450 cordite bullet sounded back as it tore its way into the huge bulk of muscle and bone behind the shoulder. The rhino grunted,

looked up—but I do not think he ever saw us. He rocked in his tracks as he stood, and turning half round he ran away upwind. I had told the Somali to fire the ·350 rifle if the rhino charged, but just after my shot he fired, and missed; his bullet struck the ground between us and the rhino, and this shows that no reliance can be placed on these boys' shooting. The Somali wanted to hurry after the wounded rhino, but I restrained him, as I knew he was badly hit and could not get away in that open country. There was no use showing ourselves, and running the risk of a charge. So we watched him, and he galloped a hundred yards with his heavy lumbering gait, which is so surprisingly fast; and in spite of his weight he can turn like a polo pony. His grey bulk looked like a battleship with the steering-gear gone wrong; he stopped, hesitated, rolled over, and by the time we got up he was dead. I took two photographs of him, and the porters came up delighted; and we took the head and headskin, the feet and part of the skin of the back to make a table top, and the porters cut lengths of skin for sjamboks and sandals. While I was stalking the rhino, the porters had seen a lion and a cub, and we went after them but did not find them. We saw some impala and waterbuck, and Grant's gazelle, but the heads were too small; we also saw hartebeest and zebra, which are common here. The rhino had only the ·450

bullet in him, which showed that the Somali had missed even at that short range.

While I was writing my diary in camp at sunset, I heard a great snorting and bellowing from the river, which the boys said was hippo. So we went quietly down to a pool, and we saw five hippo in the river, with their heads only visible above the surface. They were enjoying themselves thoroughly, splashing about in the cool water, or drifting down with the stream. The sun had set for some minutes, and there was only a faint and fading glow, and the moon would not rise that night. It would have been unwise to fire at them in the river in the dark, as when shot they sink and do not rise to the surface for some hours. And in a rapid river they would be carried downstream and be lost. I hoped that one might come out on the bank near us, so we crouched about five yards from the edge, and watched them for some time. But when it was quite dark they landed some distance upstream for their nightly feed on the banks. As we returned to camp we could hear them moving about in the thick scrub close at hand, making their peculiar call like a steam-whistle, and we hoped that none of them would tramp on us by accident, or come into the camp at night, as the result would be much the same as if you were run over by a steam-roller.

After dinner a hyena came to a dry river bed

just outside my tent, and stayed a long time uttering its mournful wail. The porters are not afraid of hyenas, but they thought that there might be lions in the night, so they had put all the tents in a close semicircle, and lighted fires.

Next day, 5th December, I went out with the Somali and some porters, and an old Kikuyu guide, who talked a lot and promised to show me "tele tele imbogo" (many buffalo). The carcase of the rhino had not been touched by lion, but we heard a lion make a noise near, and we followed it up the hill, seeing some impala, waterbuck, zebra, and kongoni. Coming up a nullah at the top of the hill we heard the noise again, and shortly afterwards the Somali said, "There he is" and out trotted—a hyena. As their skins are not much good I did not shoot this one, nor another I saw later in the day.

There are two kinds of hyena in Africa, spotted as these were, and striped like the Indian variety. A little later we came on the tracks of a bull buffalo, the brushing of the dew showing that he had passed that morning. We followed for about three miles, and lost the trail on the edge of a great rolling plain extending to the Ziba River. Here we saw a lot of game, including a herd of eland, the largest antelope, rather like a Devon bull, with an enormous dewlap, and standing about eighteen hands high. The females carry thinner but longer horns. There were three bulls

in the herd, but as none seemed over twenty inches we went on. After some time we gave up looking for the buffalo, as the sun was now hot and he would have retired to the shade of some tree. There were some more eland, and the Somali and I went after them up a nullah where we saw the tracks of a lion, but when after an hour or so we got near an old bull we found he had a broken horn. As there was no chance of stalking up to the others, we tried walking up towards them in the open, but they would not wait. We saw some eland a little later, and we made a long and troublesome stalk up a nullah which had pools of water in it, through which we had to trudge, zebra and kongoni giving the alarm. At length I got a hurried shot at a bull eland, but I missed him, doubtless because my hand was shaky from the long stalk.

On the way back we saw a cow rhino and her calf, about two hundred yards downwind. Instead of coming on, the Somali began to amuse himself by looking at them with the field-glasses, and they got our wind. We could not have passed them on the proper side, as they were close to the river. However instead of charging as they are said to do, upwind, the cow displayed intelligence and took her offspring off downwind. You are not allowed to shoot more than one rhino, except of course if you cannot avoid his charge. We saw a number of ostrich, and got back to camp at

4.45 P.M., having been out since 5.30 A.M., and walked about thirty miles. In the evening after sunset I took out the electric light, of which I give a description in a subsequent chapter, and I waited at the river for hippo to come out as they did on the previous night, but they seemed to have deserted this place, as the camp was too near.

Next morning I found my heels too swollen and blistered from the long walk to let me put my boots on, so I stayed in camp and sent the boys out to look for buffalo, but they did not see any.

A dozen Kikuyu porters danced in the evening, joining hands and hopping about, with their heads flung back, and chanting a monotonous chorus, much to the amusement of the Swahili. They are a cheerful, childlike people.

Next day I tried wearing sandals, which I borrowed from the porters, but it was not a great success. I got the porters to beat up to me, but African natives do not understand this art in which Indian coolies are so proficient, so I did not get a shot. The headman caught some fish in the river, which kept the pot going.

8th December, Sunday, was a red-letter day, as I shot my first buffalo. We moved camp about six miles east of the Tana and camped on the edge of the big plain between it and the Ziba.

There was a herd of eland there in the same

place, near a little wood of tall trees, and we were going to stalk the eland, when I saw about a mile and a half off what looked like a large number of black bushes. I knew there had been no bushes there when we saw the place on Thursday, so I took the Zeiss field-glasses, and I said I thought they were buffalo. The Somali looked through the glasses and said they were zebra. But the old Kikuyu guide screamed out with delight, "M'Bogo! M'Bogo!" (Buffalo); and so they were, a herd of at least three or four hundred. They were feeding out in the open at midday though they are usually supposed to lie up in the shade. To approach them was a difficult problem, as there were no bushes near. We went down a nullah for a mile or so of what was to me very painful progress. We found ourselves about half a mile from the buffalo, with an open grassy slope between. The grass was about a foot long; we began to advance over this. I crawled on my hands and knees, which was painful, as I was wearing shorts, and in places we met thorns. The Somali had a peculiar method of levering himself along, one leg at a time.

The wind had been uncertain, but it was now about right, blowing from the buffalo to us. We began to get close to the buffalo about 1 P.M., a couple of hours after first seeing them.

Some of the herd apparently caught glimpses of us creeping up, or heard us, as they are the most alert of big game in all the senses of sight, hearing and smell. However they did not quite make out what we were, and they merely moved off a little, which made it necessary for us to follow them with our slow progress.

At first we only saw cows near us, but at length we got within sixty yards of the buffalo, who were now looking at us intently, and the Somali whispered to me that the middle one of the nearest three was a fine bull. I put up the ·450 cordite rifle and fired from a kneeling position, knocking him down with a smashed shoulder, so that he only rose to fall again. I reloaded hastily in case they would charge, but the Somali had told me herds do not charge.

I then went after the retreating herd, but I failed to see another good bull. So I returned and finished off the wounded bull with a couple of shots, and the Somali cut his throat so that the Mahommedans might eat his meat. The porters came up very pleased at the store of meat, as the bull, which was 14 hands 1 inch, must have weighed about 1,500 lbs. dead weight. The horns were 38 inches at their greatest width outside, and had a good palm of 13 inches.

The Kikuyu were so delighted that they shook hands with me several times, and the old man composed a song for the occasion. I took

a photograph of this buffalo, and in the group you will notice the Kikuyu on the right, with funny little wooden pegs in their ears. When I asked what this was for, I was told that the Kikuyu ladies would not love them if they had not got these ornaments. The two Waganda boys and the taller Somali are standing immediately behind me, and Abdulla, my Swahili skinner, is to the right of the Somali.

I had been told that the buffalo skins are worth from Rs.100 to Rs.150, as the Masai use them for making shields. The Somali tried to get the skin, telling me that they were of no value, and then that this one had gone bad, though this was only a few hours after it had been shot. He was not by any means a model gun-boy, as that morning I had found that the ·450 rifle had not been cleaned for four days since the rhino was shot. And the previous night he had got the porters to set fire to a large tree overhanging the camp in order to get honey out of it. This tree burned slowly, and every hour or so during the night a huge branch would drop with a great crash, making me think it was coming down on my tent. Needless to say no honey was got.

The 9th of December was the most exciting day of my life, though I shot nothing. We started by following the trail of the buffalo. Two zebra started up close at hand, and the Kikuyu guide made some remark, which was a pity, as he

MY FIRST BUFFALO

alarmed a fine male lion which had been stalking the zebra in a nullah, and he made off before I could get in a shot. The Somali had a theory that a lion would stop if fired at, even though he was missed, as he saw this happen once; but I didn't think it likely, and did not take a hopeless shot. We followed the lion up the slope, and lost it at the top, as it was going at a good trot, and there were so many game tracks on the plain that the men could not pick it out. I noticed that kongoni and zebra which the lion passed close to did not trouble to move off, and merely looked at him. Probably they knew he could not catch them. We followed up the nullah leading to Nduni Hill, and saw a large male rhino, and later a cow and calf, but in neither case did they charge, though they had got our wind. We went after a bull eland, but it was too small. We also saw two warthog. As we had left the tracks of the buffalo, I went up Nduni Hill, and the Kikuyu spied them lying down in some thorn scrub two miles off. Descending the hill I saw a fair impala buck which stood and looked at us, but the Somali thought I should not shoot as I might alarm the buffalo. Instead of keeping to the low ground, the Somali took the party over the shoulder of the hill above the buffalo, and they saw us and moved off. Leaving the Kikuyu there the Somali and I stalked down, but the buffalo could see us. When we got to the bottom we were

well concealed, but the buffalo heard us creeping through the long grass. We got within forty or fifty yards of the tail of the herd, and we could see nothing but cows as they moved off into the open. There was a small pool there, and we waited a couple of hours to see if they would come to drink; then the Somali unwisely stood up, and the herd moved further off at a trot. So we went to lower ground on the left of their line of retreat, and when we had gone some distance the Somali spotted them grazing up the slope. We made a long and painful stalk up a little nullah on our hands and knees, and we got close up to the herd at the top. They saw us, but they did not move off at once, and we could not see a good bull. It is very hard to distinguish the bulls from the cows. At length the Somali spotted a bull, but he was some yards behind me, and by the time I understood which one he meant it had its back to me and did not offer a favourable shot. The Kikuyu gun-boy, who had been ordered to remain half a mile off, now showed himself in the nullah, and the herd moved off at a trot.

It was about sunset now, and I went on to work round the front of the herd, telling Mahommad to make the Kikuyu gun-boy stay behind. Looking back a little later I was annoyed to see the Kikuyu coming up with him, and I called out to him not to be a fool, as I saw the buffalo pointing their heads in their direction.

This annoyed the Somali. I called out to him that I wanted the buffalo driven down in my direction—meaning the Kikuyu to do this by showing himself at a distance. But Mahommad called out, "All right, I will drive them down on you," and taking the second heavy rifle he went off with the Kikuyu. This was not what I meant, and I was going to call him back, but I did not. I then went round to the left of the herd, leaving them on the right. The Kikuyu who had been left on the hill were also coming up on the buffalo from another direction, but I did not know this. The buffalo thus felt themselves surrounded, and were doubtless annoyed at having been followed since midday. The little wind that had been blowing had not been from the direction I was now in, but it is possible some stray puffs gave them my wind. I found no cover, so I walked in full view of the buffalo, relying on the statement of the Somali that buffalo only charge when there are a few of them, and not when they are in a herd. The buffalo saw I was alone, and they came towards me with their heads down, looking nasty. When they were a hundred yards off I realised that they were charging me, and I fired a shot from the ·450 cordite rifle into the thick of them to try to stop them, but it had no effect, and the loud report scarcely sounded amid the thunder of the hoofs of the advancing herd. There was

no particular animal leading whose fall might have checked them. They came towards me at a good pace, perhaps twenty miles an hour, a solid mass many deep, with their great spreading horns forming a serried line, making no sound except the noise of their tramping. I felt very much alone on that bare plain. I was in a tight place, as the plain afforded no cover. Then I spied a small thorn bush 250 yards off, standing on the bank of a nullah, and I ran for it, crossing the line of the buffalo. They gained rapidly upon me, though I made good speed, in spite of my blistered feet, the uneven ground, and the heavy rifle I was carrying, which I reloaded as I ran. I had a fortunate inspiration. I hurled my sun-helmet at the advancing herd, and the main body went for it. Another few seconds and a glance back showed me some cows not twenty yards behind me, and the tree was still some distance off. I gave up all hope of reaching it, and I determined to wheel round when the buffalo were within five yards of me and try to shoot the nearest in the herd. The chief thought in my mind as I ran was that after all I was going to have a very useless sort of end, a "nasty squashy sort of death," as a friend of mine used to express it. But after a second or two I ceased to hear the thunder of the hoofs behind me, and I looked back and I saw that the flank had wheeled and followed the main body. I was saved.

I think it was my sun-helmet which saved me. When I picked it up, it had the marks of hoofs in two places. The Kikuyu guides had witnessed the incident from the slopes above, and they came down and gave graphic demonstrations to the others as to how I threw my sun-helmet, and they shook me again and again warmly by the hand.

Coming home the Somali reminded me that I had called him a fool, so I gave him a good lecture, as although he was a fair gun-boy he had no idea of treating his master with proper respect. After this his behaviour improved for a time. We had a long march of about twelve miles in the dark, and we did not get into camp till ten at night, having been out for fourteen hours. The only food I had eaten was a small piece of chocolate, which made me so thirsty that I soon exhausted my water-bottle, and then I became more thirsty later in the day.

On the 10th December I sent the Mombassa headman and thirteen porters to Fort Hall to get more posho, as there were only four and a half loads left, and we used a load a day. I also wanted them to post and receive letters, and to despatch the zebra skin and kongoni head to Nairobi through an Indian shop, which was called Jan Mahommad's, although the original dealer of that name had sold it to someone else. After these men had gone, I was summoned from my tent by the news that a herd of impala

were passing. I went out, but they were rather wild, and I did not succeed in shooting one. In the afternoon we went out and found a herd of eland. They were on the top of a grassy slope, and we crawled carefully towards them. Although they soon saw us they did not recognise what we were, and they remained looking at us in mild surprise for some time. I saw a number of young bulls, but they were not worth shooting. After a little the herd moved off, and then I saw a fine old bull who was the leader. I fired at him at 150 yards, and as the rifle was throwing low I wounded him in the foreleg. He was unable to keep up with the others, and they left him rather reluctantly. He went down to a nullah, and I sent the porters and the Somali to the other side, and they hemmed him in; but when they attempted to close with him, he put down his horns and kept them at bay, till I came up and finished him. He was 17 hands high, and his horns were $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches, a fair length. We sent back for more porters, and about twenty came with a lantern to bring us home in the dark; and all were very merry with the large supply of meat.

There was a heavy thunderstorm that night, and next day the porters visited the place and returned with word that two lions had eaten some of the remains of the eland in the night. The Kikuyu stood in front of my tent and sang a

refrain, "Kabube! Kabube!" which was accompanied by a slow march. This was to signify that they were very happy and expected bakshish. The Mombassa porters asked for the eland skin for boots, but I wanted to keep it, so I promised them a zebra skin for this purpose. I went out for an hour and shot a kongoni, which we left as it lay, in the hope that lions would come to it.

Next day we went out at dawn, but the kongoni had not been touched. After breakfast we went out and looked for buffalo without success. Presently some porters called out softly, "Simba! simba!" (lion), and I saw a male lion across a nullah in the grass about 200 yards off. The Somali and I tried to stalk closer, and we might have got a shot if he had hurried up the slope, but he wanted to go up slowly. On the top we found the lion was a good way off, and I fired, but he only ran away faster, thus disproving the Somalis theory that he would stop. We followed his tracks for three hours, carefully watching every tussock of grass we came to, but we did not find him.

After dinner the Somali came up and said that a Kikuyu, who was the cook's assistant, had been seen taking his rice, and another Kikuyu attested that he had seen this. I told the Somali to hit the culprit, but he did not hit him severely. A few minutes later the Somali came and said that the rice had been stolen for the cook. Although this was not improbable, there was no evidence to

support it, so I settled the matter by promising to give him a box with a lock when we reached Embu. On the 13th of December I again looked for buffalo without success. I had bought a small kid at Fort Hall for seven rupees, and I had it tied up that night some two miles from my camp. My bed was fastened in a tree with some difficulty, and I sat up in it over the kid. Dusk fell on the bare plain, and the kid called plaintively for some time; then he made up his mind that nothing was to be gained by this, and he settled down quietly for the night. I heard a lion roar hoarsely at intervals, and the sound of galloping hoofs, as the frightened zebra rushed hither and thither in the dark trying to avoid him. Then all became still, and the soft rain came gently dropping down. Fortunately I had an umbrella for my head, and a waterproof sheet over my bedding, so I did not get much wet. Towards morning some of the small ticks for which the Tana Valley is famous began to pay me attention. On the way back to camp I saw a duiker, one of the smaller antelopes, and I tried a shot, but the cartridge missed fire.

In the afternoon I went back to the last camp, to see if the hippo had returned to their pool, but they were not there. That night I sat up in the tree again. The goat noticed me putting on my overcoat, and as it saw that it was not alone it did not call much. It was in fact rather a philosopher, and took life very calmly. The

KIKUYU AND THEIR HUT, KARARA

day had been hot and cloudy; a storm came down from the east, and it rained heavily all night. I put the groundsheet over my head, and I slept by fits and starts, feeling very uncomfortable. It was worse for the poor goat, and in the morning it was shivering, so we took it to camp and warmed it at a fire. Then it became quite lively, and when the march started it ran along by itself in the procession of porters, well to the front, so that whatever happened it might not be left behind. The porters arrived from Fort Hall with posho, and mail letters, which were very welcome.

On Sunday, 15th December, we marched about eight miles north to a place called Luango. It rained a good part of the way, and we went after a herd of impala I had hunted several times, but they were too wily and they got away. Near the Luango camp I fired at some kongoni, and going down the hill after them I fired again. One was wounded, and I followed it up. Suddenly I saw a buffalo standing under a thorn tree. I went back and got the ·450 rifle, and as the Somali and I were stalking up about a hundred yards from the buffalo a rhino, disturbed by the second gun-boy, came charging along towards us. The Somali did not want me to fire, as this would have disturbed the buffalo, who was an interested spectator of the scene. So I kept my rifle ready, and the rhino, not a large one,

brown from wallowing in the mud, came grunting up to ten yards from us, and stood there in a puzzled way. There was no cover between us, but I suppose that he thought that after all we might be trees, and he turned away and went grunting up the next slope.

We continued our stalk to about eighty yards from the buffalo, who gazed at us placidly. The Somali examined him with the glasses, and for some time he was unable to make out if it was a bull or a cow. At length he decided it was a bull, and I fired the ·450 and hit it, and a second shot brought it down. A small bull which was behind it then ran away. The fact that this animal was a bull, and the apparent thinness of the horns of the one I had shot, made us both think it was a cow, and we were so disgusted that we went off after the kongoni, leaving it, as we thought, lying dead.

I finished the kongoni, and we went back to the place where we had left the buffalo, but it had moved on. Catching a glimpse of it through the bushes, we saw that it was not a cow but a fine bull. I got in another shot, and he went over the hill. We moved parallel to him, as wounded buffalo are very dangerous to follow. Coming up with him, I fired two or three times, and knocked him down again. He now lay under a tree in some long grass, and approaching him the Somali and I both fired.

KIKUYU WOMEN MAKING FLOUR

He tried to get up, but another shot or two prevented that. I then fired a shot behind his shoulder to finish him, and as this was not sufficient I fired into his neck, after which there was no more movement. Altogether this fine bull had received ten shots from the ·450 cordite rifle, all of which took effect, and one or two from the ·350. This may be contrasted with the single shot which killed the rhinoceros. The spread of horn was very large, 45½ inches, and this made the horns look thin like a cow's. This buffalo stood 15 hands 2½ inches high. Needless to say there was great rejoicing in camp at the large supply of meat, and next day we had to rest, as many porters ate so much they could not walk. I shot three guinea-fowl and a partridge in the afternoon.

Next day we marched about nine miles to a Kikuyu village called Karara. The photograph shows Kikuyu women making flour, for which they have spread a goatskin. Their clothes consist of skins, with the hair taken off; but they have a plentiful supply of metal ornaments. The woman on the left has the wooden ear peg, and her hair is done into little strings like cord, plastered with red mud. The woman on the right is closely shaved. They have good teeth, and it is usual to remove a front tooth, so that they may be fed in case of lockjaw.

The men carry large shields of waterbuck skin,

and I have heard tales of desperate battles between Kikuyu, in which the combatants hurl abuse of their opponents' ancestors from rival hilltops sufficiently far apart to prevent anything else being hurled. They are a very good-natured people, but not renowned for physical pluck. I parted with my two Kikuyu guides here, who had served me very well.

On the morning of 18th December I found that the heavy rain during the night had made the ford over the Ziba River impassable, so we had to march to the bridge on the road from Fort Hall to Embu, some fourteen miles. Some Mussulman subordinates of the P. W. D. were making, or about to make, a bridge over the river on this road, and they came to see me, and we had a long talk in Hindustani, in which they explained that they thought it very improper for the women of the country to go about in insufficient raiment.

They insisted on my taking a hen as a present. Next morning I insisted on the leading man taking a tin of jam as a return present. A little later it appeared that what he really wanted was the smaller horn of my rhino for a snuff-box—at least he said that it was for a snuff-box, but Indians use rhino horns for a kind of "medecine" with which my readers from India will be familiar. Of course I could not spoil the head. Trust an Indian for having a "mutlub" (intention) in everything he does.

GROUP OF KIKUYU WOMEN

On the march I met a white hunter and a sportsman who were looking for buffalo, so far without success, at the swamp between the Tana and the Ziba. The buffalo, they said, only came out at night, and they could not be driven from the swamp. Their safari was too cumbrous to march to the place where I had shot mine.

A little farther on some twenty-five Kikuyu women working in the fields ran up to me and danced round me, making a snorting noise, much to my embarrassment. I photographed them, and gave them some bakshish, which was what they wanted. In the photograph you will see the extraordinary ornament for the neck, consisting of concentric rings of strong wire, which must be of considerable weight.

We passed a pretty waterfall on the Ziba River, of which I took the photograph shown, and in the pool below there was a hippo. The boys saw the hippo put up his head, but by the time they had brought up my rifle it had disappeared; and it did not show itself again.

On 19th December I arrived at Embu after a march of ten miles. An Indian shopkeeper offered me Rs.75 each for the two buffalo skins, but I allowed the Somali to have them for Rs.70 each. I gave eight loads of heads and skins to an Indian shop to send in to Nairobi. The rainy weather had prevented them being properly dried, and they arrived in Nairobi in rather bad condition,

after considerable delay. I had arranged with the Indian to treat them with salt, but it would have been better to get more porters and send one of my own men in charge of them. Mr. G. St. J. Orde Browne, District Commissioner, asked me to dinner, and gave me two photographs of Giant Pig he had shot in the forests of Mount Kenia.

On 20th December we marched some twelve or fourteen miles to a regular camping ground below a hill called Kirimiri. The chief of the village came to see me, and when I asked him about game he told me that one of his wives had been mauled by a leopard four days previously. I went to the village and saw her, and the poor woman was in a very dangerous state; one forearm was much swollen and blackened from the poisoning of the wound. Her other arm had two holes in it. As nothing short of amputation would have been of any use, I did not attempt to dress the wounds, and I made him promise to take her to a medical mission, some eight miles off, next day. The leopard had come into the village in the daytime, and attacked the woman quite unprovoked as she was sitting in front of her hut. I have not heard of leopards making attacks of this nature elsewhere.

WATERFALL ON THE ZIBA RIVER

CHAPTER IV

MOUNT KENIA

I HAD started from Embu to march to Meru, but on the way I turned aside and spent a week up Mount Kenia, the great snow-clad peak on the Equator. This was partly due to information for which I am indebted to Mr. Edwards, Assistant District Commissioner of Embu, whom I met on my second day's march from Embu. He came back to my camp and we had a long talk. He was accompanied by askaris and six or eight warriors in picturesque costume, with shields and feather head-dress. These warriors were not merely ornamental. He had just visited a chief called Injaje wa Kathiori, beyond the Nithi River, whose people had attacked an askari sent to them. On hearing of the Assistant District Commissioner's approach, the tribe sent their cattle into the valleys of the mountain, and hid them. But other chiefs told where they were concealed, so five of the six culprits had been given up.

Later in the evening I heard a great noise of shouting and horns blowing, and I went to see a Kikuyu dance to celebrate the circumcision of a

youth which was to take place next day. There were about a hundred men and women dancing, and two hundred more were standing round with their spears and shields of waterbuck hide, shouting in time to the music. The women in the dance were in long lines, and the men were also in long lines, which moved in and through the lines of women. The women carried short sticks, the men carried shields and spears. The men were naked except for ornaments, and the women wore their small skin skirts round their waists, and rows of beads; some had added strips of plantain leaves to their belts, which flapped as they danced.

The boy who was the chief actor in the ceremony wore nothing but an orange belt, and he danced continuously, and with great vigour, being pursued by men with wooden trumpets who had white ash all over their bodies. They all seemed very amused and pleased to see me.

On the march I met a man who was collecting wild rubber on Mount Kenia. The method is to make an incision in one of the rubber creepers, and collect the rubber on a little bit of stick. It oozes out in a sticky fluid, dull white colour, and the natives collect it into a large ball. Putting salt on the cut makes the creeper give out more rubber. It was difficult to induce natives to work. Nearly all the rubber from British East Africa is rubber from plantations, where a suit-

CAMP AT NTHUNGURU ON MOUNT KENIA

able place is selected and rubber plants are laid down ; and this is more of a commercial success.

On 22nd December I marched about seventeen miles to the village of a chief called M'Bogole, two miles north of the road from Embu to Meru. The chief came to call on me, with a gun carried before him. He was a man of about forty, and he was well endowed with this world's riches, as he had many cattle and eight plump wives. He squatted on a mat and asked for cigarettes, which I gave him. He supplied a guide to take us up the mountain to the bamboo belt, where he thought the elephants might be found.

Next morning I sent the Mombassa headman and five porters and a guide to Meru to buy posho, as I had only taken sufficient to bring me to Meru. They were directed to join me at the second camp up the mountain, which the guide said he knew. M'Bogole had delayed in sending me five men and food he promised, so we did not start till 9.30 A.M. The path up the mountain was better than I expected. It was a gentle incline most of the way, through forests of tall trees, one or two hundred feet high, united by many creepers. The forests are dark, damp, and gloomy, and they form a belt ten miles wide and fifty miles round on the lower slopes of Mount Kenia. Above the forest comes a belt of bamboo, very thickly grown, and above this come bare rocky slopes leading up to the untrodden heights

of virgin snow. We camped at a place called Nthunguru, where there were two log huts made for shooting camps. This camp is shown in the photograph. Another photograph shows Mount Ondua, a height with bamboos towards the summit, about 9,140 feet above sea-level, viewed from this camp. A third photograph shows some tree ferns, about thirty feet high, growing in a deep valley near this camp.

Next day, 24th December, we marched up to the beginning of the bamboo belt, six miles further up at a place called Misanguni. It was cold here at night, and my boys felt it very much. There were many tracks of elephant, some said to be as recent as the previous day. The camp was on the edge of a forest glade, where red and white daisies and large white dahlias made the grass look like a garden. This was Christmas Eve, and the cold was more seasonable than the usual Indian Christmas weather; but my thoughts went back in contrast to many a merry shooting-party in India.

On Christmas Day we went out for the day, and pushed our way up and down the narrow paths made by elephants, following in each other's footsteps in the jungle. Now we went through thick bamboos on which the elephants love to feed, now we were in the gloomy depths of primeval forest, under dark trees hung with festoons of dripping moss and creepers; sometimes we passed through glades where bracken and blackberry and rasp-

berry grew thick, and sometimes we crossed a rushing mountain torrent. Except for these elephant tracks the forest is impenetrable, and in many places we found old pits dug in the pathway by Wanderobo hunters, covered with grass and leaves on bamboos. Poisoned spears or stakes were placed at the bottom, to kill the buffalo when he fell into the pits. In any case he would probably be unable to get out. We saw the horns of a buffalo at the bottom of one pit, and the Kikuyu tried to take them out, but the evil odour from the decayed mass made them desist. The Kikuyu said that these Wanderobo had been removed by Government some two years ago, and they had gone to the Uaso Nyiro. The Wanderobo are a hunting tribe, living only by their bow and spear. We also saw the skeleton of an elephant shot here two years ago by two Europeans.

About midday the guide took us to a stream of slightly brackish water flowing through a glade, where he said elephant came to drink at four in the afternoon. We waited till that hour, but no elephant came to drink, though there were many footprints on the grass, and four paths led to the place. I sent five porters to M'Bogole for posho and food, as my supplies were running short. Next day we went up the mountain into the bamboo belt. It was difficult to push your way through, as bamboos had fallen across the paths; and on each side was an impenetrable thicket.

This bamboo is not much good, as when things are made out of it, the wood splits when it dries. I shot a small bushbuck, which relieved the shortage of supplies in the camp. The guide went to the south to-day, and said he saw tracks of elephant made this morning, but he did not see any elephant.

It rained torrents during the night, and next day the guide and four other men were down with fever. I gave them stiff doses of quinine, and they were better in the afternoon. We went south to where the guide had been yesterday, and we saw the recent tracks of several elephant. We were following these tracks in single file in the narrow path, walled in by dense undergrowth which rises to fifteen or twenty feet, when suddenly a heavy animal crashed through the jungle. I expected to see a charging elephant, and the men got behind trees, but it was only a bongo, a rare antelope which lives in the secluded mountain forests. We did not get a glimpse of it, but we recognised its tracks. Some time after this another bongo again alarmed us. Then we heard an elephant trumpet in the depths of the forest, and we went with great care down a fairly recent track which led in the direction of the sound. Unfortunately the wind was rather unfavourable, and it is not easy to work your way round in these forests. Suddenly an animal rushed through the undergrowth, and I again expected a charge, and I went to the side of

MOUNT ONDUA FROM CAMP NTHUNGURU

the track, behind a tree. But it was only a Giant Pig, and the Somali got a sight of him as he ran off. We were not able to find the elephant, and we got back to camp at 2 P.M. It rained all the afternoon.

Next day, 28th December, the posho was finished, and the porters from Meru or from M'Bogole had not arrived. It had rained a great deal during the night, and half a dozen men were down with fever. So I gave up the idea of getting elephant in that place, and we moved down the hill to the first camp, meeting the porters from M'Bogole on the way, but they had only small loads of posho, two of kikwa roots—a hard white root which Waembu eat raw—and one load of bananas. Elephant hunting on Kenia for a single sportsman is decidedly risky. I was told of one man who failed to stop a charging bull, and running down the narrow path in the bamboos he tripped and fell, when the infuriated monster was just on him. He gave himself up for lost, but fortunately the animal's impetus carried it past him down the hill and he escaped. Another well-known adventure was where a sportsman was charged by a wounded elephant, and as it towered over him he seized the two tusks, and then he lost consciousness. The elephant hurled him into the forest, where it left him thinking he was dead. But though he was severely injured, he was picked up after some hours and he recovered. It is very difficult to follow

elephant down their narrow paths in the depths of the forest without betraying your presence by some slight noise, or stray puffs of wind. And when they are warned of your approach, they must either run away without giving you a chance, or they charge down on you, and you have to shoot, whether the animal is a good tusker or not.

On the next day I was anxious on account of the seven men who had gone to Meru, who were long overdue. I had left two men at the camp in the bamboos, but they came down without news of them. In the afternoon I told the guide that I wanted to visit this camp, but he conducted me by a circular route back to the camp I was staying at. Much to his surprise I started him out again, and visited the upper camp and returned just before dark, but we found no trace of the men.

On the 30th December, as our posho was again exhausted, we marched down to M'Bogole's village. Before leaving the Nthunguru camp I made the gun-boys do some practice firing with the ·577 rifle, with the additional object of indicating where we were on the mountain to the seven lost porters. We had only been a couple of hours at M'Bogole's when the guide who had gone to Meru and one of the porters came in, and told us that they had been without food for five days, as they had taken no cooking-pot, and were not able to cook the posho without one. They had tried to eat the

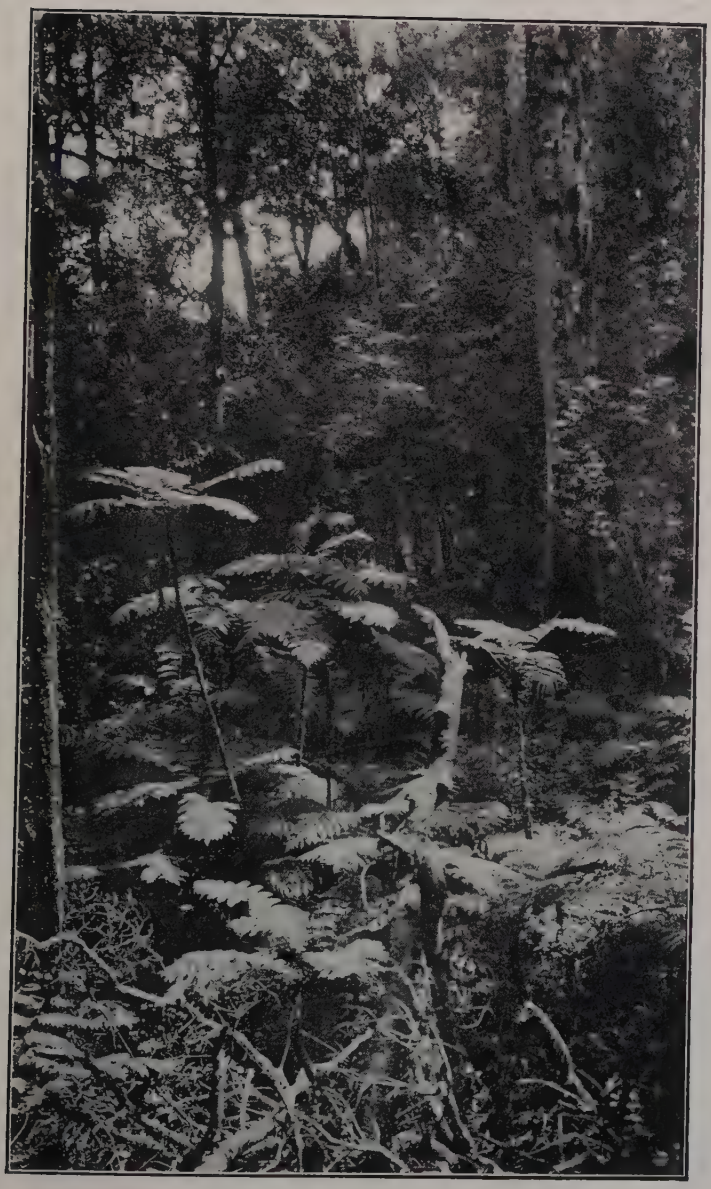
posho uncooked, and the other five were ill with diarrhœa in consequence, and they were then at the camp in the bamboos. This guide had failed to find his way from Meru to that camp, and they had wandered for a time on the lower slopes, partly from laziness, and then they had paid for it when they tried to make their way up the mountain. I sent off the Somali and ten porters to bring them down, taking medicine, posho, cooking-pots and tents. They were brought down next day, and as one was much exhausted I gave him soup, and waited for another day. M'Bogole came with two of his eight wives, and the ladies asked me to show them my looking-glass. I gave them some preserved ginger, and while they were tasting it, M'Bogole came along, snatched it from them, and gobbled it up. So the women's rights movement has not yet penetrated to Mount Kenia. I also gave him some cigarettes, and as he wanted whisky I gave him a very stiff peg, which he gulped down with a wry face, and he did not trouble me for whisky again. I made pen-and-ink sketches of the two wives, and my sketches were subjected to intelligent criticism, as M'Bogole said I had not shown all the strings of beads round one lady's neck, a defect which I remedied.

In the evening I went down to M'Bogole's village, crossing a rapid stream by a precarious log lying across and partly submerged in it. I visited the chief's hut, and sat with him on a deep

ledge on which his two favourite wives were also sandwiched between us. He explained the merits and personal beauty of these ladies, and one of them held my hand. I missed much of the talk, as I had not picked up much Swahili yet, and indeed M'Bogole did not know it very well himself, as his language was Kikuyu of the Waembu dialect. The chief's hut was well built and roomy, with a fire burning in the centre. Round the sides recesses served as beds. The other six wives and their children were in the hut, busied at household work. There were a dozen of these huts in the village, and an enclosure for cattle, and a thorn hedge round all. The goats were kept inside the living huts.

Next morning M'Bogole and his two favourite wives again came to visit me, and I presented him with a wooden roller from my camera to put in his ear; and I covered the roller in a wife's ear with silver paper, which pleased them very much. The wives had the usual feminine curiosity, and they got me to show them the contents of my boxes, and they were much interested in the needles and buttons.

I went out with a few of M'Bogole's men into the lower woods, and hunted Colabus monkeys, which are pretty little black and white animals with long fur. They play about at the tops of very tall trees, and have a peculiar hoarse cry. When you come near the tree, they either depart



TREE FERNS ON MOUNT KENIA

quickly, jumping from one tree to the next, or they hide quietly in the cover of a large branch. However, I managed to bring one down, a female.

On the 1st January 1913, I abstained from making any good resolutions, so that there wouldn't be any to break!

I had had a little fever, but it was better to-day, and the porters had also recovered. In the afternoon I went out after Colabus monkeys. The Somali had two erroneous theories about these animals; that they ought to be killed with a shot-gun, and that they fell at once when hit. The trees were too tall for a shot-gun to be effective, so I used the ·350 rifle. Presently we heard them chattering, and the M'Bogole men knew their notes from the cry of the common monkey. We stalked carefully under the great trees, and a boy beckoned to me that he could see one. I fired, and it did not fall. Mahommad said it was not hit, but M'Bogole's men searched round and found a place where it could be seen. It was wounded, and hanging on to a branch of a tree 200 feet high. It may in fact have been dead, and clung on to the branch after death. It took two more shots to dislodge it and bring it down.

When we returned to the village, M'Bogole said a leopard had come through a hole in the thorn enclosure the night before, and scratched a cow. I verified the footprints, and sat up that

night over a goat, but the leopard did not come again. It was very cold sitting up, and in the morning few of the people were astir, as M'Bogole was evidently a late sleeper, but the youngest Mrs. Bogole came to wish me good morning. In an Indian village the cultivators always get up before dawn.

I found two animals called jiggers—Swahili "gig"—had bored into my toes, and the cook extracted them with a needle. The "gig" is a minute worm which effects an entrance when you go about with bare feet in your tent, as I had sometimes done; and having got into the ball of the toe, or between the toe and the nail, it proceeds to grow to the size of a pea in a week or two, and forms a sore.

Next day we marched about fifteen miles to Bogeta, on the north side of the Iraru River, and we had several showers of rain on the way. The weather round Mount Kenia seems to be always rainy. We passed many pleasant green groves of banana trees on the way, with their huge green leaves springing in a circle from the top of the stem. The price of these bananas is very little, about two cents for a dozen, say 600 for a rupee, and they are commonly eaten as food. I have been told that they can be cooked as a substitute for potatoes if your supply is exhausted, but I have not tried that. I was also able to get a sort of vegetable marrow here, and sweet potatoes.

English vegetables grow well in the highlands of British East Africa.

Next day we reached Meru after a march of fifteen miles, the total distance from Embu being about seventy-five miles. I called on the District Commissioner, Mr. W. A. F. Platts, whose hospitality I enjoyed several times during the next few days, and who gave me useful assistance and advice in my expedition down the Uaso Nyiro.

CHAPTER V

THE NORTHERN UASO NYIRO

The country which I now determined to visit is little known to Europeans, and no survey has ever been made of it. Consequently the only map available, the War Office map on the scale of 1·014 inches to 16 miles, shows little except the river and some hills, and the position of these places is only approximately indicated. The first man to visit this country of Gallaland, as the vast area between Mount Kenia on the south and Southern Somaliland on the north was called, was an American, Mr. Chanler, in 1892–93. It was reported that the Northern Uaso Nyiro flowed eastwards to an unknown region, and as it did not reach the sea it was thought possible that it flowed into another great African lake. With the object of discovering this lake Mr. Chanler followed the course of the Uaso Nyiro, and found that it flowed into the Lorian Swamp, and he discovered the falls which bear his name.

This country was again visited in 1900 by three explorers, including Mr. A. Arkell-Hardwick, who describes his journey in *An Ivory Trader in North Kenia.* They reached the place where Mr.

AKILS (SOMALI CHIEFS)

SOMALI WOMEN SELLING MILK

Chanler had found the Lorian Swamp in January 1893, but owing to a succession of dry seasons the swamp had dried up, and their porters refused to march further. They met Rendile and Burkenji near the Zambo plateau, as well as some Somali. When I visited this plateau, the Rendile and Burkenji were replaced by Boran, who had been driven west from near Afmadu by the attacks of Somali; and the Somali had acquired such a dangerous reputation that I could get no guides to accompany me from Meru. Sporting safaris usually go one or two days' march down the Uaso Nyiro from Archer's Post, but I determined to push further down, and explore the neighbourhood of the Zambo plateau thoroughly. This was quite new ground, as the safaris of trading Somalis and the travellers who had gone before me marched close to the river, and did not visit the country to the north or south of it.

The country north of the Uaso Nyiro is now divided between the northern frontier district and Jubaland; the country to the south lies in Kenya province. The British occupation of this vast area of bush desert is merely nominal; as stated by the Chief Secretary in a recent speech the policy of Government is one of observation only in this part of the country. The station at Meru was opened in 1906, but the authority of the District Commissioner does not extend over the great tract of desert in his district running up to the

Lorian Swamp. Some ten days' journey to the north of Meru is Marsabit, a station which I was told would be replaced by a trading post, similar to Archer's Post, where there is a Somali clerk and half a dozen askaris. A hundred and twenty miles to the east of Marsabit is Moyale, a station on the Abyssinian border, where there is a small detachment. Another 120 miles to the east, also on the border, there is an outpost at El Wak, consisting of an officer and twenty-five men. South-east of El Wak, at Sarenli, on the border of Italian Somaliland, there is another detachment of the King's African Rifles. Inside this large area, 250 miles by 300 miles, there is only one station at Wahjir, a hundred miles without water from the Lorian Swamp, north-east; and at Wahjir there is a District Commissioner and a few civil askaris.

This bush desert is inhabited by Somalis of various tribes, and by Rendile, Laigop (Masia), Boran, Burkenji, Samburu, and other nomadic peoples. The Somalis are by far the stronger race, and they are quite independent. They have large herds of cattle and numbers of camels. They do not have any fixed abode, but wander about from place to place, according to the supply of water for their flocks and herds.

To keep these Somalis in check there is a camel corps of the King's African Rifles in Jubaland. Besides the nomadic Somalis, there are frequent safaris of twenty or thirty Somalis, who

bring about five hundred cattle with them from Kismayu to sell in Laikipia. They follow a route by Wahjir, where there are a few deep wells, strike the Uaso Nyiro above the Lorian Swamp, march up the Uaso Nyiro and Uaso Narok to Laikipia, where they sell their cattle to the Masai. This journey takes them about three months, and they return to Kismayu by rail and steamer.

The Somalis have of late years moved west towards the Uaso Nyiro in increasing numbers, and as they are not under control in any way I understand it is now proposed to close the route along the Uaso Nyiro. However, it would still be possible for sportsmen to march along the south bank, which is in Meru district, or probably they would be granted a permit. As my journey shows, this locality is now much the best shooting ground in British East Africa. I halted for two days at Meru, and I bought 36 loads of posho, and arranged for the porters to return after a few days' march down the Uaso Nyiro and bring out forty more loads. I intended to establish depots of this posho so as to have it on my return march. This posho only cost me Rs.1.25 at Meru, but three days away on the Uaso Nyiro it was being sold for Rs.4. per load. I also bought some things to trade with the Boran, some native tobacco, and eight webs of forty yards each of merikani cloth, which costs about Rs.11 a web in Nairobi, and was Rs.12 in Meru. The Boran take seven yards for a goat.

It is useful to purchase these goats from the Boran as a present for your porters, and I also got some for milk. I had an idea I would get camels from the Boran, but I did not succeed. I wanted to buy donkeys from an Indian trader at Meru, but he demanded far too much, about Rs.60 each, whereas half that is nearer the proper price.

I had to make some changes in my safari. Half a dozen porters had become unfit for work through the severe marching they had had up Mount Kenia, and they had to return home. I got thirty-one Wameru porters and a headman from the District Commissioner, at Rs.5 p. m. each, and this made my safari consist of sixty-six porters and four boys, seventy in all.

We left Meru on 6th January, passing through a well-cultivated country at first, where I shot half a dozen partridge. Farther on I shot a crowned crane, a very handsome bird, whose skin I kept.

The fields gave place to bare patches, and by evening we had entered the bush desert, where the grass becomes scanty and stunted thorn bushes replace the green trees. We camped by a little stream whose banks were lined by a few larger trees. Mount Kenia in the distance, crowned with patches of pure white snow, sparkled like a great diamond in the brilliant sunshine, framed in the setting of a cloudless azure sky.

CAMEL CORPS OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES

Next day on the march I went after some impala and Grant's gazelle, but I had no luck, and we were crossing an open plain when three rhino spotted us and stood up. The Kikuyu gun-boy who had the heavy rifle had stayed with the porters, as he was afraid to come into the bush, and I reduced him to a porter from that time. He got a good fright anyhow, as they came on seven lions, and he promptly ran away. He also had my water-bottle, and the Somali and I wandered on in the midday heat for a long time till I got a drink from the Nygeri Marra, a small river flowing into the Uaso Nyiro.

We found one Swahili porter lying bare-headed in the hot sun, down with fever, and brought him in. When we got near the camp I went after some Grant's gazelles, and shot one. I also saw some Beisa oryx.

Next morning when we started out I found a number of guinea-fowl and partridge on the banks of the Nygeri Marra, and I shot some for the pot. I also saw some lesser bustard, but I could not get near them. Then I followed a Beisa oryx for a long distance, and it led us to a great plain where there were hundreds of this species, and some Grevy zebra, and numerous common zebra. A ludicrous incident now took place. I had picked out a Swahili porter to act as second gun-boy, and he was coming behind carry-

ing the heavy rifle, but he missed us. Presently we saw him running for all he was worth, and after a lot of shouting and whistling we attracted his attention. He came up in a state of considerable fright, and said he had seen a large number of buffalo, and they had prepared to charge him. He had mistaken the zebra and oryx for buffalo!

I followed the oryx across the plain for two or three miles, and on the other side of it I got a running shot and hit an oryx. Following him up I saw him lying down, and another bull with him, and I fired at the one standing and hit him behind the shoulder, and he fell, but got up again. The first one hit now got up again, but I finished him with another shot. We followed the wounded one in some bush, but he managed to give us the slip, and carefully tracking him we found he had gone into some very thick cover and the trail was lost on rocky ground. I hate leaving a wounded animal, and we hunted round in the hot sun for over an hour without success. Oryx are very hard to kill, as I also found on other occasions.

We were far from the safari, and several hours' marching brought us back to the path leading to Archer's Post on the Uaso Nyiro.

We saw no definite signs to show whether they had passed or not. I had understood that

they were to go to Archer's Post, but the Somali now told me that he had told them to camp on the Nygeri Marra. I was suffering a good deal from thirst, as the water-bottle had been only half full, and I had shared it with the two gun-boys.

We went to this little river, the Nygeri Marra, at sundown, and had a long drink in its pleasant waters. Only people who have felt the thirst of hot countries can realise the delight of cool water on your parched lips and throat. The swift night of the tropics fell on the desert. We had no very definite idea of the way, but the Somali had visited Archer's Post once before, and we marked the direction by my small pocket compass and were guided by the stars. After an hour or so we saw a moving light, which proved to be a party of porters who had come back to look for us, and we eventually got into camp at Archer's Post at 8 P.M., having been out over thirteen hours.

At Archer's Post I received some information about the route down the Uaso Nyiro, and the state of the Somali tribes from Messrs. Claydon and Nicolas, of the Meru Trading Company, who have a store there. My porters had marched fifty-three miles from Meru in three days, so I made a short march down the river for six miles on 9th January.

The currency used north of the Uaso Nyiro

is no longer rupees, but the Abyssinian dollar. This currency was minted by an American firm, I was told, and the image and superscription on it was of Maria Theresa, 1780. I hear that the Emperor Menelik is trying to introduce coins with his own image, but his subjects prefer those of Maria Theresa. A safari of Somalis going to Marsabit told me the proper exchange value of these dollars was Rs.1.75, but it varied a good deal.

We saw a number of Semboro or Samburu, and visited one of their villages in the hope of obtaining a guide. But we only found old women and children, and the Somali, who had claimed to know some of their language, could not make them understand him. This Samburu village was very dirty, and full of flies, which buzzed around in thick clouds, and sat on the bare limbs of the small children in large numbers. The huts were miserable hovels of skins, and a few half-starved curs howled dismally. The people had a number of donkeys, and did not wish to sell them apparently.

We saw a couple of oryx, and we were stalking them, when just round a thorn bush we saw the great broad back of a rhino. He had got our wind, and he was standing quietly to find out what it was. We withdrew quietly also, and he moved off up the hill. Unfortunately we missed the oryx, which also moved off.

Next day we marched about ten miles down the river. On the way we saw some Grant's gazelles, on open ravine ground, and I made a long stalk, but I could not get a good view of the buck, who stayed behind and sent the does on in front to reconnoitre. The does looked at us for half an hour from behind bushes, and uttered their peculiar cry from which they derive their native name, "Paa." At length they moved into a ravine, and going up it cautiously I saw them eighty yards off round a corner. I lay down as much hidden as I could manage, and waited while one doe after another appeared in single file. Still the buck did not come, and the does saw me. Instead of bolting, they stood gazing intently, and then the graceful buck stalked out, with his long curved horns, longer than any other species of gazelle. I brought him down, and we followed our safari to camp, passing the encampment of the Maharaja of Datia on the other side of the river.

In the afternoon we tried to cross the river, and as the Kikuyu were rather cautious on account of the force of the current, the impetuous Somali rushed in, carrying my rifle, telescopic sight, and field-glasses; and the force of the stream bowled him over at once, and these things got wet.

On the 11th January we marched about eight miles down stream to a hut in some large trees, where the Somalis had told me Colonel Rooseveldt

camped, when he was shooting in British East Africa. I tested my ·350 rifle here, and I found the telescopic sight was throwing much too low, and rotating the dial to 300 yards for a mark at 100 only made it throw low and to the right, so I ceased to use it. The ordinary sight was also throwing low, and I cut a small piece off the foresight. I may note that most people I have met have had to discard their telescopic sights through the sights going out of order, and it is questionable whether these sights are much needed in African shooting.

Next day we heard a lion at dawn, so we determined to stay here. I shot a Grant's gazelle and a dikdik, the smallest antelope; the variety on this river is Guenther's dikdik. Its little horns were 2½ inches. I had brought four bamboos from Mount Kenia, and I put a groundsheet on them as a framework and made a machan, and sat on it up a thorn tree, on the north side of the river, using the dead gazelle as bait. We had seen tracks of a lion here, but only a hyena came in the night, and as it was taking the gazelle away I fired and hit it, and it went slowly off. This was I think the only occasion the electric light failed to work; a screw got loose, but on tightening it the light shone all right. Next morning we followed the blood trail of the hyena, but failed to find it.

I sent forty-four porters back to Meru for

posho. At noon the large safari of the Maharaja of Datia arrived and camped close to me, and I dined with Captain Tyndall, Captain Brierley, and Mr. Fay; and I had a long talk with the Maharaja. They had shot several lions from bomas, using an electric light, and a few days later Captain Tyndall shot six lions from a boma within about an hour, on the south side of the river close to a swamp. I believe their total bag of lions in the country was thirty-five, of which some twenty-five were shot on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, and this constitutes a record for a safari. They had also tried machans at first, without success, and I now determined to try bomas. I may explain that a boma is a little hut of branches and thorns, with a small opening through which you can watch the bait, usually a dead zebra or waterbuck, or other antelope. You begin your vigil at dusk, and though the lion can scent you in the boma, he does not seem to mind—provided he has not been shot at from a boma before.

One of the lions which the Maharaja had wounded was being tracked the following morning by a large party, including the Maharaja and Mr. Fay, the white hunter, when the lion suddenly charged from a distance of 200 yards. The Indian retainers of the Maharaja began volley firing, which was heard at Archer's Post. This failed to hit the lion, and it was not till he was

within eight yards of the party that Mr. Fay, who had held his fire, brought him down stone dead with a bullet in his brain.

I shot an impala on the north side of the river, and it got off wounded. We had a lot of work following the trail, but we managed to come up with it and finish it off at dusk, coming home in the dark. On the 15th January I crossed the river and hunted on the south side, which was distinctly better. The party of the Maharaja of Datia had moved to the south side, some seven miles farther down. I shot an oryx and a Grevy's zebra that day, the latter at 200 yards. We got the porters to make a boma, and the Somali and I spent the night in it. The dead zebra lay just outside, and though we heard a lion calling at dawn, nothing came.

The mosquitoes bit us all night, and it was rather hot and uncomfortable. At dawn we looked for lions in the bush, but we only saw Grant's gazelle and oryx. I had a bathe in the river coming back, in spite of the fact that there are supposed to be numerous crocodiles in it. I have often bathed in this river, and I think there are very few crocodiles except near the Lorian Swamp, where they abound in great numbers. The African crocodile is said to be much more dangerous than the Indian crocodile, which I know seldom attacks human beings.

I took a photograph of the river from mid-

THE PALM-FRINGED UASO NYIRO

stream, which is shown facing this page. Tall palm-trees fringe its banks from two days' march above Archer's Post down to near the Lorian Swamp. Sometimes these palms broaden out into wide belts on either side of the river, with long grass, affording cover for buffalo and other game. Tribes of monkeys live in their sheltering branches, and often at night you can hear these monkeys scolding in hoarse angry notes, when a leopard or a lion is hunting below. This river, rising in the Aberdare mountains, unites with the Uaso Narok and flows for some three hundred miles into the dry bush desert, affording the only permanent supply of water to the game that lives on its banks; grows smaller and ever smaller as the thirsty desert licks it up; and finally it spreads out into the Lorian Swamp, variable in its size in proportion to the season's rainfall, passes through another smaller swamp, and is lost in the waste of sand.

While I was sitting up for lions on the other side of the river, three Somalis came to my camp about midnight, armed with a rifle and two spears. The Kikuyu and Wameru porters fled into the jungle, but the Waganda boys and the Swahili asked them what they wanted, and found they were the advance party of a safari from Kismayu with cattle.

Next day I went south across the river and tried to stalk a Grevy's zebra and an oryx, who

were evidently friends; they kept too sharp a look out for me to get near, and I found the oryx was a female, whose horns are thinner than the buck's, and are liable to peel off; so I left them. I have often noticed that the oryx is one of the few animals which are not deceived by your approach behind a bush, as they see you through the bush and run away. Most other animals will wait for you though they know there is something there. A little farther on I shot a male oryx rather high up on the shoulder, and it took four more bullets to finish him, and he showed a lot of fight when the Somali approached him. The skin under the neck is $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches thick, and the Somalis make shields out of it. Shortly afterwards I saw a pair of Grevy's zebra, and I shot one, and arranged for a boma to be made near it that night.

When I got back to camp the Somalis wanted to sell me camels, and as this method of transport is much the best for the bush desert, because the camel finds his own food on the thorn bushes, I was willing to purchase, but I did not wish to appear too eager. I tried two, and they could carry eight loads if necessary, though about five or six loads is sufficient. In fact the Government allowance for Government camels is only four loads, of sixty pounds each.

The Somalis asked Rs.250, then Rs.200, and finally Rs.170 "as a final price." I offered Rs.125, which I had been told was a fair price, though

camels can be got at Kismayu for half that sum. They took the camels back to their camp, but they hung about my camp, and when I was going out they again asked the Rs.170. I replied Rs.150, and they agreed to sell for this price. I bought two then, and one next morning, the three for Rs.450. I have since been told that I paid far too much, but the Somalis sold the remaining three camels at Archer's Post for Rs.170 each, and it should be taken into account that they had to be paid for the inconvenience they had in carrying the camels' loads 150 miles to Rumruti, where they probably got porters. The loads were put on the backs of cattle, but that is not a very satisfactory method. The safari I met at Archer's Post would not sell their camels under Rs.200 each, and only the two worst out of twenty at that.

I spent the night in the boma, but though we heard the lions roar close at hand after the moon went down, they did not approach the dead zebra. I left the Somali to skin it in the morning, and I went back to buy the third camel. On the way I stalked a Grant's gazelle, and some porters who came up brought him in. After this I heard two reports, and I concluded it was the stomach of the zebra bursting on being skinned. Here I made a great mistake. What had happened was that the Somali saw two lions and a cub, and he fired and missed. He sent two porters to call me, but they did not find me. He followed the lions with the

heavy ·450 cordite rifle, and hit the cub in the hind leg, and then in the neck, and finally in the eye, after six shots with the heavy rifle. The cub, a female, measured 5 feet body and 2 feet 2 inches tail. I went on across the river, not knowing anything of this, shot a duck not unlike the Indian brahmini duck with the rifle, and followed the Somali safari and got the camel.

On the night of 18th January I again sat in the boma over the same zebra, which had now been skinned and was rather high from the hot sun. I also tied up the little goat which I had brought from Fort Hall. After dusk the goat made a good noise, and we heard the lion roar, but it was not till nearly midnight that a party of three approached from upwind behind the boma; a pair and their cub, I think. When they were about two hundred yards off the roaring ceased. Then we suddenly perceived a great crouching form creeping rapidly forward in the moonlight, making no noise on the smooth sand, undulating along in close contact with the ground like a snake. It was a huge male lion with a great shaggy mane. I slipped the heavy cordite rifle barrels out of the little window, and in doing so I accidentally touched the switch for the light on the foresight, which was too loose, and a beam of white light shot out. The lion jumped back, but he stood facing me, and I aligned the rifle and fired. The bullet hit him behind the shoulder, and he stumbled

off and fell a hundred yards away. We waited in silence, and after an hour another big maned lion came up rapidly from downwind, scenting the dead zebra, and he approached it and stood just beyond it about five yards from me. He took no notice of the goat, and the goat paid no attention to the lion. I switched on my two lights carefully this time, first the one on the foresight and then the larger light suspended over the kill. The lion did not make any movement, and I dropped him with a bullet behind the shoulder, and I fired again; but this was unnecessary, as he was dead in a short time. Towards morning we heard a third lion, but he did not approach. There must have been a lot of lions on this south side of the river, as it was only five miles or so east of this that Captain Tyndall shot his six lions a few nights before. In the morning I took some photographs of the lions, one of which is reproduced in Chapter VII. It shows the little boma, which was by no means a good one, as it was so weak it would have fallen in if the lion had leant against it. The porters had merely put some branches round in a circle, and filled in the spaces with palm leaves. Later on they learnt to protect the hut with thorns on the outside, and to make an entrance at the back which could be closed up by a thorn bush, with only a small hole in front, and not an opening the lion could come in by.

The porters brought the lions two miles across the river to camp, to the noise of a horn and great rejoicing. One was 9 feet 4 inches, and the other was 9 feet 3 inches over the curves of the body, sportsman's measurement, and 3 inches less straight. I made a mistake in not having the skins taken off where the lions were shot, as the heat affected them, and the hair of the manes slipped to a considerable extent. I followed this plan in the case of the lions I shot afterwards, and I had no more trouble with hair slipping.

On the way back to camp I stalked some Grant's gazelles, and I shot a good buck, with 25½ inch horns.

Next night I sat up for the third time over the same zebra, which was now very high indeed, but as the wind was from us to it we escaped most of it. About 10 P.M. two lions came up, and sat down about fifty yards off in the moonlight. They could see that there was something inside the boma, as the roof was not sufficiently thick to keep out the moonlight. Probably they had seen the other two shot the previous night. Then a small lion came to within 25 yards of the boma. The Somali had a cold and coughed a little. I would have fired at the lions as they were sitting in the moonlight, but he advised me to wait. However, they did not come up, and presently they went off. It is also possible that the goat seemed suspicious to them; they do not

seem to care for goats, and probably they are not accustomed to them. What they really like is zebra when it is so high it may be said to be crawling. I now saw why I had not had much luck at first. I had been sitting over the zebra only the first night they were shot, and they were not sufficiently high to attract the lion's attention or appeal to his taste. After this, I usually covered the kill with thorn bushes the first night, to keep off the hyenas, and I did not sit up till the second night. This also enabled me to see if a lion had been round the kill the first night.

The goat had been greatly worried with the flies that lions carry round with them, and when I untied it, it rushed twice into the hut, and I put it out. Then it bolted towards the river, and the Somali ran after it, but it only liked Kikuyu from Fort Hall and would not come to him, and he did not overtake it till it had plunged into the river and was swimming bravely in the current. As the water was only knee deep here the goat was fished out and taken to camp.

The safari of the Maharaja of Datia returned to this camping ground, as Captain Tyndall wanted to have a try for buffalo, and there were some on the north side of the river. I moved across the river to the camp they had left on the south side, passing over a very bad track of basalt slag which cut boots and sandals to pieces. On my

return journey I avoided this by keeping to the north bank, though this involved a climb over a rocky ridge. The Maharaja kindly had my two lion skins treated with theobaldine to try to keep the hair from slipping.

Next day I went out to shoot a zebra for a boma, as there were a lot of common zebra about. I did not get a shot at first, and as the zebra went off into the bush I made a line of porters, much to the Somali's disgust, who did not understand beating in a line, and knew no method of shooting except stalking. And like all Somalis he thought that what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing.

We soon found three zebra, and I shot one. Mahommad now came up and refused to skin the zebra on the ground that he had been engaged as gun-boy and not as skinner. He grumbled at his pay of Rs.45 p. m., at there being no second gun-boy now, and at many other things. The fact was that he thought he might get taken on by the safari we had just passed, where two Somalis, whose pay was Rs.75 p. m., had been sent back to Nairobi, as they were cheeky and useless. I made him shut up and sit in silence, and I started the Swahili to skin the zebra, and I sent to camp for Abdulla the skinner, who arrived and finished it. Another Somali safari with cattle was camped about a mile down the river on the other side, and some of them came to my camp with a story that Ahmad Magan

Khan, a Somali chief, who according to them lived only four days' march off, had beaten five of their Kikuyu and Wakamba porters to death. It is probable that this story was concocted by Mahommad, to make mischief in the camp, and prevent the porters from going further. He talked to the other Somalis in their own language, which none of my men understood.

That night I sat in the boma with a Swahili, but nothing came. Mahommad did not arrive in the morning, so I went out with the porters to a grassy plain east of the camp, and I saw a herd of Grant's gazelle and a single oryx bull attached to them. I stalked them as well as I could in the absence of cover, and I hit the oryx behind the shoulder with a long shot. He still went on, and it took two more bullets behind the shoulder to stop him. The Grant had moved up the slope, and I followed them, and favoured by a ravine I got a shot at the buck, and followed him up and finished him with a second; he was 24 inches, and the oryx was $30\frac{3}{4}$ inch horns.

Captain Brierley returned past my camp from a short expedition down the river, guided by a Somali who undertook to show him elephant a couple of days' march away, but he failed to do so. I went out towards the west of the camp and shot a common zebra near the marsh, and covered it with thorns to see if any lion would come in the night. Next day I did not find any

traces of lions, but I had a boma made. On the way a rhino got our wind, and the boys dropped a big branch I wanted to attach the light to, so I brought them back and we managed to get it away, while he watched us with interest.

I had Mahommad up, and he complained (*a*) that he should not be asked to assist with camels, (*b*) that he should not be asked to skin animals in the field. I agreed to these points, adding that it would mean less bakshish, told him that he must obey me and not be impertinent, and that he might sit in camp till I needed him. Meanwhile I worked with the Swahili, whom I found quite as useful as he to carry my guns, and much more obedient. Of course it annoyed him very much to think that I could do without him, as these Somali are eaten up with conceit. I relate this affair in detail, as it may let other sportsmen know what to expect from Somalis.

That night the Kikuyu boy with me snored so loudly that no lion could face it, though I heard one roaring in the early morning. I tried a photo of a rhino to-day, but though I got close enough to make him get up and look nasty, some twenty yards off, it was not near enough for the camera. I moved the zebra by twenty porters dragging it down to the dry swamp, and they made a very feeble boma there. I let the seventeen Fort Hall porters go home, keeping a few of the best of them, two of whom were trained as the cook's

assistants. The forty-four porters had returned from Meru with posho, and I got Juma to hide some here, where the Somali would not find it.

I sat in the new boma, but nothing except crowds of hyenas came. I had started too late from camp, and it was dark before we got to the dry swamp, and we could not find the place, and had to sit down till the moon rose, when we recognised the locality.

Next morning I shot another zebra, and had it placed at the boma where Captain Tyndall had shot his six lions. This was a good boma, made of thorns placed round the base of a large thorn tree, so that it looked quite natural. We saw the rhino again coming back from making up the boma. He was rushing off across the plain in the steam-roller fashion of these beasts, and a herd of Grant's gazelles were in his path. They looked at him with interest, and as he came close they lightly skipped to one side or the other. He continued his career and became a dot on the horizon. Another safari passed my camp going down towards the Lorian, and I heard from some Somalis that the chief, Ahmad Magan Khan, was still 200 miles off near the Lorian Swamp. So I also resolved to move down the Uaso Nyiro next day, and I found my Swahili porters were willing to go, though the Wameru were rather afraid. I went back to the boma at the swamp, and found a great number of birds, which I took to be marabou

storks. They were settling in the thorn wood for the night, and I shot three with the rifle. But I afterwards found that they were the common stork, which migrates from Europe. The marabou stork is larger, and he has a bald head, and is usually single or with vultures. No lions appeared during the night, and I concluded that all the lions about that place had got to understand bomas too well.

Abdulla, who was with me, skinned the zebra for sandals for the porters, and we got back to camp at 9 A.M. When I ordered camp to be struck, the porters got their loads, but no one would load the camels. I picked out half a dozen Swahili and soon had the camels loaded, though two of them had their loads badly tied on. Mahommad looked on sulkily without helping. He had brought up two boys from the Somali safari yesterday, who knew no language but their own, and suggested that I should take three of them for the three camels on Rs.20 each, or one on Rs.40, plus ghi, sugar, and rice; also that I should buy more camels from these people at Rs.180 each. I offered to take one boy on Rs.20, but he wouldn't come. Mahommad had evidently made up a plan with these Somalis, as he had sent the sugar, rice, and ghi which I had got him for two months, to their camp the night before. A little way on two of the loads had to be tightened on the camels, and while we were getting one done

he helped some Swahili to do the other, without being asked.

At the river the crossing was difficult, and while my boys were trying to get the camels across, the Somali who had asked for Rs.40 came to show us how to do it. He had reckoned without the camel, and it went no better for him than the other camels were doing. He twisted its tail, and he tugged at its head, he beat it till he was tired, and he turned it, now this way now that, but that camel wouldn't budge. At length, when the patience of everybody was exhausted, the camels faced the stream and crossed by a general effort. As a matter of fact the proper course would have been to take the loads off the camels and they would have crossed at once, as experience taught me afterwards. The camel does not like to take the risk of slipping with a heavy load on his back. The Somalis were just as ignorant of this as the rest of us were. Mahommad was not even carrying a rifle, but when I came across he threw down two cartridges he had put in his shirt, and in an impertinent manner he refused to go any further with the safari. He said he wasn't engaged to help with the camels. I pointed out that he hadn't been asked to help to-day, and he said he couldn't stand by and do nothing. He asked how much he still owed me, having had the buffalo skins as advance, and I told him Rs.41. He and the Somalis wanted me to give him Rs.20

a month extra to supervise the Swahilis attending to the camels, or have a raw Somali on Rs.30. I did not want any more Somalis like him in the camp, and I told him to come on. He refused, and I told the Waganda boys to bring him. But the other Somalis interfered with them, and Mahommad ran away up the hill into the bush. These Somalis I may note had four rifles in their camp. I had told Mahommad that I would make a complaint in court against him if he ran away, and so I sent two porters into Meru with a written complaint, directing them to cross the river below the Somalis' camp. The result was that Mahommad was caught at Nairobi, tried for desertion, and fined Rs.90 in April.

This affair delayed us a long time, so we only camped three miles lower down. Next day we marched eleven miles, and I shot a zebra for food for the porters. On 28th January we saw some gerenuk, impala, and numerous dikdik, of which I shot two with horns of $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches and 3 inches. Coming back we were caught in the dark, and suddenly a rhino loomed up in front, making a tremendous grunting. I had only the shot-gun in my hand, and it was quite dark. The boy with me was carrying the ·350 rifle with soft-nosed bullets, but he bolted, and so did I. I ran to the nearest tree and whistled for the porters, who were a little behind. They came up, but the boy with the ·350 rifle called out that the rhino was

between us and him, and he could not come. After some persuasion he ran for it, and we made a detour to avoid the rhino's getting our wind, and reached the camp eventually.

We marched ten miles on 29th January. I went after a herd of impala on the way, but I did not get a shot. Farther on I found a warthog, which scurried across the path, and I hit him too far back. He went off in the direction we were marching, but after a short distance we lost his trail. A mile farther on, while we were crossing a rocky ridge, we heard the noise of some animal which at first we thought might be a rhino. Then I noticed a stain of fresh blood on the rock, so I concluded it was the warthog expiring. We stalked quietly forward, when suddenly the Swahili boy called out softly, "Simba, simba!" (lion). I went back to him, and he pointed to a dry channel below us, and I saw in the boulder-strewn bed three lionesses devouring the remains of a warthog, growling quietly at each other, which was the strange noise we had heard, not the least like a lion's roar. Their heads were down in a hollow of the rocks, and I did not get a good view of them. After changing the solid bullets I had put in for rhino to split bullets, I fired and hit one. They stood up and looked to see where the noise came from. One was now broadside on to me, and I fired and hit her behind the shoulder. She dropped, and as the other two made off I fired

again. One of the two that ran away was hit, but I am not sure where it was hit. The wounded lioness was writhing and growling savagely, so I went nearer, much to the boy's alarm, and finished her off with two more shots. We saw some splashes of blood from the other wounded lioness, but it had passed into dense cover, tall grasses ten foot high between the palms on the river bed. It would have been madness to follow a wounded animal in such cover, and I went round the edge to see if it had come out on this bank, but there was no trace. I suppose it must have crossed the river, and got away in the bush jungle on the other side. I had the skin taken off the dead lioness at once. I sat up on a machan that night over the small part of the warthog remaining, but as far as I know no lion came. I think I dozed during the night, as something moved the piece of warthog, but perhaps this was a hyena.

Next day on the march I saw some gerenuk, and I stalked up to within range, fired, and as I thought hit the buck. I went up to where he had gone, but I could not find him. After looking round in vain, I ascended a small mass of rock and waited. Presently I saw a couple of vultures on a tree, and going below it I found the dead gerenuk. We also saw fresh tracks of a small elephant to-day, and of a large lion. While I was behind hunting the gerenuk, the cook took the safari on a long way, some seventeen miles, and Juma and I had

CHANLER FALLS ON THE UASO NYIRO

difficulty in finding it. The boy with us stayed all night with the gerenuk, as the porters left too late to bring it in. They spent the night up trees, as there were a lot of hyenas about.

The Meru porters insisted to-night that I was taking them to the Lorian, and they would all be killed, and they bolted into the bush. I told them that they might return when we reached Merti, the point of the Zambo plateau, but that they would lose nearly a month's pay if they ran away now; so after some time they came back.

On the march to-day we passed the Chanler Falls on the Uaso Nyiro, and I took the photograph here reproduced. There is a deep still pool below the rapids in which some hippo lurk, but they did not show themselves.

On the 31st January we marched about twelve miles, and the latter part was through very thick bush by the river. From a low hill I had a good view of Merti escarpment, a long low ridge running down to the river from the west; it is the edge of the Zambo plateau, which extends for about twenty miles from the Uaso Nyiro, and borders the left bank for ten miles. We might have followed another route here, as the river makes a long curve to the north. We could have crossed the arc of the curve, going through some low hills, guided by three small rocky koppies rising out of the bush, and then turning towards the point of the escarpment, a distance of about twenty miles

without water except for a few small pools after rain. I came back this way, and it is the path generally followed, partly because it is shorter and partly because it is very difficult to get through the dense bush near the river. We saw a herd of giraffe, also impala, oryx, waterbuck, and many dikdik. There were tracks where some elephant had crossed the river some days ago. There was long grass on the plain all the way to the escarpment, and it is probable this place is swampy in the rainy season.

On the 1st February we reached the escarpment, and as we did not want to run any risks from Somalis, we camped in thick palm jungle near the river, and I made a depot here of posho. I had also made a depot at another hut we passed on the 27th January, which was about fifty miles from Archer's Post, on the left bank of the river. We passed the safari of Mr. Leslie Simson, of Johannesburg; he was out after an elephant at the time. The previous night I had sat up in a machan over the goat, at a place where I saw tracks of a lion by the riverside. I had scarcely taken my position on the machan when two hyenas came up, and would not be driven off by shouting. One of them caught the poor goat by the back, just being able to get its paw in through a few thorns I had put round the goat. I promptly shot the hyena, and the boys came running out from the camp thinking it was a lion. The goat was merely

scratched. On this march I met vulturine guinea-fowl for the first time, and I shot four. They have beautiful blue feathers on the breast, and a bald head like a vulture, and they are good for the pot.

On the 2nd of February we marched twelve miles, passing between Merti escarpment and the river, and we camped off the point of the escarpment. There is a space of varying width, from a mile to 400 yards, between the river and the hill. At first this is fairly open bush, but it becomes very dense indeed towards the river at the farther end, and there are numerous tracks of rhino, buffalo, and other game in it. Along the path at two or three places are cairns of stones, sometimes like sangars, hollow in the centre as if to defend the pass. At other places they are heaped up; and of these Mr. A. Arkell Hardwick says, in *An Ivory Trader in North Kenia*, that they are burying-places of the Rendile. The Kikuyu, Wakamba, and Masai leave their dead or dying relatives outside the village for the hyenas to dispose of. But the Rendile dig a hole in the ground, and the corpse is placed in it in a sitting position. Stones are piled over it till a cairn is raised, and on the top is placed an upright spear. This custom is similar to that of the people who once inhabited the banks of the Nile in Upper Egypt; and the Bongo of the Bahr el Ghazal also bury their dead in a sitting position, covering the body with logs and branches.

At the end of Merti escarpment you enter on a great bare plain, extending apparently for thirty or forty miles from the river to some low hills in the north. There were a dozen bomas of Boran near Merti, and some Boran and half Somalis on the south side of the river. A few days farther down the river were the Somalis, and we heard that Ahmad Magan Khan had moved towards Wahjir.

The Rendile and Burkenji were found at Merti by Mr. Hardwick in 1900, but they were no longer there when I visited the place.

The Boran are a race who live by their sheep and goats. They have no agriculture, and no hunting. They have some camels. The sheep are of a peculiar variety, with a great development of the buttocks, so that they have a sort of hump behind of about twenty pounds in weight, which wobbles as they run.

I visited some Boran enclosures, and they had hovels of skins to live in. I took a photograph, which is shown here, of some women and girls, who are mostly hiding their heads in fear of the camera. The man refused to be taken, and stood behind, not knowing that he was in the photograph. These people have a stupid and brutish look, probably to some extent due to their almost exclusive diet of meat. I have noticed the same appearance among Mussulman butchers in India. The Boran have very large flocks of

A BORAN FAMILY

goats and sheep, a thousand or so for each boma. I made out a list of Boran words later from a half Boran half Somali who knew Swahili, and it is given in the Appendix. At first however none of us could make ourselves understood, and this gave rise to a funny incident.

I had climbed the hill the second day I was camped there, and I had seen with the field-glasses some twenty-eight camels at a boma four miles off. I got the boys to carry the merikani cloth to the place, meaning to offer it in exchange for a camel or two.

As I came near the camels the Boran came running hard from their boma and passed me and began to drive the camels now this way and now that. I did not understand whether they were trying to drive the camels away, or merely to show them off, as there was so much confusion in their methods. I went on towards the camels, and they kept running beside me and shouting out "Ingirt," the meaning of which we did not know. One of them took my hand, and I thought he wanted to shake hands like the Kikuyu, and I did so. However, when I had shaken hands several times, and he showed a desire to run beside me and hold my hand in a manner that seemed to be unnecessarily affectionate, I understood that they did not want me to go any nearer the camels. There were thirty or forty of them armed with spears,

but they knew they would be no match for the three boys and myself, as we had three rifles. They thought that we wanted to take the camels from them by force, as their neighbours the Somali do when they get the chance. So I sat down under a small bush, and they all talked at once, and presently I made out that they had only one camel each, and that they used the camels to carry their family belongings when they marched to another place; so they did not wish to sell any camels.

Next day the Boran came to my camp with a number of he-goats, and the porters bartered blankets, they said, for three of them. As I afterwards found about that amount of cloth had been surreptitiously cut off from the several webs of merikani cloth I conclude that it was my cloth that paid for these three goats. I tried to explain to the Boran that I wanted she-goats for milk, and I got the cook to imitate the act of milking a goat. The Boran, however, thought that the cook's knowledge of natural history was defective, and shook their heads sadly and said "Ingirt" (which means No), to indicate that he-goats do not give milk. In time, however, they realised that we wanted she-goats, and brought us three. My boys, though accustomed to cow's milk, had never used goat's milk, and thought that Europeans had curious ideas to take such a thing in tea.

When we arrived at Merti I let the Meru porters go home, as they had been promised. They were much too frightened to go further.

I had shot a zebra, and I sat over it without success. I also tried tying up a goat and sitting in a boma made by hollowing out a leafy bush, but nothing came, though we heard lion and also leopard at night. One night a lion came to the camp when I was absent, and the porters, who had not troubled to make a little thorn enclosure for themselves and the goats, ran away into the bush, and some got up trees.

I shot a good Grant's gazelle at this camp, $26\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and I noticed that the Grant have all long horns near Merti. One day a half Somali came to the camp, and he offered to lead us to some waterholes where there might be elephant, for seven yards of cloth each two days. I agreed to this rate of remuneration, and then he asked for more. He also had a long story about two Europeans who, he said, failed to pay him for his services, and he therefore wanted to be paid in advance, as he could not trust Europeans. This was too much for me, so I told him to go away. After some time he came back again, and asked for a present of posho; I told him to get out of the camp, and he refused to get out, and stood muttering things which I took to be the reverse of

complimentary, shaking his spear. I then put him out of camp at the point of the rifle.

The Boran told me there were no elephant near this place, and my porters refused to march farther down the river, and I had no definite news of elephant in that direction. On the other hand, I had seen tracks farther up the river, so I thought I would go back to the other side of Merti and hunt about there.

So I gave orders to march back through the Merti defile. I had given the porters a present of a goat that morning, but one of the camel boys, Ramzani, was sulky, and refused to take his camel. He had previously agreed to attend the camel for the rest of the trip, and situated as I was 160 miles from a civil station and with only Swahili porters left in the safari, I could not allow them to disobey orders, or my authority would come to an end. Ramzani was annoyed because I had taken a small piece of rope from his camel and given it to the boy who was leading the goats. I told Ramzani he must take the camel or be kibokoed. He refused to take the camel. The two Waganda boys and I tied up his hands. On this Saburi, another Swahili of great size, said he would not allow a Swahili to be beaten. I told Saburi that I would treat his interference as mutiny, and I took out my watch and gave Ramzani five minutes' grace. However, before two minutes Ramzani said he would take the camel, and we untied him. I

never had any trouble with the Swahili after this.

In general it is best to avoid beating porters, but sometimes it cannot be helped. Previous to this a Meru porter had cut a Fort Hall porter's head open, and I had inquired into the matter and had him kibokoed by the cook. The injured man was better after a week's treatment, but I had to send him back sooner than the others. One day when I was absent from camp the Waganda kibokoed a Nandi porter who was cheeky; I have no doubt he deserved it, and he bore them no malice afterwards. Africans are of much better physique than Indians, and they take a whipping in silence; whereas Indians always howl even before they are hurt, but probably they think they will get off easier on this account.

The safari then started to march back, and in the bush I saw a lesser kudu, but I did not get a shot at it, as it vanished when I recognised what it was. I had been told to look for them up the rocky hills; they really live in the dense bush close to the river. I also saw some gerenuk and impala. On the way I met Mr. Leslie Simson, and I turned back with his safari, intending to march towards the Lorian Swamp. My porters were not afraid to march in that direction when they were accompanied by another safari.

We camped at the end of Merti, though farther from the river, and next day it rained. On the after-

noon of the second day, 8th February, it stopped raining, and we started to march across the bare plain of the Boran, which was covered with water in places. It was very difficult for the camels to carry loads, as they sank in the sand, and floundered about hopelessly. Some of the camels did not reach camp that night. Next day when these camels had come in we started out again about noon, but after marching five miles we were held up by a lagoon of water which the camels could not cross. This rainy weather was quite unexpected in February in the bush desert, where there is so small an annual rainfall. It seemed useless to wait in the plain on the chance of the weather changing, as if it did not we would not be able to get the camels back to Merti. So we returned to camp, at the point of Merti. On the way back I shot a Grant's gazelle, and two Boran stopped my porters, who were some little distance behind me carrying the meat. Perhaps the Boran thought the porters were taking one of their goats, as it was dusk. They had spears, and the porters were uneasy. I went back, and I had a list of Boran words, so I explained that the meat was that of a gazelle, and told them to get out; which they did.

Next morning it rained again, and Mr. Simson left to march round the north side of the Zambo plateau, and I marched next the river. Mr. Simson had seen the tracks of a herd of 200 elephant crossing the river some ten miles below the

Chanler Falls, on the day he passed there the tracks being a day old. He had followed the tracks of a bull elephant on the north side of the river, and come up with him in open bush. Unfortunately as he was approaching the elephant, it was alarmed by a puff of wind from an unexpected quarter, and ran out, partly turned away from him. His bullet struck it too far forward in its shoulder, and though he followed it for two days he did not come up with the wounded animal. Want of water prevented him following it further. We now determined to thoroughly examine this area between Merti and the Chanler Falls. The rain made the ground so swampy that I had to take the loads off two of my camels two miles from camp, and the porters returned and carried the loads. The camels then marched in. At dinner-time a lion roared about the camp, and he hung round till midnight; but he was on the other side of the river, and next day I found it was so swollen with the rains that I could not cross. There were a number of crocodiles in it here. Some porters I had sent to bring letters had returned with them, I was told, so my hopes rose. Judge my disappointment on arriving at camp to find only some receipts from Indian shops.

We halted a day, as one of the camels seemed to be affected by tsetse fly and the rain. Next day we marched for twenty-one miles without water, except what we carried on a camel, and

a little muddy stuff we found in a pool. We passed the three rocky koppies and cutting off the bend of the river we camped again on its bank. I saw some giraffe on the march near these koppies.

The sick camel remained in camp, and died in a day or two. Taking the other two camels and four Swahili and the cook, I started out next day to march after elephant into the dry country north of the river. I had for myself a porter's tent, weighing about ten pounds, and a groundsheet, a little bedding, and two chop boxes of stores and dishes. The boys had five days' posho, and the cook had a little rice. This went on one camel; the other carried two large cylinders of water, and the porters carried the two rifles and a bag of ammunition. I left my camp bed behind, and slept on the ground, but I was never able to sleep quite comfortably, as it always seemed to be rocky. I shot a Grant's gazelle, which provided us with meat, and we found a little water in a hollow in the sloping rock on the S.E. side of the koppie which I have marked No. 1 on the map. It was about twelve miles' march. Here we stayed the night. Next morning the boys let the camels loose to graze while they were having their food, and the camels got lost. I climbed the koppie and looked all around with the field-glasses, but I only saw a lot of giraffe. The boys failed to track the camels, so the cook and a porter started off to

camp to see if they had gone there. However, after an hour's further search the camels were found in some thick bush, and I fired the ·450 rifle as a signal for the cook to return, which he did. He said he had seen some lesser kudu an hour away, so I went there, and he showed me a female bushbuck; but I only got a glimpse of the male, and failed to get him.

We then marched twelve miles north-west to the koppie I have called No. 2. When you leave the river a dozen miles or so the number of animals becomes fewer, mostly dikdik and gerenuk, and then only dikdik. I think the dikdik do not drink at all. There were large herds of giraffe near koppie No. 1, and they were pretty tame.

From koppie No. 2 we could see the end of the Zambo plateau, and a dry river-bed stretched some miles to the north, lined with palms; beyond that came more low hills. There were numerous signs of elephants having been here, but it was several months ago.

I had seen some water on the top of a high rock, twenty feet high, and next morning we determined to get some. After vainly trying to throw a stone attached to a rope over the rock, we cut down a tree and laid the trunk against the smooth surface, and the cook climbed up and let down sufficient water to give us all good drinks, and to fill the large tins carried by the camel. The Somalis who sold me these tins with

the camels had given me a damaged one, and it was always leaking; we fixed it up more or less with a gazelle skin.

As there were no recent traces of elephant to be seen, I turned back south, and after twenty miles' march we struck the Uaso Nyiro near Chanler Falls. Towards evening we saw a water-buck, and knew that we were near the river, as these animals always stay near water.

We saw the tracks of two female elephants which had passed the day before, but we soon lost them on hard ground. I was marching down the dry bed of a nullah, when suddenly rounding a turn we saw two rhino lying in the bed asleep about fifteen yards away. We turned back quietly and got the camel out of the nullah, and left them to enjoy their slumbers.

Next morning I found Mr. Simson in camp at the place my boys called "Campi Simba," and I stayed there and had my camp moved up. He had seen the tracks of a bull elephant, of sixty pounds' tusks or so, but hearing the shot I fired to recall the cook, he concluded I had fired at this elephant, and either got him or missed him, so he did not follow him up. My boy Juma had also seen this elephant as he grazed near the river, so if I had stayed another day at my camp I would have seen him also. As it was I did not cross his tracks at all.

Next day Mr. Simson went on the north

side of the river after this elephant without success. I went on the south side, but I did not see any recent spoor either. About midday I was going to climb up a little rocky hill, when I passed a bush which sheltered a rhino taking his siesta. When I passed he stood up, and the boy behind me saw him and said softly, "Kifaru." Abdulla passed me the ·350 rifle, which had soft-nosed bullets in it, and I motioned him to give me the heavy rifle, which had also soft-nosed bullets, but of course it was much more powerful. I kept my eyes on the rhino, which looked at me from about six yards' distance, and the boy with the heavy rifle passed it to me through the bush. I could not get away, as the rhino was in front of me and the rock behind me, and thorns barred the sides. I waited to see if the rhino would clear, but he began to advance, and I fired above the second horn and he dropped stone dead. This is the best place to shoot a charging rhino, as the skull is so thin that even a small-bore soft-nosed bullet will have instant effect. We took the horns, and later I shot a gerenuk. We also saw impala, Grevy's zebra, and oryx.

When I visited this rhino next day I found a great number of hyenas and birds had nearly finished the carcase, which is quicker than usual, and they had also taken the headskin which we had put up a tree.

We went south for ten miles, and we struck an old bed of the Uaso Nyiro, with good water in it and a slight flow. This is not marked on any of the maps, though of course the presence of a permanent supply of water in the bush desert is a matter of importance. We followed this bed north-east till it joined the present bed a dozen miles away. Coming home I saw some gerenuk, and the buck was standing on his hind legs pulling down branches to eat after the manner of goats. I shot him, and the porters were so heavily laden with meat that we did not find our way home across the river till 8 P.M. in the moonlight, having walked thirty miles.

On the 19th February Mr. Simson determined to march down the river to the Lorian Swamp. I did not accompany him, as only one of my camels was fit to march, and I thought I might find some elephant near the old river-bed. He had also lost a camel in his march round the Zambo plateau, so he started with his two remaining camels and half a dozen men.

The previous night we had been brought out of bed at 2 A.M. by the shouts of the boys that a rhino was coming into the camp. It came upwind and stood grunting near, much to the terror of the camels, which are always tied inside the thorn enclosure at night. Our little hedge would not have been any obstacle to the rhino

if he had charged. We shouted and threw burning brands, and he went away.

Next morning I was up an hour before dawn and went down the north bank of the river after a lesser kudu which Mr. Simson had seen. I saw what I thought was a waterbuck, and I might have shot it, as it stood not far off in the uncertain light. It went off, and I saw then that it was a lesser kudu. Then we heard shouts, and my Waganda boys came running after us to tell that they had gone down to the river to fish—the cook was an expert with a bent pin—and they had found fresh tracks of elephant on the bank opposite the camp. I ordered Juma to get one camel ready with food for a few days and I went to the place with the cook. There were tracks of one rather small bull—16½ inches from front to back of the footprint—three cows, and a calf. We followed the tracks going away from the river, where the animals had drunk that night, and crossed the old bed of the Uaso Nyiro. As it looked like a long pursuit, I sent back a porter to bring the camel along this route. In a very short time we crossed a low ridge, and the five tracks separated, as the elephant had begun to feed there. The cook said he heard the rumbling noise they sometimes make, but though we approached cautiously we did not see the elephant. We then crossed a dry bed fringed with palms where there were many less recent

tracks of elephant, including one which was 21 inches long. There were also many tracks of buffalo. As we had lost the tracks I went up a koppie, and with the field-glasses I saw an elephant standing in the shade of a tree about two miles off. The cook had some knowledge of elephants in Uganda, and he led me through the bush by a rather circuitous route to avoid stray puffs of wind. Elissa climbed several trees, but we could not locate that elephant as the bush was so dense. I then brought the men back to the koppie from which I had seen the elephant, and I soon found him again. He had moved a little. I wanted all the boys to help in the difficult task of going through the bush to the place where he was, but the cook had now got a slight sunstroke, as he had come in a hurry without his hat. The day was very hot, and the temperature here runs to 107° F. in the shade. Abdulla climbed several trees when we got near the place where we thought the elephant was, but he was now feeding as it was afternoon, and we could not see him or find his spoor. I then went to another koppie which was nearer, but somewhat upwind. From there I saw the elephant only half a mile off, and I fancy he saw me, as he kept backing from us, with his face turned towards us and his great ears flapping backwards and forwards, though he did not raise his trunk. The glasses showed me that his tusks were not

more than two feet long, so he was not good enough to shoot. I had also seen two other elephant coming up from the river at a distance of four miles or so, and I did not know if they were bulls or cows. It was 5 P.M., and the cook was in a state of collapse, so we started to move homewards. We passed near where we had seen the elephant, but he did not show himself. On the way we found a very dirty pool of stagnant water, green from buffalo being in it, and smelling badly. But we had been for many hours in a hot sun without water, and we drank of it gladly. I saw some dikdik and guinea-fowl, but I did not like to fire, as I hoped to return to the place next day and have a further look for elephant.

Coming in the dusk over the ridge an old and crusty rhino got our wind, and came grunting down the hill at us. I called to the porters to stand still, but some of them were alarmed and ran behind a bush. The rhino heard this, and came near us. I stood ready with the ·450 rifle, but he slowed down at twenty paces, and ran round us with a great deal of noise, and then he departed. At first this sort of thing is decidedly trying to your nerves, but you soon get accustomed to it. We got back to the old bed of the Uaso Nyiro at dark, and we expected to find the camel with food here, but there was no trace of it. What had happened was that the boys with the camel followed the tracks of the

elephant on their own account, saw another elephant, and stayed that night a dozen miles farther on in the bush. Next day they crossed the river and returned to the camp on the north side. I did not see that camel for a week. As there was no food we had no dinner, and we went to sleep under a thorn tree. Towards midnight we woke to find it raining, and we moved to some palm trees and made a little shelter of their dead leaves. In the morning we woke pretty hungry, and I went out to shoot something to eat. Everything we saw ran away, and it was not till 11 A.M. that I shot some game. We returned and put small pieces on sticks, and roasted them by sticking the sticks in the ground round a fire. We had had nothing except a hasty early breakfast the previous day, and that meal was one of the best I have eaten. Later Juma came from the camp with more food, and I made a camp a little farther up this old river-bed. I went across the ridge to where I had seen elephant the previous day, but there were none there. Nor did I find any traces next day, as it rained in the night, and all tracks were washed out. It rained for two or three days, and I became rather unwell, so I was not able to go out. And the porters were not able to get the camel across the river for two days. The other camel which missed us had got a sore back.

On the 24th February it was bright sunshine

and I felt better, so I left with the cook, five porters and one camel, for a few days in the bush to the south. There was a hill marked on the map as "Elevated Crater," some thirty miles SSE. of the Chanler Falls, and I wanted to see if it was feasible to march to it, and from there continue down the Salt River to the Tana River. Going east we found tracks of five elephant of the day or night before. The largest measured just 16 inches, which is the limit it is worth following, so we went after them, and they led us down an elephant path S. and SW., parallel to the dry river-bed leading towards the elevated crater. Then we came to where they had fed, and we lost the tracks among several trails. The cook mistook a rhino for an elephant in the distance, and we lost two hours looking it up. This dry river-bed is sandy for ten miles next the Uaso Nyiro, then there are rocks in it, and in these rocks there are always pools of water. The water extends for twenty miles, and then the bed narrows, and becomes sandy, and is finally lost in dense bush. We camped by some pools of water. We marched up the river-bed next day, passing an old boma, probably Wanderobo, at a place where the bed divided into two channels. We followed the eastern channel. It was very hot trudging in the burning sand under a blazing sun. So we stopped for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. Continuing our march in the afternoon we suddenly came on a bull buffalo

standing in open bush on the bank of the river. As I had finished my allowance of buffalo I stood on the defensive in case it might charge the camel, but it went away. Then we saw a cow buffalo lying in the river-bed, and after thinking matters over in the slow way of buffalo, it also stood up and went off. A little farther on another animal was disturbed and rushed through the bush with a noise like a rhino, though one boy said he saw it had horns like a buffalo. At evening we camped in very thick bush, with no path, and the river was now a little sandy track overgrown with bushes. The crater was about four miles' march from here, but it would have been difficult to get through the bush.

That night a rhino came close to the little boma the men had made. It was three yards from me, just beside the hedge, and as I could not see it in the dark I fired in the direction of the grunt to frighten it. This sent it off for a time, and we returned to bed, but it came grunting up again. I shouted and clapped my hands and it went off. A third time it had us out of bed, and as the camel was in a great fright I ordered the boys to untie its legs, so as to give it a chance if the rhino got into the boma. I saw the rhino dimly, standing in the shadow of a bush some ten paces off. The cook had the small rifle, and I called out to him not to fire as the rhino would come forward into the moonlight. But he was frightened, and called

out that he must fire as it was so close, and he fired, and missed. This brought the rhino on, and I fired, and luckily hit it, as it turned and went off, crashing down thorn trees on its way.

Next morning one Swahili said he had followed the tracks a long way and had not seen it. Knowing how afraid these boys are to go through the bush, I did not believe him, and after breakfast I followed the tracks myself, and creeping under a bush I saw him lying a dozen paces away. I did not know if he was dead or not, so I got the boy with me, a Wameru who passed as a Swahili, to throw some sticks at him. He did not take any notice, so we saw he was dead. The bullet had hit just behind the shoulder, passed through the heart, and lay under the skin on the other side. It is probable this rhino had never seen human beings before, so he was persistent in his efforts to make our acquaintance. The front horn was seventeen inches, a fair size for the Uaso Nyiro, and the rhino was a heavy old male. We reached the water in the river-bed at noon, halted there, and reached the camping place where the river divided at evening. Next day we reached the camp on the old bed of the Uaso Nyiro. I found all the other porters from the camp on the north side of the river and the remaining camel had arrived here. They said that the lions there had eaten the three goats, and that they had been spending the night up trees; and had fired five

shots from the shotgun which had been left in that camp. So they had left the camp, as they were afraid to stay there. I found later that the goats had been eaten because they were left out at night by porters who were too lazy to bring them in, and the hyenas got them the second night. I was sorry for the fate of the plucky little goat I had brought from Fort Hall. I went out to shoot something for the pot, and saw some vulturine guinea-fowl, but they scuttled away. Then we put up a male and female Grant, and they stood behind a bush, as animals sometimes will, under the impression that they are hidden from view. I shot the buck at 150 yards. I wanted a zebra for a boma, and I hit one behind the shoulder, and followed its blood trail for two miles, but it got away.

On the 1st March I marched my camp back to the camp at the north bank. On the way I first shot a couple of sand grouse, which are so small they are scarcely worth shooting, and a guinea-fowl. After crossing the river a porter saw a leopard, and called me back, but it had gone. I thought it might have stopped in a bush, and I tried to get the four men to beat up to me. But the African native does not understand the art of beating, and they were too afraid of the leopard to advance. I was trying to get them to make more noise and come on, when suddenly I saw the leopard bound across an open space between two bushes. I had a snapshot, but I did not hit him, and we

could not follow his tracks in the grass. Next I saw some impala, but I did not get a shot. Then suddenly a lesser kudu bolted across an open space. I followed, and saw another bull standing eighty yards off, and I hit him in the shoulder and brought him down. He was a good head, $26\frac{1}{4}$ inches on the front curve.

These kudu were in thick bush, not thorn trees, near the river. Near camp I saw another antelope, which I shot as a bait for lion. I found Mr. Simson had returned, having seen no traces of elephant. He had shot a cheetah near where I saw the leopard. He had been marching eleven days, and he had reached the place where the route to Wahjir turned north-east from the river.

Mr. Arkell Hardwick suggests a shorter route from Merti to the Lorian by striking across the Kirimar Plain on the south bank, due east (not ENE.), and two long days' march of fifty miles without water would enable you to avoid the curve of the river to the north. Mr. Simson had seen some white waterbuck, a local variety found near the Lorian. His camp had been alarmed by Somalis, but he had not actually been attacked by them.

The previous day a safari of Mr. J. N. Dracopoli with twelve camels had passed my camp in my absence. He had come from Kismayu by a route across the desert to the dry bed marked Lakdera River, under the auspices

of the Royal Geographical Society, and he had shot two of the rare Hunter's antelope. He had only seen small elephant, I understand.

On the 2nd March I had a day of varying fortune. I found the buck left out as bait had been removed from under the protecting thorns, though we had made the cover as strong as possible. The tracks near were only hyenas', but I determined to sit up and see. When I was going down to look for kudu, I was called across the river by a message that Mr. Simson had shot a lioness and wanted me. I crossed, and found he had seen a lioness lying on a koppie, on a rock above its den, and not waiting for his heavy rifle he had fired and hit it in the neck with a ·300 bore rifle. The animal bled a lot, but it went off into the bush. We followed the trail for a few hundred yards in thick bush, ready to be charged at any moment, but we had to abandon the search as hopeless, as the ground showed no tracks and the blood spots soon ceased. This shows one of the defects of small-bore rifles; though the animal lost a great deal of blood at first, the small hole soon closed up, and there was no blood-trail to follow. Had the shot been fired from a heavy rifle, we would have found the animal, if it had been able to go away, as Mr. Simson's gun-boy, a Swahili, was a good tracker.

I went on near the river, and I saw oryx, zebra,

and impala. The glasses showed the impala to be a good one, so I stalked up the hill, and went a little to the left, above the herd, but for a long time I saw only the does. Some of them became alarmed, and gave out their warning cry, "Paa." But they looked for me downhill, and did not see me where I lay above them. In a herd like this the does always keep a sharp watch out to see that no harm befalls their lord.

After some time the buck appeared in the middle of the herd, and I fired, and as he still stood I fired again, and going up I found him hit behind the shoulder. He had a fine spread of $22\frac{5}{8}$ inches, and the horns were a fair length, $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches. As he was dead before he could be "halalled," I had him taken as a bait to the place where Mr. Simson had hit the lioness, and I had the dead impala tied to a tree, covered with stones, and a great many thorn trees cut down and put over it. This was to keep hyenas from taking it out and finishing it, but nevertheless next day we found they had done so, and there was none of it left. I went a little way after another animal, and I told the porters to wait, which they did not do. Coming after them I found them halted, and they signalled me up, and said they had seen a lion close by. It had moved off in long grass. I saw the tracks for a little way, and as I could not follow them further, I concluded the animal was lying in some bush close to us. I sent the four

porters back a hundred yards, and told them to come forward shouting. I took my stand by a palm tree where I had a little bit of open ground. I waited ten minutes, but all they did was to talk together in low tones. I went back to them and told them again; and again I waited, but they did not shout. I went back a second time, and shook one porter, and shouted to show him how it was done. Then I returned to the palm tree. The four men now shouted and came nearer, in a great fright, though they had a couple of rifles. All this of course distracted my attention.

Suddenly a fine lioness bounded across the little open space, but about sixty yards from me, and I fired. She gave a few growls in the bush, but she had moved off when I got up. The cover was heavy, tall palm trees and palm bushes and long grass by the river, and I could find no blood trail, so I do not know if the animal was hit, but the fact that it growled in answer to the shot is an indication that it was. We moved towards the river, and two of the porters saw the lioness again going at a walk, but that was all we saw of her. If I had been beating with Indian villagers I would have had a good chance, but Africans are too stupid and too frightened to understand beating; in reality there is no danger to the beaters until the animal is wounded.

That night I sat in a boma over the remains of the buck, which consisted of the head and neck

only. It was about two hundred yards from the camp. For a long time only hyenas came, though I heard lions roaring not far off. About 11 P.M. a lioness came up to the buck, and I turned on the electric lights, which it did not mind, and I brought it down with a shot from the heavy rifle behind the shoulder.

After a little another lioness, evidently its companion, stood beside the boma and sniffed. It waited for a whole hour, and it moved silently round the boma, and suddenly I saw it at the door, about four feet from me, silhouetted against the sky. I did not turn on either light as it was so close, and the door was not secure, but I fired at once and hit it behind the shoulder. It charged towards the flash, and I fired the second barrel when the muzzle was almost touching it as I crouched in the entrance. I had no time to aim, but the bullet hit it above the eye. I would have supposed that an animal hit there would drop at once, but it lurched on, knocked against the side of the boma, and fell ten yards off and shortly died.

About an hour later the Nandi boy, who was with me in the boma, whispered that something was eating this lioness, and I shouted, thinking that it was a hyena, but the noise it made going off showed it was a lion. It soon came back growling, and I tried to make a little window in

the thorn roof to see it, as it was rather beside and behind the boma, but I failed to do so. I fired the shotgun at it, and it went off and returned several times during the night, but it only ate a little of the stomach of the lioness. It was undoubtedly not a hyena, as it was able to drag the dead lioness some distance, and hyenas do not usually touch lions, being much too afraid of them. The other lioness was still alive, but had not moved, and as I was short of cartridges I let it lie. Sometime after midnight the Nandi touched my arm as I dozed, and I saw this lioness standing up, as I supposed, and I was annoyed that I had not finished it off. I fired and knocked the animal down. Later another lion or lioness came round the place, making a peculiar sound of lamentation, "hūh, hūh," which I had not heard a lion make before. I saw it dimly cross some distance in front, and I did not turn on the light, as I expected it to come nearer, but it did not. Two other lions kept on roaring all night going round the camp. The porters had two good fires going, and one of Mr. Simson's boys was so alarmed that he jumped up with a rifle and put a shot through the roof of the tent. In the morning I found to my surprise that there were three dead lionesses. The one which I had seen standing up was not the wounded one, which had died, but another lioness which came and stood over it, and I had shot it also. This one was not quite dead. As my ·450

cartridges were very scarce, I determined to finish it off with a small-bore rifle the boys had brought, and to get it I had to crawl out of the door three paces from the wounded lioness. As I did so it growled and made faces at me, but it could not get up. So I finished it off. I tried a photograph, but the light was poor in the early morning and it did not come out properly. Apparently you must either sacrifice the photograph or the skins, and in this case I had the skins taken off at once.

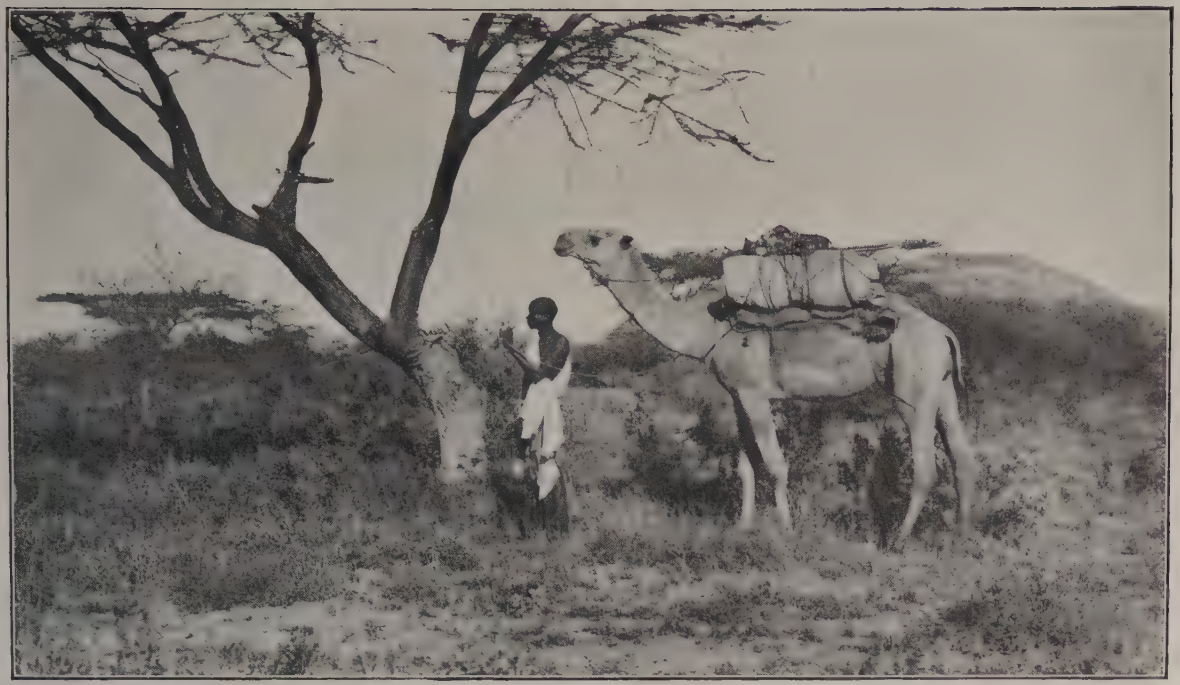
A safari of thirty Somalis with spears, and 500 cattle from Kismayu, passed us to-day. Mr. Simson returned from across the river, having only seen tracks of cow elephant. The porters called this camp "Campi Simba" (the Camp of the Lion), as there were so many about. The next night I again sat in the same boma, but though two lions roared across the river they did not come. And they roared in rather a subdued manner, which made me think they were frightened. I hunted all the next morning for lesser kudu, and failed to see any, though the porter saw one. Then I crossed the river and shot an impala, with a fair head. It had become very hot weather. My supplies of sugar, sparklets, butter, flour, jam, porridge, and puddings were now exhausted, as my men had not returned from Meru, 150 miles there and 150 back; so I subsisted on potatoes, posho, tea, and what I shot.

On 5th March a second camel died of tsetse

fly, and I used his remains to sit over for several nights, but nothing came except hyenas. I had also sat over the three lionesses, but hyenas did not touch them. One evening I shot a fine gerenuk close to the camp, 15⅜ inch. Another Somali cattle safari came along from Kismayu.

On the 6th of March Mr. Simson left for Nairobi, as he had only seen tracks of cow elephant on the north of the river; a large bull elephant came down every three days to drink, but he was rather elusive, and probably got wind of our camp. On the way back both of Mr. Simson's remaining camels died after a few days, so he lost all three camels in spite of having Somalis to attend them. I had bought three out of the same lot of six, and one of them survived my safari, though my boys were Swahili. I mention this, as it is commonly believed that only Somalis understand camels.

My porters from Meru arrived that day with stores; but unfortunately the safari agents had not forwarded my letters, although they sent a letter acknowledging my instructions to do so. Next day these Wameru porters wanted to return without loads, but as two camels had died the Swahili could not carry all the baggage. The Wameru were told that if they went off without loads they would go without food also; and they soon saw the point of this, and started back with five loads of skins. I had another hunt round for



M'KENZIE AND HIS CAMEL, SOLE SURVIVOR OF SIX

lesser kudu, and then on 9th March I started to return to Archer's Post. We made good marches on the way back, halting for a couple of days at the hut thirty miles from the Post to try for lion without success, and reaching the Post on 15th March, having done eighty miles in five days' marching. On the way I shot an impala with 29 inch horns, and a couple of marabou storks, which I now recognised, though at first I had mistaken common storks for them. I had hit one at Campi Simba, breaking its leg with a rifle as it rose from a tree, and I saw it circling round without a leg. Fifty miles farther on I shot a marabou without a leg—I wonder if it was the same bird? I met another safari going a little way down the river, consisting of M. de Albert, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Claydon as guide, and dined with them. I now determined to march up the Uaso Nyiro and Uaso Narok to Rumruti, and from there across Laikipia to Gilgil station on the Uganda Railway. I took only fifteen Swahili porters and one camel and the cook. I sent the other Waganda boy into Meru to get twenty Meru porters, and take my trophies into Nairobi by Nyeri and Fort Hall. I had been told that the march to Rumruti would occupy eight days, and I took posho for eleven days, intending to halt a day or two on the way. I could not get any guide, and none of my boys had been that route before. The map of 1902 did not show Rumruti, but its position had been

approximately indicated for me. It seemed simple enough to follow the Uaso Nyiro till the junction with the Uaso Narok, and then follow that river till I reached Rumruti.

I marched the first day on the north bank, as I had been told the track there was better; but this is not so, and next day I changed to the south bank. The north side is the boundary of the Northern Game Reserve, and you may not shoot in it. The first night I crossed the river to shoot something for the pot, and on the way home in the moonlight a porter suddenly called, "Kifaru" (rhino). There he stood not fifteen yards away, and as he got our wind he grunted and prepared to charge. The porters threw away their loads and ran, and I did likewise, as I did not wish to shoot another rhino if I could possibly avoid it. He did not find us, and we went round by a circuitous route to camp.

Rhino seemed pretty common here, and we stumbled on one asleep next day, but we did not wake him up. On the 18th March we camped close to a nullah where I saw fresh tracks of lion, and I had a boma made there over an antelope. The Uaso Nyiro had now lost its fringe of palm trees, and in their place were large shady thorn trees, and other fine leafy trees like larches, though the bush desert still continued and stretched away north to a gigantic rocky mountain, Mount Gargues (10,830 feet). Here and

SABURI BESIDE AN ANT-HILL

there ant-hills stood in the desert, beginning round a thorn tree, which they soon cause to decay.

I sat in the boma for two nights without success, and on the third night the antelope had become distinctly high and crawling. Several spotted hyena came to the banquet, and I induced them to retire. About 3 A.M. after moonset I woke up to the noise of some animal crunching two yards away. I could not make out clearly what it was, but I judged it to be a lion and not a hyena by the greater noise it made eating, and the fact that it was not disturbed by the heavy breathing of the Nandi who was with me in the boma. I did not wake him up, but I put the rifle gently through the little window, and switched on the foresight light, which showed me a fine maned lion looking at me two yards off. His eyes glittered green in the electric light. I aimed a little below them for the chest, but he had a longer nose than I reckoned, and the bullet hit the middle of his nose and went down his neck into his chest. He dropped down growling, and rolled a little into a hollow. I gave him the other barrel, as I feared he might roll out of view, and hyenas would destroy his skin. He was soon dead. Another—probably a lioness—stalked us behind the boma, and lay close to it for an hour, but it would not come up. A third lion roared half a mile off.

I tried this boma again the next night, but no

lions came. As I have observed before, lions avoid bomas after one or more of them has been shot, though apparently they do not grasp the idea till after due reflection, as others will come to the boma on the night one is shot. We marched on some twelve miles. I shot a guinea-fowl and a partridge, and about midday we saw some animals under a tree 200 yards off. I asked the Meru boy who was carrying my rifle if he thought they were waterbuck, and he replied they were not, but he did not know what they were. I put up the field-glasses, and I saw they were three leopards. I went on in the shelter of the bush to get nearer them, but they did not wait, and we did not find them again.

We camped at a place where the river turned south, and there were many tracks of hippo near. I offered the porters a reward if they spotted one, and Ramzani brought me to the river close to camp and showed me a hippo which was putting up the top of his head every few minutes. They make a snorting noise as they expel the air from their nostrils and take a fresh breath. I fired and I think missed, but I hit with next shot, and the hippo went up the stream, as we saw by the bubbles. After some time it put its head and neck out of the water, turned away from me, and I put a bullet into its neck. It sank, and there were more bubbles. I never recovered this hippo, though it could not have been swept out of the

pool by the current, as there were rocky rapids below. Nor did it rise, though I waited till the morning of the second day. It may either have been partly eaten by crocodiles, of which we saw some, so that it would not rise to the surface; or the water may have been too deep. Captain Dickinson relates that he lost a hippo in the Tana in similar circumstances.

On the way round I saw a good waterbuck, and I shot him. He went off wounded, and stood under a tree, but moved on. I tracked him to the river, and came up with him by the edge. I hit him again behind the shoulder, but he plunged into the stream and swam across. His strength now failed him and he lay on the bank, and I fired a finishing shot. This waterbuck had the vitality of an oryx. His horns were 27 inches long. I left him out as a bait, but it only drew hyena. Next day we waited for the hippo to rise, and it did not, so on the following day we marched twelve miles, and I shot a couple of marabou, completing my allowance. My supply of oil gave out, and I had to write my diary and dine by firelight. It was about this point that I had been told we should turn away from the river, and march south past a rocky koppie standing alone in the plain; camp at a pool where there might be water at the foot of the hills; and next march climb 1,000 feet and follow a little river west till we came to the junction of the Uaso Nyiro and Uaso Narok,

saving a day by this shorter route. However, my boys did not like to leave the river and run the risk of getting no water; I was not sure that the koppie I saw was the right one; and there was no definite track leading towards it. So we decided to follow the river.

Next day our troubles began. The river still flowed west, and we entered the hills, following a sort of a path along the bank. At first this path was quite passable. We marched about twelve miles that day, and near the end of the march the Meru boy, Kinanjui, and I both spotted an animal lower down near the river. At first we thought it was a waterbuck, but it raised its head and showed its curved horns, and he said, "Malo indogo" (lesser kudu). I stalked down to the place, but I could not see it. He signalled me to go on, and I saw its tracks, and then thirty yards away I caught a glimpse of it, grazing quietly. There was another I had seen, but I did not see it now. I fired, and he was kicking on his back when I got up, to find to my astonishment that he was a greater kudu, although his horns were not very good. I did not know there were any greater kudu about, and I had been assured that you had to climb the rocky hills to get them. I made my camp there, and photographed the kudu. On the march we had seen the bones of an elephant which had been shot some time ago, and there was spoor of elephant which had passed

that morning, which I thought was a cow and a calf.

Next day, 25th March, our troubles began in earnest. It rained on us from dawn till nearly noon. At an early hour the camel got stuck in a rocky pass along the cliff, and we took its load off and carried the load over the bad place. Still the camel would not come on, so I had all the porters called back. They cut down a tree, levered a rock out of the path, levelled the place, and then we got the camel past. It was 1 P.M. then, so we had a little food, and started again at 2.30 P.M. The camel boy M'Kenzie had bad fever, so the gun-boy Kinanjui took the camel that day. We made slow progress, having frequently to go back and try to find a way along the steep cliff. Often we had to cut our way through the dense bush, and the two men in front carried an axe and a sword for this purpose. One time a rhino started up close at hand, and I stood ready for his charge, but he did not collide with our line. We stopped at dusk very wet and uncomfortable, having made seven miles in nine hours' marching. It rained hard that night, and the porters took the camel cloth for shelter, and the camel was shivering in the morning, so I gave it some hot water, which it drank. We marched up 1,000 feet out of the river gorge on the plateau at the top, getting the camel up after two hours' hard work to make it pass a bad place.

I saw a cow buffalo, which you are not allowed to shoot, and also a waterbuck, which I failed to get near. We only made about six miles that day, though we marched from dawn to dark. We met a small river running into the north bank of the Uaso Nyiro, but it was not large enough to be the Uaso Narok, and was not marked on the map.

On this day, 26th March, after we had been out ten days, the posho became exhausted, and after distributing half a kibaba, which is half the usual allowance, there was only one and a half kibabas left. I had wanted the porters to take less when they got meat, but they had refused, and now they were sorry.

On 27th March it was fine weather, and we made about twenty-two miles in ten and a half hours' march, waiting an hour for the camel to get over difficult places. Two things were now clear: that the map was very unreliable, and that the distance by the route we had taken was much greater than we had supposed. We marched up and down steep hills, sometimes finding game trails, and sometimes having to cut our way, but mostly we went over open grass with bushes. We were caught by nightfall a couple of miles from the river, and camped without water. The porters had a dikdik I shot, which didn't come to much—five pounds of meat among fifteen men. I also shot a partridge, which the cook and I

shared, but I did not see much game. There was a rhino, which they would not eat, and a buffalo which I was not allowed to shoot even if it had given me the chance, and a klipspringer which I missed at 400 yards' range.

It rained that night and next morning, and on the way to the river we had the good luck to meet some antelope near a deserted Masai boma, and I shot two of the antelope, also a dikdik. We cooked the meat by the river bank in spite of the rain, and had a good meal. Some porters then found bees in a cleft in the rocks, and the bees came out and I was stung a little, but managed to run away. We continued our march for an hour or so, and then we were held up by dense bush, and we all spent three hours cutting through half a mile. We camped at 4 P.M., having made only six miles that day.

A Fort Hall porter, Kalenja, was badly stung by bees here while trying to get honey, and he was brought to me in a state of collapse. I gave him a stiff dose of whisky, and picked about fifty stings out of his limbs with a forceps. He recovered next day, but he was not able to carry a load for a day or two.

On the 29th March we struck away from the river over a flat-topped hill, and made our way through thick jungle to the river. It was distinctly smaller, and this led me to think that we had passed the junction of the Uaso Nyiro and

Uaso Narok in the thick bush, and that we were now on the Uaso Narok. We did a good march, going now to the west and south-west instead of to the south. We made about eighteen miles in nine hours. In the evening it was raining hard, and the cook was unable to make a fire for some time, till he hit on the plan of putting the ground-sheet on four sticks to keep the rain off the fire. None of us felt very cheerful. We were quite uncertain if we were on the way to Rumruti or not, as we had now marched eleven days instead of the eight days we had been told. I determined if we did not strike Rumruti to try to march to the Uganda Railway, which should be about a hundred miles to the south-west, across country where there might be water. We had climbed to a fair altitude, and we felt the cold after the heat of the low-lying desert. It had rained on us most days, and the porters were wet all the time, as their tents gave little shelter. We had had a disappointment that day, as in the early morning I had seen through the glasses many miles away some huts which looked like what I might expect Rumruti to be. But when we came to the place it was only a large deserted Masai boma; all these Masai had just been removed from Laikipia to beyond Naivasha, and the country was quite deserted. Yet none of the Swahili murmured, and their spirit was admirable, for men who were cold, wet, hungry, and tired.

FIVE MOMBASSA PORTERS WHO STAYED WITH ME ALL MY TOUR

On 30th March, when we had marched for an hour, and I was vainly trying to get on terms with a Grant's gazelle in front of the safari, a porter, Kalenja, saw a lion and called me back. After some time we found tracks leading both ways by the river, and I sent for the porters and tried a beat, but the lion had gone the other way. I shot two ducks and a hare for the men, and a pretty little black bird with a red head, and a tail two feet long; so long that he cannot fly against the wind. Unfortunately I was very short of cartridges, and there were only eight shotgun cartridges left. I saw tracks of an ant-bear, four-toed, and after twelve miles' march we came to an open plain and a camp of some safari a month before. We now knew we were on some main route.

On the 31st March we soon passed a ridge, and saw Rumruti seven miles off, a sight which gladdened our eyes, as I had often thought we were following some other river on our march of 150 miles without a guide, aided only by a pocket compass and a small scale inaccurate map. I followed some gazelle for a long way, as they were wild, and eventually I shot the buck. The porters, who had only a hare and a duck among them the day before, descended on that gazelle like a flock of vultures. We passed two Somali cattle safaris which were detained by some slight disease among their stock, and I met the veterinary officer, Mr. H. Branwhite, who kindly gave me

lunch and dinner. I called on the District Commissioner, who was leaving for Nyeri, as Rumruti was being closed as a civil station. The Indian shopkeepers were going to remain, in the hope that settlers would soon come to Laikipia.

I halted for two days at Rumruti, and shot a zebra for bait, and sat over him, but no lions came, though I had heard a number at my last camp, and lions had recently got into the donkey boma and killed some donkeys. Also Mr. Branwhite had shot some lions a short time before, close to the station.

On the 3rd April I marched twelve miles and camped at a hut, where I hit an oribi; but it got away, and we could not find it. Next day we marched fifteen miles, and camped at a hut in the forest. I shot a Thomson's gazelle and two forest hog on the way.

On the 5th April we camped on the side of Lake El Bor Lossat, as I saw some Neumann's hartebeest to the east of the lake. But when I tried to approach them on these open hills, devoid of bushes and covered only with short grass, they ran away when I was still half a mile from them. I concealed myself behind a small tussock of grass, and sent the porters a long way round to try to drive the hartebeest towards me, but this plan failed.

Early next morning I saw a hippo out on the grass on the other side of the lake. We tried to

cross near the camp, but the swamp would not support our weight, and we had to make a long detour to the south end before we found a place we could wade across. When we got to the place we saw two hippo in the water, but it would have been useless to shoot them, as I had no boat, and the water was too deep to get them out any other way. I shot some meat for the porters, and it began to rain. Darkness now fell on us, and it was very cold, as biting winds sweep down from the mountains on this bare plateau. When we came to the place we had crossed the swamp, we could not find the way across for an hour, and we got stuck in the middle of the swamp, in water to our knees, shivering in the cold. Mitoni, the Wanyamwezi porter who was carrying the greatest weight, as he was the biggest man, put down his load and cried like a child, and I had difficulty in getting him to go on. It was after 9 P.M. when we got into camp, very cold and hungry, as we had had no food since dawn.

Next day I directed the porters to move my camp across the swamp, leaving the camel on the east side with a few men. I wished to try for hippo on the west side. I went across with five men, and seeing a Neumann's hartebeest I began to stalk it. The hartebeest was wild, and ran away at half a mile, but I persevered and followed it to a place where there were some mounds on the plain. It now began to rain, and the harte-

beest turned its back to the driving rain. I crept up on it, taking cover behind the mounds; then it must have got my wind, as it ran round me. I fired at 150 yards and broke its foreleg. I whistled for the porters, but no one came, and I followed the animal for a mile, and then I got in a finishing shot. The men had put their heads under their blankets and slept when it rained, and they did not come up for an hour. One of them was ill. This was Kinanjui, a Wameru boy, who had gone to Mombassa with some safari, and was sent to me as a Swahili. He had given a Swahili name, and later when I was paying off porters I read out this name, and no one answered. Then amid much laughter he remembered that he had described himself as "Ali bin Yusuf." He usually carried my rifle, and gave himself airs in consequence. The Mombassa porters were not going to stand this from a "Shenzi," as they call Kikuyu and Wameru, so they made his life a burden by mimicking him round the camp, "Mimi gun-bearer Bwana" (I am the Master's gun-bearer); and he soon became a very modest boy indeed.

Another porter who caused amusement to his fellows was Abdulla, who became my skinner. He engaged a personal servant at Meru for himself, on the magnificent wage of Rs.2 a month. The other porters made so much fun of this that it led to a fight between him and a Nandi porter one night. They fought in the dark with sticks.

I did not see any need to interfere, and they soon gave up the contest and became good friends.

When we had brought the hartebeest to the swamp, we waited a long time for the rest of the safari, and eventually we found it had crossed at the wrong place, in deep water, led by the foolish Mitoni who had wept the previous night; and they had camped too near the place where the hippo lived.

It was very cold here at night, and the porters shivered over fires all day. Probably we felt it more having come from the heat of the desert. At an hour before dawn next morning I went out, but I did not see any hippo out grazing. After some time I tried a shot at a Neumann's hartebeest a long way off, and missed him. Judge my disappointment when I saw that my shot had alarmed a hippo, which had been feeding on the plain hidden by uneven ground. He ran to the swamp and got into the water in safety. I saw six hippo in one place and four in another, in deep water where an arm of the lake ran into the western shore. The hippo played in the water, and floated with their heads and sometimes their backs above the surface, in lazy enjoyment of the sunshine. They made a blowing noise every minute or two, and sometimes they opened their great jaws and showed their cavernous red mouths in a mighty yawn.

In the afternoon I went out to stalk Neumann's

hartebeest in spite of the rain. I was trying to get near some of them by crawling up in the shelter of a small hill, when some others saw my manœuvres, and decided that this strange animal should be investigated. So they began to approach me slowly, walking in line and occasionally making a movement as if they were going to retreat. I waited without moving, and when the buck came within range I shot him, and the poor animal paid for his curiosity with his life.

I looked for hippo again next morning without success, and we marched to Gilgil, which we reached in a couple of days. Gilgil is not a lovely place—a station and three shops of corrugated iron on a bare plain, but the railway was a welcome sight after four and a half months in the bush. Next morning I went into Nairobi by train, talking in Swahili to a Boer farmer who knew no English.

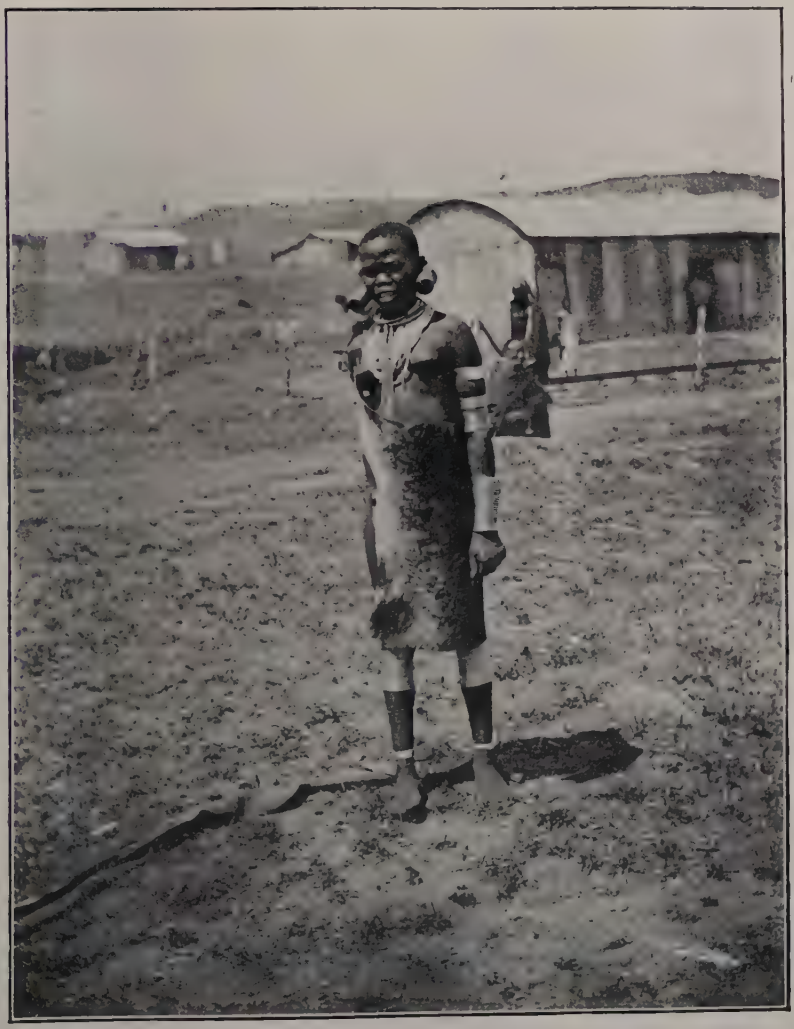
My boy Juma had already arrived in Nairobi with the trophies I had entrusted him to bring from Archer's Post. I paid off the Mombassa porters, and they bought bright red fez and new clothes, which would captivate the hearts of their feminine friends in Mombassa. Some of them lost their money in gambling without delay, and one boy who took the camel to Naivasha had also gambled away his railway fare, so I gave it to him a second time. The

camel was sold for Rs.75 through Aladin Vishram of Naivasha, and it was rather marvellous that this camel had survived the cold, wet, and exposure after the heat of the desert and infection of the tsetse fly.

CHAPTER VI

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

After arranging for the despatch of my trophies to London, I spent a fortnight at Muhoroni on the Uganda Railway, and at Lake Victoria Nyanza, near Port Florence, or Kusumu, as it is sometimes called. I took only five porters with me and my two Waganda boys, and relied on local porters and guides. Leaving Nairobi we rise over wooded slopes for sixty miles to a height of over six thousand feet. Below us we see the steep descent of the Kikuyu escarpment, a sheer wall of forest and rocky slope. Two thousand feet below us lies the broad Rift Valley, a great geological fault which stretches northwards for four thousand miles to Palestine, and southwards to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika and Rhodesia. The train climbs downwards, and we look over the wide valley, with here and there volcanic hills and extinct craters rising out of its broad expanses, stretching away to the misty purple shadows of the mountains on its further side. Then the railway leaves the Rift Valley, at Nakuru, and begins to climb the slopes of the Mau range,



A NANDI GIRL

passing fertile land and forest, till it reaches the highest point some 8,300 feet above sea-level. Then we descend through the Nyando valley, and when we reach Muhoroni we come into the Kavirondo valley, flat grassy plains studded with thorn bushes, flanked by the high hills of the Nandi escarpment until we reach the shores of the great lake.

I stayed for a day at the waiting-room at Muhoroni station, and then I got a few Kavirondo porters and marched eight miles to the west, and camped under a ridge by a little hut. At the station a cooking-pot of the porters had been stolen, and a few minutes later a constable brought a Kavirondo boy who had been caught with the pot in his possession. Justice was prompt, and we gave the boy fifteen cuts with a kiboko, and I rewarded the constable.

The first day I saw some Jackson's hartebeest and topi, but they were wild, and I could not get near them. However, coming down a rocky slope in the rain I saw a small antelope, and carefully going towards it with as little noise as possible on the uneven ground, I got a shot, and found it was a Chanler's mountain reed-buck.

These pretty little animals whistle when they see you, and bound away in the long grass. The long grass covers all the country, and you get very wet after it has rained. Another

peculiarity of Muhoroni is the great number of large brown flies, which constantly settle on your hands and face and bite you viciously by day and night. Natives go along smacking their bare limbs continually.

On the way from the station I saw some Jackson's hartebeest, and I found them easier of approach, and I shot two. In the evening I went over the ridge behind the camp, and I saw some animals a mile off in failing light. When I got near I saw they were topi, and two or three bucks were fighting and the rest of the herd were looking on. There was hardly any cover, but the long grass and the gathering darkness enabled me to approach them, and I shot a couple, which proved to be fine bucks. One was only wounded, and he gave me a good chase till I managed to get in a final shot. I sent the Indian station-master some meat duly "halalled," as Indian Muslims miss their meat diet very much in small stations.

The people in this neighbourhood are mostly Lumbwas, a cattle-owning tribe, who do not like to do any manual work. I was never able to get them to carry anything without considerable pressure, though they are strongly-built men. As a rule the men did not wear much in the way of clothes, though the women were fully dressed. They do their hair into stringy locks plastered with red mud, and they have their ears pierced

for ornaments. These guides undertook to show me roan antelope, and I spent the next week hunting for roan, which have now become very scarce in this neighbourhood, and in fact in any part of British East Africa.

On the 18th April I went across the ridge, and on it I saw a small antelope, which ran away in the grass; but I got a shot, as its head showed occasionally, and by good luck I hit it. It proved to be an oribi, of the Abyssinian species. Then we came out on the valley beyond the ridge, and there we saw eight or nine roan antelope lying down on bare ground. This beautiful green valley had also large numbers of hartebeest and zebra grazing in it, and these animals made it even more difficult to approach the roan, which are very suspicious animals. At a distance the roan look like Beisa oryx, as their face-markings are somewhat similar. Leaving the men at the top of the ridge, I went round and descended carefully where I was hidden from the roan, and then I approached under cover of some bushes, and finally I crawled a long way with some little cover between me and them. Unfortunately before I got within range a severe thunderstorm began. In my prone position I was soon wet through, and the low ground was covered with water, so I was crawling in a marsh. The roan moved and saw me, and became alarmed. I tried to follow them, and had to take a long shot at

the buck, which I missed. They were wild and went right away, though the topi and zebra did not.

I now returned up the slope, and called and whistled for my men. There was no response, so I concluded they had gone home. On the hill I put up another oribi and shot it. I tried to carry it to camp, but it was an awkward load in addition to my rifle, and it was dripping with blood. I tried to cut off the headskin, but my pocket-knife was too blunt. So I put the oribi up a small tree, and I found it there all right next morning, as there are few vultures in this place. The camp lay hidden in a hollow, and I wandered for an hour before I found it, very cold and wet from four hours' rain. The men had taken shelter and had missed me; they did not return till dark. I gave them quinine and also whisky, which they take, although they are Muslims, provided they are assured it is medicine. Kikuyu porters to whom I had given whisky on other occasions needed no such assurance, and kept on asking for more.

I hunted for some days without success, being led by a Lumbwa neatly attired in a bow and arrows on one occasion; he undertook to show me roan, but he led me to several other animals, and it was clear he did not know what a roan was.

Then one day I saw a single roan antelope, a

KAVIRONDO WOMEN AND CHILD

bull, in the valley beyond the ridge, where there were also some hartebeest and topi. After some time the roan sat down, and I went carefully down to the valley to stalk him. I had to pass some zebra, and they ran off with a great deal of noise, and the hartebeest also saw me and moved. The roan did not see me, but he knew something was wrong, and he stood up and sat down again, facing my direction in which the other animals were looking. After a little time he moved slowly off. I followed, dodging behind bushes, and getting fairly close I fired and hit him. He went off and the rifle jammed, so I did not get in another shot. I came up again after a little and got in a second shot, and then he went up the slope and I lost sight of him. My men had unwisely come down the hill, instead of following along the top, where they would have kept him in sight.

When they came up we followed the trail, which showed some spots of blood at intervals. It led up the hill, and we followed it for two or three hours on the top. Suddenly Hamis, a Wanyamwezi, called out that he saw game. It was the herd of roan which the wounded one had joined, and they heard him. I went after them, and saw the wounded bull moving slowly at the rear. I fired at him again, and he rushed away from the herd, and headed off downhill. I followed, missed him with another shot, and then he

stood behind a bush. I put up my rifle for a final shot. "Click"—no result. I pulled back the bolt, hurriedly ejected the empty cartridge which remained in the breech, aimed again—"Click"—and no shot. The gun-boy had not fully loaded the magazine, and it was now empty. By the time I had inserted another cartridge the roan had gone, and I could not see him. My men came up rather slowly, and we tracked the roan by the blood trail for some distance; but it failed after a time, and the soil was dry, and footprints did not show. So we had to give up the chase, although the Lumbwa was a good tracker. The roan apparently takes a lot of killing, like the oryx.

I offered a reward for the finding of the roan, and next day some Lumbwa found him dead, having been guided by the vultures hovering and wheeling over the spot where he lay.

We then marched back to Muhoroni, and I had to make the Lumbwa carry loads, as the Kavirondo who were to come did not arrive. The Lumbwa thought it beneath their dignity to carry loads, but I told them they would get no bakshish if they did not, so they had to do the work. We got a luggage train at Muhoroni, and went by it to Kusumu. The high hills on the right of the valley are the boundary of the Nandi country. The Nandi and Lumbwa belong to Nilotic stock, and are related to the Bari group

of the Nile valley. The Nandi country has been administered since 1896, and there was a Nandi rebellion, which led to some fighting. They are great thieves. One day I got my Nandi porter to ask a Kavirondo the way. The Kavirondo said something with great expression, and I asked what it was. The Nandi boy told us, much to our amusement, that the Kavirondo was giving him his opinion of Nandi generally as confirmed cattle-thieves. The Nandi wear wooden pegs in their ears like the Kikuyu, and a lot of wire ornaments, as the photograph of the Nandi girl shows. The Kavirondo are also of Nilotic origin, and are related to the Acholi and Lur tribes. They are remarkable for wearing no clothing of any description, as they have a theory that wearing clothes tends to immorality. It is a fact that they are much more moral than any of the surrounding tribes. Kavirondo married women wear a thin narrow girdle round the waist, with a tassel hanging down behind. This is not assumed until a woman has been married for some months. Unmarried girls may not wear it, but they may put it on when they are going to another village, so as not to be molested on the way. On arrival it must be taken off. Now, however, Kavirondo must wear clothing when they come to Kusumu market. I met some girls coming in attired in nature's robe, but seeing me they stopped and put on their clothes. In the villages they are not

in the least embarrassed. The two Kavirondo women with the baby in one photograph were in a village under the Nandi Hills, where I went to look for Uganda cob. One woman had a long pipe of metal. Sometimes the women wear a little fringed waist-belt.

On the 28th April I left Kusumu in a small steam-launch I had hired from Messrs. Boustead and Clarke to take me some ten miles on the north side of the Kavirondo Gulf, where I was to camp at a place renowned for hippo. From the lake Port Florence looks very pretty. There are large white steamers at the pier, which go round the lake in a week, and white bungalows are scattered over the hill on which the town is built. There are several streets of Indian shops, and a number of large European warehouses. It is the terminus of the Uganda Railway, and the chief port on the lake. There is a busy market, as the Kavirondo are keen traders, and bring much mtama grain to sell. They also sell cattle, mostly to trading Somalis.

Lake Victoria Nyanza is a great inland sea of fresh water, as large as Scotland, being some 25,000 square miles in area. It is about 4,000 feet above sea-level. From it flows the White Nile, over the magnificent Ripon Falls. The lake was discovered in 1858 by Speke. It has now become a highway for the commerce of that marvellously fertile state of Uganda, with its busy

THE KAVIRONDO TORE THE HIPPO LIKE HYENAS

markets of Entebbe and Jinja on the shores of the lake, and Kampala, the capital of King Daudi, a short distance inland.

When we had steamed for a couple of hours, we saw some hippo close to the shore, and I went after them in the row-boat. They dived when we got near, but I managed to hit one in the head. It sank, and I went after another, which I missed. After about an hour the wounded one rose, and I was just going to shoot it in the head, when its enormous hinder end bobbed up, and I fired into that, much to the amusement of the boys. Then it dived, but came up again, and swam at random in our direction, its back being partly out of the water. I hit it in the body and it stopped. We got a rope, tied it round a leg, and towed the hippo to the shore. About two hundred naked Kavirondo assembled, as they love hippo meat. I took a photograph, and then ensued a scene like Donnybrook Fair in the good old days. Men and women, nearly all naked, struggled and fought in the shallow water round the carcase; a lucky one now and then threw a piece of meat over the writhing mass of humanity to his family; the water turned red with blood as the Kavirondo tore the hippo like hyenas, and eventually the carcase was picked as clean as vultures could have done it. My boys wanted some strips of hide, and the two Kavirondo boys from the launch wanted some meat, and they attempted to get

near the carcase by beating the people, as the photograph shows. But they had to give up the attempt, and I did not get the teeth till all was finished.

Next day I was not feeling very well, and we did not go out till rather late. The sun is very strong here in an open boat. We went further along the shore, and found some hippo in a little bay. But they seemed to have profited by their experience of the previous day, and when the boat approached they dived and went a long way under the water. I put the boat in their path, and one passed right underneath it, as we could see by the stream of bubbles on the smooth surface. I thought he would attack the boat, as they sometimes do, but he passed on. In the evening I shot three guinea-fowl different from the species I have seen in other places.

On the 30th April I felt better, and I went to the same place, and saw some hippo, but I missed my shot, as the lake was rough and the boat rocked. In the afternoon I landed, and I told the boys to take the boat some distance away. This manœuvre succeeded, and the hippo, who were watching the boat, came closer inshore.

Some Kavirondo were standing round the banks to see the fun, and no amount of exhortation would induce them to go away. As bullets ricochet when they strike the water, it was dangerous to fire, but eventually I got a chance when

KAVIRONDO TOWING A HIPPO ASHORE

there were no men opposite me, and I hit a hippo in the head. He dived, and reappeared two or three times, rearing himself sideways out of the water, which I could see was stained with blood. Then he sank, and after a couple of hours we left, as it was near sunset. I also shot two egret that day. They are white birds, which you find standing on the shore or on pieces of papyrus grass floating in the water; they are valued for their handsome feathers, which grow down their backs in addition to their ordinary feathers.

The Kavirondo method of fishing is rather clumsy. They have no nets, and they use a long fence of reeds bound together, about fifty yards in length, which two or three men drag through the water, enclosing the fish between the reeds and the shore. There are many crocodiles in the lake, and these fishermen protect themselves with spears. There are a great many mosquitoes near the lake, but the dreaded tsetse of sleeping sickness is not found at this place.

Next morning we went in the boat to the place where the hippo had been shot, and it had already been brought to the shore by some Kavirondo, but they had not cut it up. We towed it to shallow water, and I photographed it and measured it, and the boys tried to cut off the head. This took a long time, as they had not brought the axe, and the Kavirondo could not be kept from the hippo. The two

Swahili tried to keep a space clear for the men cutting the head, by beating the people with sticks, and I assisted with an oar. Eventually after a couple of hours we got the head off and took it back with two legs the Kavirono guides with me wanted for their village. On the way back I shot an egret.

Next day I shot a couple of egret and a guinea-fowl, and I paid a visit to a Kavirondo village, where I was very hospitably received. These people made me presents of milk, hens, and eggs, and they were unwilling to take any payment. They were the only African natives I met who showed this disposition. Of course they were very glad to have the two hippo to eat, and these animals are rather a nuisance, as they come out at night on the shores of the lake and walk over the crops; the fields are fenced in to keep them out. I took the photograph here, which appears opposite page 152, of the five Mombassa porters who remained with me for the whole trip. Some of them were skilful in rowing the boat, and as they had also done as camel boys they were quite handy men.

On the 3rd May the launch arrived to take me to Port Florence, and the Kavirondo assembled in great numbers to say farewell. The boys and girls in the photograph next this page were very much interested in the film, which I had developed during the night. I always found it paid to

KAVIRONDO BOYS AND GIRLS

develop films as soon as possible, as the damp hot climate affects them very much.

At Port Florence I sold my tents and some camp equipment to an Indian shop, and I took the train for Nairobi. A few days there settled my affairs, and I travelled to Mombassa and sailed in the Messageries Maritimes liner *Oceanien* for Marseilles on the 9th of May 1913, having spent the happiest six months of my life in British East Africa.

CHAPTER VII

GAME ANIMALS OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Elephant

Elephas africanus. Swahili, *Tembo.* Masai, *Ol-Le'ng-aina.* Kikuyu, *Jugoo.* Somali, *Marodi.* Boran, *Arba.*

The African elephant is about two feet higher than the Asiatic, and the bulls stand about ten feet at the shoulder. The ears are larger and more ragged, and the trunk has the appearance of jointed segments or sections, not like the flexible rubber tube of the Indian elephant. And the African elephant has not been domesticated, although a few animals like the famous Jumbo have been trained. According to Carl Hagenbeck (*Beasts and Men*) it is not difficult to train the African elephant, and he mentions that he trained some elephants in a single day. I think it is a pity that an effort is not made to "keddah" African elephants, as it is possible they would overcome the transport difficulty in a country where camels, mules, donkeys, horses and oxen all die from tsetse fly and disease, and where porters are expensive and difficult to feed or obtain. I have been told that a few elephants are working at one of the mission stations.

Elephants are now difficult to find in British East Africa, and the day has passed when they can be hunted for profit by legitimate means. However, when you do come up with elephant in some places you stand a fair chance of getting a good one, with tusks of say 60 lb. each, and tusks of over 100 lb. are occasionally obtained. This contrasts with the small tusks of the Indian elephant, or of elephant in the Soudan or Portuguese East Africa, where tusks do not run now to more than 30 lb. But in Uganda and the Congo elephant have tusks as good as those of British East Africa, and they are much more numerous.

It is difficult to distinguish bulls from cows in forest or thick bush, and the sportsman has a much better chance in open bush. The tusks run up into the skull below the eyes, and they must be cut out with a good deal of surrounding bone. On the average about one-third of the length is inside, and a tusk of which 3 feet 6 inch projects will be a good big one. If you shoot an elephant with tusks under 30 lb. weight each, or if you shoot a cow, the tusks are confiscated, and you may be heavily fined. The game laws in regard to elephant are very strictly administered, and while I was in the country there were two trials of Europeans charged with shooting more elephants than the number allowed; and in one case the accused underwent four months' imprisonment as he could not pay the fine of Rs.2000. The

present rules allow one bull to be shot on a special licence costing £10 (in addition to the £50 sportsman's licence), and another for an extra £20, which latter sum will be refunded if a second elephant is not obtained.

Elephant are always on the move, and they keep moving about in an area of say twenty or thirty miles square. At certain seasons herds make long treks across the country. Sometimes elephant are found in large herds, and the bulls may be in the middle of the herd, which extends over a considerable area of ground. In this case it is almost impossible to get at them with safety, as the cows will get your wind and charge. In the old days elephant hunters had less danger, as when they thought a cow might charge they simply shot it; but now you must let it charge, and have no means of avoiding it before you are justified in shooting. Sometimes, however, bulls are on the outskirts of a herd, and sometimes solitary, or accompanied by a few cows and calves. When fired on, a herd may rush about wildly in all directions, and the sportsman had better hide behind a good tree; it is unwise to climb a tree, as they have been known to tear even large trees down branch by branch, and kill the unfortunate man who had taken refuge there. Or else the herd may move rapidly off, and if you follow up a wounded bull in a herd, great care must be taken, especially if there are cows and calves with it. I

was told by a sportsman that he had fired on a herd in the Kesi country, which has been much shot at, and instead of following directly behind them, he went up a small ridge; he saw the herd in retreat with two cows as rearguard, who faced round every few hundred yards prepared to charge.

On Mount Kenia and the Aberdares very fine old bulls are sometimes shot, but the pursuit of them is distinctly dangerous. In the bamboo belt you cannot be sure of your bullet not being deflected by the thick growth, and there is nowhere to escape from a wounded bull. Sometimes the elephant are in the forest below the bamboos, and occasionally you may find them in open glades, especially where they come to drink brackish water, and here you have a fair chance. Otherwise you follow their paths through thick undergrowth reaching far above your head, impenetrable on both sides; and if you meet them coming your way you will probably have to shoot a charging cow, and if they have their backs to you, you will not know whether the animal is a cow or not.

In the Kesi country elephant have been much shot over, and they are extremely vicious. But the bush is fairly open, and you can avoid the cows getting your wind. I have been told that there are probably no elephant now in that herd with tusks over 40 lb. weight.

Towards Merti, on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, there are a few elephant singly and in herds. They wander about the dry bush from one water-hole to another, and sometimes come down at night to drink in the river. They have not been shot at much, except by Somali poachers. A safari for the bush desert should have camels with water-tanks, and only five or six porters need be taken into the desert, the rest of the porters and tents being left at the river.

There are elephant at Mount Marsabit, and near Lake Rudolph.

The weapons required for elephant shooting have been the subject of much controversy. Some sportsmen use ·450, ·577, or ·600 double-barrelled cordite rifles—hammerless ejectors are desirable—and with these heavy rifles you can shoot your elephant behind the shoulder from a distance of a hundred yards in open bush country, and this is fairly safe. Solid bullets must be used, and the heart lies where the ear touches the shoulder, one-third of the way up the body. But even if the heart is not penetrated, an elephant shot behind the shoulder with a solid bullet will usually run one or two hundred yards and then fall. I have heard of an elephant being killed by a soft-nosed small-bore bullet behind the shoulder, but in this case it probably entered between two ribs.

If, however, you are shooting at twenty yards

or so, in thick cover, then the headshot is probably best, as if successful the animal drops at once, whereas the shot behind the shoulder gives him time to do damage. In the old days the headshot was the favourite shot of that mighty hunter Sir Samuel Baker for Indian elephant, and he sometimes used a four-bore and sometimes even a two-bore. But he found it was not effective against African elephant, as they have a concave bony lump where the Indian elephant's skull has a hollow. When the elephant is facing you directly, with the headshot you aim at the base of the trunk, below the level of the eyes, and between them, but the shot often fails, as the brain is smaller than a man's head. If the animal is sideways, or partly so, there are two depressions between the eye and ear, either of which affords access to the brain. Another shot which old sportsmen took was to wait behind the animal till the great ears twitched forward—they are in constant motion—and then to shoot behind the ear just at the bottom of the place where it joins the head.

With small-bore rifles the headshots are taken, and elephant have been killed frequently with ·350, ·300, and even ·256 bores. I have been told that the velocity of some of the new small-bore rifles, up to 3,000 feet per second, is so great that solid bullets are apt to break on impact, and to lose in penetration, so it would be advisable to see

beforehand whether your rifle can penetrate six inches of soft wood.

If you are charged by an elephant with his trunk in the air, the headshot is difficult, and the centre of his chest where the neck joins the body may be tried, with the object of reaching the heart or turning him aside.

Elephant have fair sight, and a keen sense of smell, and good hearing, as their ears indicate. If you are stalking a whole herd, they do not pay much attention to the noise, as they probably think it is caused by other elephant. But if there are only a few, you have to approach very quietly. Their feet have large warts, and the larger and more numerous the warts, the older is the animal. The feet make good trophies, but they are difficult to preserve; bracelets may be made from the hairs of the tail; and the tusks bring about Rs.7 per lb. from the Indian shops in Nairobi: Aladin Vishram is the chief purchaser. In tracking elephant you judge the animal by the length of the track of the forefoot: cows are about 14 inches, a good bull will be 20 inches or over, and nothing under 16 inches is worth following up. The forefeet leave a round imprint, and the hindfeet leave a long and narrow one. Sometimes elephant make a curious rumbling noise in their stomachs when undisturbed, and Carl Hagenbeck says they do this in captivity to express pleasure.

MY SECOND BUFFALO

Buffalo

Bos caffer. Swahili, *M'bogo* or *Nyati.* Masai, *Ol-laro* and *Ol-osowan.* Kikuyu, *M'bogo.* Boran, *Gafars.*

The buffalo in East Africa stands fourteen to fifteen hands high, is massive in build with short legs, and has a thick black skin covered with a few hairs. The horns of a good bull have great horny bosses at the base, separated by a couple of inches, and these bosses protect his head like armour plating when he charges. A good pair of horns will measure 45 inches at the greatest width, outside measurement. He is a much larger animal than the Abyssinian buffalo found in the Soudan, which stands thirteen hands high, and has a spread of about 30 inches. The Congo dwarf buffalo is still smaller, about ten hands high, and he has a spread of 20 inches.

The horns of the cows are much thinner, and they have not got the bosses at the base, and they are more curved; but it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish bulls from cows, especially in a large herd. A herd will have a few bulls, usually coming behind the cows and calves, and a solitary animal is almost certain to be a bull. Buffalo are also found in small parties which may or may not contain a bull. The buffalo has perhaps better senses of sight, smell, and hearing than any other animal, and he does not always run away at the

sight of man. On the contrary, he has been known to charge without any provocation. If you stalk him upwind a glimpse of the hunter may not spoil the stalk, if you are careful to remain motionless as long as his head is raised to watch you. He is found on open plain, in scrub jungle, in heavy grass and forest, on mountain sides, and in swamps.

He usually lies up during the heat of the day, but I have found a large herd feeding at midday. Scrub jungle gives the best chance to the sportsman. On open plains a long crawl is necessary, and then you have to let the buffalo see you in your endeavours to pick out a good bull in the herd. I do not think buffalo can be hunted with success in heavy cover or swamps, and you have to wait outside the cover till the buffalo come out to feed or drink. In the swamp in Embu district the buffalo have been so much hunted that they only come out to feed at night, and I do not think that driving, which might be tried in some places, would be of any use there.

In general the buffalo does not charge unless he is provoked, but when wounded he becomes one of the most dangerous animals. He takes to thick cover, and after going some distance he turns back parallel to his former path, and waits a few yards from it quietly listening for his pursuers, prepared to charge furiously as soon as he perceives them, and nothing short of bringing him

down will stop him. A heavy cordite rifle, double-barrelled, with soft-nosed or split bullets, should be used for buffalo, and if a wounded animal is followed into thick cover, flankers should be thrown out, and a wait of a couple of hours or so might be made before starting to track him, so that his wounds may stiffen. The horns make a fine trophy, and may be mounted without the headskin, but I think they look better fully modelled. The feet can be made into various ornaments, and so can the feet of rhino and elephant. The skin will bring about a hundred rupees in Nairobi from the Indian shopkeepers, who trade them to the Masai to make into shields.

Buffalo are found in the open plain between the Tana and Ziba (or Thiba) rivers, and also in the marsh there; on the right bank of the Tana towards the Yata Plains, in the N'gong hills behind Nairobi, near Embu, and in the forests of Mount Kenia, on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, the Guaso Nyiro, and the Sotik rivers; near Lakes Solai and Baringo, and on the German boundary, especially at Lake Natron, which is in the reserve.

The native methods of killing buffalo are to shoot them with poisoned arrows, or to dig pits in their paths in the jungle, put poisoned stakes at the bottom, and cover the pits with grass and leaves spread over bamboos and branches. I

found many such pits high up on Mount Kenia, which had been dug by Wanderobo hunters, but they had left a couple of years before.

Rhinoceros

Rhinoceros bicornis. Swahili, *kifaru.* Masai, *E-Muny.* Kikuyu, *M'buria* or *Huria.* Boran, *Warsis.* Somali, *Wil.*

The African rhinoceros has two horns, which distinguishes him from the Indian rhinoceros with only one, and his skin does not lie in folds. The front horn of the African rhino is the longer, and a good horn will measure twenty-eight inches, but twenty inches is what you may expect to get now. The horns of the cow are thinner, and sometimes longer. These horns are composed of agglutinated hairs, which form a coarse matting at the base, and after the animal has been killed the horns become detached from the skin of the head in a few days.

The rhinoceros is extremely formidable in appearance, and dates from the Tertiary period, the geological age of great saurians and mammals. Perhaps it is his ancient lineage which makes him so blind. I think it is clear that he cannot distinguish objects well at a distance of even ten paces, and I have verified this from my own experience. However, his sense of smell is very good, and he can get your wind from a distance of three or four hundred yards ; and as he usually

MY FIRST RHINOCEROS

runs away upwind he charges—in your direction. As he can run over bad ground at the rate of a hundred yards in ten seconds, and he can turn very quickly, running away from him is no good; and you must either get up a tree or stand quietly and shoot him if he charges home, which in general he will not do.

The rhinoceros weighs a little over a ton, stands about five feet at the shoulder, and his length runs to eleven or twelve feet, excluding the tail, which adds another couple of feet. He is not unlike a small elephant in his body, and his head is the head of a pig, with small pig eyes and prehensile upper lip. The hide is an inch thick, and can be made into table-tops, which polish till transparent, whips—the "kiboko," which is really the Swahili word for hippopotamus—and sticks. The feet also form a characteristic trophy. The horns may be mounted on a mount by themselves, or the whole head may be set up, which is not particularly handsome.

So many rhino have been shot charging that the number allowed on a sportsman's licence has been reduced from two to one in 1912, though rhino are common enough. If you shoot a charging rhino in addition to the one allowed, the horns are sold by Government through the Government Auctioneer in Nairobi, and fetch about three rupees twelve annas per lb. You may buy them in through the auctioneer.

Owing to the thickness of the hide, a solid bullet from a heavy cordite rifle should be used, and the shot behind the shoulder is best. If the rhino is charging you, you should wait till he is within twenty yards, and shoot him in the neck; or if you have a small-bore rifle and soft-nosed bullets only, you may wait till he is ten yards off, and shoot him above the second horn, where the skull is quite thin. Some people consider that the rhinoceros is a comparatively harmless and much misunderstood animal, but the general opinion about him is that he is a dangerous nuisance. In India, when hunting with elephants in the Terai, an elephant will always run from a charging rhino, and the mahout lets him run, as if the rhino got his charge home he would run under the elephant and cut him open with his horn. Rhino are very numerous on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, though few have horns over fifteen inches long. I found that they lay up on the bushy sides of koppies during the day, and came down two or three miles to the river to drink at night.

The tracks of the rhino are distinguished from those of the hippo by the fact that rhino have three toes and hippo have four. Rhino paths are trodden smooth, but hippo paths have a ridge in the middle, as the hippo does not put his right foot in front of his left, but waddles down the track.

Rhino are usually found in open bush with grass, not more than a few miles from water, and they are widely distributed. They are found on both sides of the Tana River, on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, on the Guaso Nyiro, on Laikipia plateau, at Lakes Baringo and Natron, at Kitui, on the German boundary, and from Kiu to Kilimanjaro and near Simba.

Lion

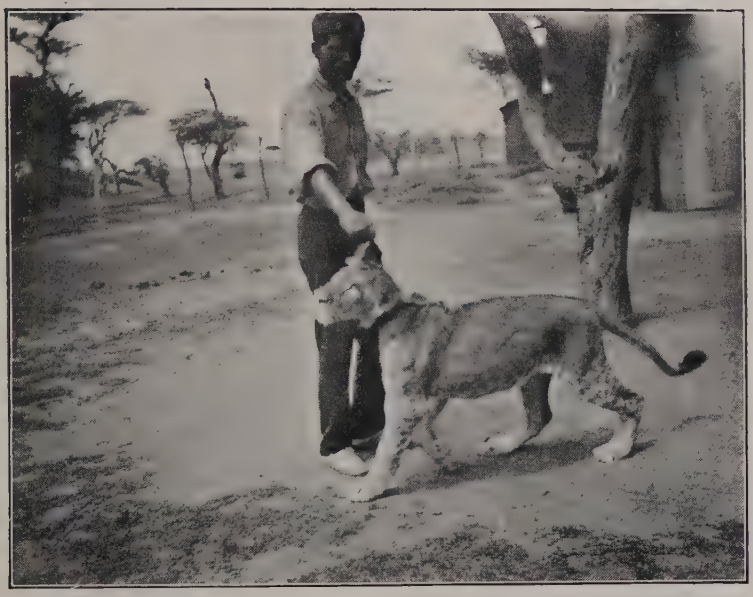
Felix leo. Swahili, *Simba.* Masai, *Ol-ngatuny* or *Ol-owaru-kitok.* Kikuyu, *Gatoni.* Boran, *Nench.* Somali, *Libba.*

Lions are so well known that little description is required. I may note that male lions average about nine feet from nose to tip of tail, measured straight, and a ten foot one is exceptionally large; females average eight feet. They are therefore somewhat smaller than tigers, and the skins are not so handsome. The skin of the lioness shows faint spots. Male lions sometimes have good manes, and sometimes little or no mane. They are the only members of the cat tribe which have a tuft of long hair at the tip of the tail. They usually inhabit rolling grassy plains, near rivers, where there is plenty of game, and they are especially fond of zebra. Lions live in the same locality, and hunt the same places every night. When hunting they are usually silent, but it is said that one will drive game by roaring while

his mate waits silently downwind, ready to seize the fleeing animals. They are found singly, in pairs, or in packs of as many as twenty. In the daytime they lie up in the shade, taking a siesta with one eye open. When the Uganda Railway was being made, lions were very bold, and as Colonel Patterson relates in his *Man-eaters of Tsavo*, a pair of lions stopped work on the railway for some time, till he succeeded in shooting them. Last year about a dozen natives were taken by lions as they slept on Simba station platform, until a party with dogs cleared the neighbourhood. Lions are still numerous on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, and the party of the Maharaja of Datia made a large bag there, Captain Tyndall shooting half a dozen lions in an hour from one boma. On the Tana there are a few lions, but they have been much shot at, and they are rather shy. There are a fair number on the Athi plains. On the Guaso Nyiro lions were pretty well shot out some years ago, and this is the case at Simba and other stations on the railway. Lions are found in most parts of the bush desert, and in other places over the country.

There are several methods of shooting lions.

1. *Bomas.*—I think this is the best method for a single sportsman on safari. Some zebras should be shot, the stomachs opened, and stout thorn branches put over the carcases to keep off hyenas and vultures. The stomach may be dragged about



A YOUNG LION

MY FIRST LION

by a rope, or the zebra may be moved by twenty porters to a place where lion tracks have been seen. Next day the places should be visited to see if there are any fresh tracks near. If there are tracks, or if it seems a good place, a boma or hut of strong thorn bushes should be built about two yards from the zebra, so that you do not get his wind at night, as he is by now rather smelly. The boma is best built round the trunk of a small tree, which makes it less noticeable than in the open. As lions have occasionally charged bomas, the entrance may be built at the back, closed by a thorn bush, and only a small window left facing the zebra. The top and sides should be well roofed in with palm leaves or branches, to prevent moonlight falling inside, which shows you to the lion. Some people prefer a boma in which you stand up and shoot over a hedge four feet high, the top being left open.

Lion may be shot by moonlight, or even starlight, but this sometimes results in his going away wounded, and to follow up a wounded lion next day means that you will probably be charged in thick cover. In any case a good boma should be made, as I have heard of a sportsman who went to sleep in a boma partly open, but woke to find the lion standing over him.

Many sportsmen now have an electric light, and if you use an electric light, a heavy rifle, and do not fire till the lion is close to the kill and you

can hit him to a certainty, there should be no wounded lions to follow up in the morning. There are several kinds of electric light on the market. The one I use has a light over the kill, and a smaller one to illuminate the foresight, which is switched on as soon as the rifle is pointed in the direction of the lion; and then the light over the kill is switched on. I have also killed tiger using this arrangement. Neither lion nor tiger ran away when the lights were turned on, and this was the experience of other sportsmen I have met. The explanation may be that they are accustomed to lightning, and think that it is similar. Electric torches attached to the barrel of the rifle may also be used, and they are useful to keep on your rifle in your tent at night, in case some animal attacks your camp. They have the drawback of giving a dark spot in the centre where the animal is, and the little battery only lasts two months. If one is used, an order should be left in London to forward refills every two months. I use a six-volt Obach dry cell, which has lasted over a year, and seems unexhausted. One advantage of the electric light is that a cautious lion or tiger will not come till the moon has gone down, and without a light you could scarcely shoot him.

Instead of zebra, kongoni or waterbuck may be used, but lions are very fond of zebra. A rhino is a good bait, as it lasts for several days, but only one rhino may be shot on your licence. If you sit

up over a rhino, put some thorn branches on the side away from you, so that the lion may not feed on that side and be hidden from your view. I have found it makes no difference if the zebra is skinned, as lions are not so particular as tigers, and lions come on the third night to a carcase that is positively crawling. On the first night it is scarcely worth sitting up, as the zebra does not smell enough. I have also tied up a goat beside the carcase, but though the goat called loudly at dusk, it was quiet at the time lions usually came, nine or ten o'clock. And the lions did not seem attracted by the goat. In the Soudan Mr. W. B. Cotton, I.C.S., shot seven lionesses over goats; there are no zebra there, and rhino may not be shot.

2. *Machans.*—This is the method used in India for sitting up, and Mr. Cotton found it successful in the Soudan. I tried it in British East Africa, but the only animal I shot from a machan was a hyena, which had attacked my goat. I took to bomas, as I found that machans were not necessary, because lions are not afraid of a boma, although they know there is a man in it. I think they count on the fact that men do not see well in the dark. Machans, however, would be required to shoot leopard, or where lions have been much shot at from bomas. A machan is made by attaching a bed, or bamboo frame with canvas stretched on it, in the branches of a thick tree. If there is moon-

light, it may be roofed over, and in any case branches may be put round it to prevent the sportsman being seen. In place of a machan some people use an iron chair clamped to a tree trunk; and this will fit on the small thorn-trees of the bush desert.

Bedding may be taken on to machans as well as to bomas, and an electric light put over the bait. For tiger, machans are put sixteen feet from the ground, but twelve feet would do for lion. There are many other points to be observed in making a machan for tiger which are not necessary for lion.

The relative advantages of bomas and machans may be summed up as follows:

(*a*) From a boma you get a more fatal shot, as you are on a level with the lion, and much closer.

(*b*) A boma can be made anywhere, even on a bare plain, but in this country trees suitable for machans are scarce.

(*c*) A boma is usually more comfortable, and has more room than a machan.

(*d*) A gun-boy may be taken into a boma to watch turn and turn about.

(*e*) It is more difficult to get into a shooting position without making a noise in a machan than in a boma.

On the other hand:

(*f*) The great cats, with the exception of

leopards, do not look up, and they will not spot a machan, whereas they will always see a boma. But lions do not seem to mind.

(*g*) You are only able to shoot from your window in a boma, but you see all round from a machan.

(*h*) In a machan an animal will not get your wind. But over a zebra your wind would scarcely be noticeable.

(*i*) There are fewer mosquitoes, and no sand-flies, ticks, or snakes in a machan, and you will sometimes have these visitors in a boma. For mosquitoes you may use a mosquito net dyed green, or put a piece of green muslin over your head.

When you are sitting up, the first intimation of the lion's presence is usually a hollow roar in the distance; at a mile or so it sounds quite close. If hyena are near, they bolt at once. Then if you are on an open plain, you see one or more lions a hundred yards away, dim shapes in the moonlight. The old male lion leaves his family, and comes up first as a general rule. At thirty or forty yards he crouches on the ground, and glides along imperceptibly, absolutely noiseless, with halts for observation. While he is watching, you should remain quite motionless, as the felidae see best by night. If you do not move he may come on, even though he sees you. If therefore you have not got your rifle up, wait till he comes to the bait before

raising it. He sometimes sits down thirty yards away, and waits; you should also wait motionless, and do not shoot till he has reached the kill.

3. *At dawn over kills.*—Shoot a few zebra or kongoni, and leave them out overnight; go to the baits in the early dawn, and lions may be found still feeding on them. I tried this on the Tana, but without success. Gun-boys believe in it greatly, and I think it would work better the second morning, covering the kill meanwhile; as hyenas are far more numerous than lion, in most cases hyenas would eat up the kills. The kills should be on a fairly open place, so that you may get a shot before the lion makes off warned by your approach.

4. *Walking up.*—Sometimes you come across lions by chance, or you may spot vultures circling over a lion's kill, and find him near. If the birds are not on the ground, but sitting on trees near, approach carefully, as the lion will be close to the kill keeping them off. However, you seldom bag a lion in this way, as they usually spot you first, and you get a running shot at two or three hundred yards. If you hit him, the lion may turn back and charge. I have been told that if one of a pair of lions is wounded, the mate will also charge, especially if the male is hit, so it is best to shoot the female first; but if there are more than two the unwounded ones will bolt. My own experience was that I found three lionesses over a

warthog, shot one, and the other two bolted, one being also wounded.

5. *Shooting from horses, and with dogs.*—I have no personal experience of this method, which is undoubtedly a very sporting one. It is best when lions are plentiful and there is a party of sportsmen. The method of hunting lions by riding them down is as follows. The lion is located at a kill of hartebeest or zebra left out for him, or he may be found by tracking, or by chance beating of reed beds or other cover. When he has been put up, three or four sportsmen ride him down as you ride a pig in India, but the rifle replaces the spear. When brought to bay, the lion usually stands and growls, and one of the sportsmen steps off his pony and fires. If wounded the lion charges the nearest horseman, and it is well to remember that for forty yards his pace is greater than that of a racehorse, so you should wait further than that distance from him.

Mr. Rainy has been most successful with a pack of dogs, getting a record of, I believe, twenty-four lions in one day. Most accidents with lions occur when riding them down, and I am told that you should not ride directly behind them, but two or three hundred yards to the side, getting off at intervals to try a shot or two when the lion tires. It is unwise to use a very light rifle, such as a ·256 bore Mannlicher for these methods, or for walking up, but ·318 or ·350 bore rifles may be used; and

these magazine rifles have the advantage over heavy double-barrelled cordite rifles, that you can fire from 200 yards or so, and then get three or more shots in if the lion charges from that distance. However, most people prefer to wait till a charging lion is within twenty yards or less, and shoot him in the head or chest. Personally I would prefer a heavy rifle for a charging lion, but a well-placed bullet from a light rifle (not too light) will stop him. The fact that sportsmen in India nearly always use heavy rifles for tiger, and sportsmen in Africa nearly always use light rifles for lion, may be explained by the different nature of the cover ; in Africa lions are found in open country, but in India tigers inhabit long grass and thick jungle. Also I think that the lion is easier to kill.

Lion skins are particularly tricky, and an hour in the hot sun may make the hair slip, so there should be no delay in skinning the animal on the spot, and it should not be brought unskinned into camp.

Hippopotamus

Hippopotamus amphibius. Swahili, *Kiboko.* Masai, *Macow* or *Ol-Makaw.* Somali, *Jir.* Kikuyu, *Guo.* Boran, *Krobi* or *Robi.* Waganda, *Moubu.*

The hippopotamus resembles the rhinoceros in being rather a prehistoric survival. However, he has none of the troublesome qualities of that animal, except when you are in a boat, and then

HIPPOPOTAMUS

he sometimes attacks unprovoked. He spends the daytime under water, coming up to breathe every two or three minutes with a deep snort, usually showing only the top of his nose and head. Sometimes he may be found lying out on a sandbank sunning himself, after the manner of crocodiles. At dusk he becomes active, makes a noise like an engine blowing off steam, and comes out on the bank of the lake or stream to feed on grass or crops.

His footprints have four toe marks, and those of the rhino show only three toes. The hippo is found in deep pools which often occur below rapids. If you can find him on the bank at dusk or by moonlight, the shot behind the shoulder is the best, with a heavy cordite rifle and solid bullets. If you see him in the water, shoot below the top of his head; if properly hit he will sink, and a stream of bubbles will come up. He may be wounded and come up again, showing more of his head. If he dies, after a period of from one to twenty-four hours his body should rise to the surface, owing to the generation of gases in the stomach, if the depth of water does not exceed some twenty-five feet, and he may be brought to the shore by ropes. His weight is about three tons, and he is an unwieldly monster. Lydekker in his *Royal Natural History* mentions one in the London Zoo, weighing four tons, the length of body being twelve feet without the tail.

Some sportsmen get the entire head set up, but most people content themselves with the tusks, and a good pair would be thirty inches long for the curved tusks. In general, however, the tusks are much shorter, and there are twelve teeth altogether, of which the two long curved canines, and the two long straight incisors, may be kept. They can be set up with gongs, and in several other ways. They should be taken out with care; the head may be buried for three days to loosen them, and it is well not to be present when it is dug up.

Hippo are becoming rather scarce in the rivers, though there are a fair number in the Tana, some near the suspension bridge on the Embu road, and some above the junction with the Ziba. They are found on the Thika River, in a pool twelve miles above its junction with the Tana; on the Athi river at Donio Sabuk; on the Northern Uaso Nyiro at several places, below the Chanler Falls, and three days below its junction with the Uaso Narok; and on the South Guaso Nyiro.

Hippo are preserved in Lakes Naivasha, Elementeita, and Nakuru, but they may be shot on Lake Victoria. In Lake Victoria you shoot hippo from boats, which may be hired at Port Florence or at Homa Bay. The hippo is said to attack boats frequently, but I did not have that experience. However, while I was at the Lake, I heard that a native was upset in a small boat and

pursued by an angry bull hippo, which killed him before he could reach the shore.

Hippo may also be got when they come to the shore at night. As an illustration of the oddities of animal temper, I may relate the following story which was told to me by Mr. Leslie Simson of Johannesburg.

He was camping on the banks of a lagoon, and his boy called him out to shoot a hippo, which, however, he found was on the opposite bank half a mile away. "No matter," said the boy, "I shall bring him over." And he shouted to the hippo, "Come here, you ——," adding the only English words he knew, which I regret to say are unprintable. At the noise the hippo looked up, and as the boy continued shouting it came across the lake, and Mr. Simson shot it when it was in shallow water. The explanation of the hippo's behaviour was that men used to come to fish in this lake, and being a crusty old male he used to chase them. When disturbed by the shouts he came to drive his enemies away from the lagoon, which he regarded as his own property, and the boy having heard this adopted the plan.

When you have shot a hippo from a boat, the others quickly understand your game, and come up for such a short time that you do not get much chance. And they cease to make the blowing noise. Apparently they can stay below for an indefinite time, and they usually swim away under

water to another part of the coast, and you see them no more.

Anyone who has had the amusement of following up a wounded grebe on Indian jhils will recognise the similarity of the pursuit of hippo from a boat. He shows his head, dives, and you make for the spot ready to pot him when he comes up again.

The Kavirondo on the lake shore are very fond of hippo, and when one is brought to land they assemble in hundreds, and fall on the carcase like so many vultures or hyenas.

Eland

Taurotragus oryx pattersonianus. Swahili, *Mpofu.* Masai, *O-sirua.* Kikuyu, *Namu.*

The eland is the largest antelope in Africa in point of size, a good bull being over seventeen hands high, and weighing about 900 lb., though some weigh as much as 1,500 lb., according to Lydekker. The horns are by no means in proportion to the size, and twenty-five inches in a straight line will be a fair head for a bull, and twenty-six inches for a cow. The horns of the cows though longer are thinner. The bulls are larger and darker than the cows, and there is usually at least one good bull in a herd. The cows are fawn colour, darker than the Cape species; the bulls are chestnut fawn, and both

ELAND BULL

sexes have thin white lines on the back and brown knee marks. The bulls have a hump on their withers and a large dewlap, which gives them somewhat the appearance of prize cattle; and eland have tufted tails like oxen.

Eland are usually found in fairly large herds up to fifty, and I have also found solitary animals. They live in open plains and in bush jungle. I have not found them very difficult to approach, though they are reputed to be very wary. They are usually found in the same place day after day, unless they have been frightened away. I have stalked them on several occasions on open plains, and even after they had seen me they did not move off as long as I remained lying down. I had been informed that thirty inches was the size of an average head, and I looked at a large number of bulls before I came to the conclusion that this size was exceptional, and cannot be easily obtained now. Eventually I shot a bull of $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which appears to be about the size other sportsmen get. Another tradition about eland is that they are very difficult to bring down, but I found a single bullet from a ·350 Mauser Rigby sufficient to bring down my bull, and they have been shot with smaller bores. The skin is worth keeping, though the hair is short, and the horns should be mounted with the headskin, showing the dewlap and the tuft of hair on the bull's forehead. Eland are found on both sides of the

Tana River, especially between the Tana and Ziba; on the Athi Plains, and near Simba in small numbers; a few on Laikipia; on the German border at Kilimanjaro, and in large numbers near the Mara River; and a few are found near Archer's Post on the Northern Uaso Nyiro. The variety of eland found in British East Africa is distinguished by the smallness of the tuft of hair on the forehead, a white chevron, and a chestnut coloured forehead in place of the brown forehead of other varieties.

Zebra

Equus grevyi and *Equus burchelli*. Swahili, *Punda milia*. Masai, *Ol-oitigo*. Kikuyu, *Gari*. Boran, *Hardide*.

There are two varieties of zebra, Grevy's and Burchell's. The latter is much more common, and is known as the common zebra. It is smaller than Grevy's zebra, standing about twelve hands, and it has broad black and white stripes, which slope backwards on the hind quarters. The Grevy zebra stands about fourteen hands high, and has narrower stripes, vertically inclined. It brays like a donkey, and the common zebra has a short sharp bark like a fox. Common zebra usually occur in large herds, but the Grevy is often found in small parties of two or three, and I have not seen more than a dozen together. The zebra is a poor trophy, but you may keep

BURCHELL'S (COMMON) ZEBRA

GREVY'S ZEBRA

a skin of each sort. Otherwise the chief use of the common zebra is as a bait for lions, which are very fond of him. Porters will not eat zebra as a rule if they can get other meat: I have tried to eat the tongue, but I found it very coarse and stringy.

Common zebra and kongoni are the most widely distributed animals in the country, and both of them have an annoying habit of spotting you when you are stalking other game, and proclaiming your presence by running about as if they were the object of your attention, and the zebra keeps on giving his sharp little bark.

Common zebra are usually found on open plains, and occur in most parts of the country; on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, however, I only found them near Archer's Post, and on the large plain near the swamp some thirty miles farther down. They are replaced on that river by Grevy's zebra, which is found sometimes in bush jungle, and sometimes on open ground.

Government had formerly a zebra farm at Naivasha, but the zebra was not a great success as a domestic animal, as he tires very soon. This was the common zebra. The zebra, however, seems immune to tsetse fly, and if the larger Grevy's zebra were broken in he might prove a useful animal. According to Carl Hagenbeck, Grevy's zebra is more easily domesticated, has a stronger

constitution, and is well suited for the service of man.

Some common zebra have been found in the Rift Valley between Lakes Elementeita and Nakuru, with a peculiar mark like a saddle on their backs; and in regard to them Mr. R. B. Woosnam, Game Warden, writes in the Journal of the East Africa and Uganda Natural History Society: "The peculiar marking is, of course, only a freak and not a species, probably all the descendants of one parent; which is also probably the explanation of the several white waterbuck which have been seen or shot at the Lorian Swamp."

Leopard and Cheetah

Leopard. *Felix pardus.* Swahili, *Chui.* Somali, *Shabel.*

The leopard is not uncommon in this country, but it is seldom shot except by chance. I think the reason is that in general a leopard will not come to a kill at a boma, though I have met a safari which shot two leopards that way. Leopards are fond of goats, and most people want to get lion, and do not sit up over goats, as lion do not care for them much. If, however, you are anxious to secure a leopard, I think a goat and a machan would be best, tying the goat in a place where you had heard leopard or seen its tracks.

The noise made by a leopard is very peculiar, not unlike the sawing of wood. His tracks resemble those of the lion, having the toes separated by an interval, but of course they are smaller. Hyena tracks have the toes close together, and the back pad is not divided into three parts as in the lion and leopard; and in wet ground the claws of the hyena show, as, unlike the great cats, their claws are not retractile. In India I always tie up goats for leopard in several places, and sit up the next night over the remains if there is a kill; but this would not do in Africa, as the hyenas would finish the goat and leave nothing. A leopard is a much cleverer animal than a lion, and you must make absolutely no noise in your machan, which should be well concealed in a leafy tree with a screen of branches fastened round the machan. As the leopard comes out early, you must be on your machan by five o'clock.

The leopard is covered with black rosettes on a yellow ground, and in the typical Indian variety these rosettes have a yellow centre. African leopards usually have smaller rosettes, without the yellow centre. Large spotted East African leopards have been named *Felis pardus suahelica* and *Felix pardus ruwenzorii*. There is a small, light-coloured Somali race called *Felis pardus nanopardus*, and he probably extends into Jubaland.

A fair length for a male leopard is a little over seven feet, and for a female six feet seven inches, the length of the tail which is included being three feet. The skin is a handsome trophy; more handsome than a lion's. Like the lion, he possesses a pair of lucky bones in his neck, which should be kept.

Cheetah

The cheetah or hunting leopard, *Cynælurus jubatus*, is distinguished from other cats by having his claws only partially retractile, so that their tips are always exposed. His limbs are long, and he has a shorter and lighter body than the leopard, standing higher from the ground. His spots have no yellow centre, but are all black, and are of small size. He is seldom over seven feet in length, six and a half feet being a fair size, with a tail of about two feet four inches.

He is perhaps less common than the leopard, and like him he is sometimes seen in bush jungle in the daytime. Indian Rajas frequently keep hunting cheetahs, which are brought in a bullock-cart near where blackbuck are feeding on an open plain, and the eyes of the cheetah are unbandaged and he is let go. He stalks carefully behind any available cover, and makes a rush on his prey in a few great bounds from about

ORYX BEISA

fifty yards. If he does not catch the blackbuck at the first attempt, he will not go far in its pursuit. I have not heard of their being shot from machans, but you might get one that way with luck.

Beisa Oryx

Oryx beisa. Swahili, *Cheroa.* Masai, *Ngimosorrok.* Kikuyu, *Siroa.* Somali, *Beida.*

The beisa oryx stands about twelve hands at the shoulder, weighs about 450 lb., and carries horns in both sexes; the horns of the females being as long as those of the males, but somewhat thinner, and rather liable to come off at the base in flakes. The horns grow in the same plane as the face, and slope slightly backwards and outwards, and are ringed at the base for the first foot or so. A good head will measure thirty-four inches. The beisa oryx is coloured a purple fawn, with a black stripe separating the black from the white of the under-parts, black marks above the knees, black on the cannon bones, and a black mark on the gullet.

There is a small black eye-stripe, the size of which appears to vary, being larger on the Northern Uaso Nyiro than on Laikipia; and a black nose-stripe separate from it. The tail is ox-like, with a black tuft, and when the animal is watching you he switches himself with his tail preparatory to lolloping off in his rather awkward gait. Oryx

frequent open grassy plains, and sometimes bush jungle, and they are often found in herds of fifty or a hundred on the Uaso Nyiro. A solitary one is usually a bull with fair horns, and sometimes he is associated with Grant or zebra, in which case you will find the combination rather wary.

They have considerable vitality, and may take more than one shot to bring them down. I remember having to put three bullets from a ·350 Mauser-Rigby into one before it fell, and I found all the bullets were properly placed behind the shoulder. The skin on the neck is an inch and a half thick, and shields are made of it in Somaliland. Natives say that a lion will avoid a herd of oryx, and when wounded and at bay they have been known to injure a too eager gun-boy with their spear-like horns.

In British East Africa they are found on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, on Laikipia, and from Lake Baringo northwards to Lake Rudolph.

Fringe-Eared Oryx

Oryx beisa callotis. Swahili, *Cheroa.* Masai, *Ngimosorrok.*

The fringe-eared oryx is somewhat smaller than the beisa, about eleven hands at the shoulder, and he differs by the tuft of hair in his ears, and by his longer eye-stripe, which reaches down to his lower jaw, along which it usually runs to join the throat-stripe.

There is a black stripe down his back, and the other markings are similar to the beisa, except that he has not got the black cannon bones. His habits are similar to the beisa.

He is not found north of Nairobi, but occurs in fairly large numbers on the Guaso Nyiro and Sotik, towards Kilimanjaro; and I have shot him near Simba, but he is not common there.

I have followed the classification of the Third Schedule of the Game Ordnance 1909 in dividing oryx into beisa and callotis. But the oryx of the Northern Uaso Nyiro is, I think, akin to the Galla beisa, *Oryx beisa gallarum*, which has a darker colouring and a longer eye-stripe, not much different from the eye-stripe of the callotis. The oryx of Laikipia has a small eye-stripe, and occupies an intermediate position between *Oryx beisa callotis* and the typical beisa. It is called *Oryx beisa annectans*.

Waterbuck

Cobus ellipsiprymnus and *Cobus defassa typicus*. Swahili, *Kuru*. Masai, *Ol-kipulege*. Kikuyu, *Gati*.

The two species of waterbuck found in British East Africa differ in the ellipsiprymnus having an elliptical white crescent on his buttocks, the points of which run down his thighs, and the sing-sing or defassa has a large white patch on his buttocks.

Both species have long shaggy hair, which is rufous in the sing-sing and grey in the ellipsiprymnus. The muzzle is naked, and the face-glands are rudimentary. Well developed lateral hoofs are present, and the tail is fairly long with a terminal tuft. The waterbuck stands about twelve hands high, and weighs some five hundred pounds. His horns sweep backwards and then forwards, and have circular markings all the way to near the tips. A good head will measure twenty-eight inches along the curve.

The sing-sing in British East Africa is of the Abyssinian race. Waterbuck are found in herds of three or four up to twenty or thirty, and a herd usually contains only one good buck. A solitary buck will probably be a good one, but a few bucks together are usually young ones. The does do not carry horns. They are always found near water, as their name implies. In the middle of the day they may lie up in scrub some distance off, though I have found them drinking at midday. They are by no means wild, and may be stalked without difficulty.

The Kikuyu make shields out of waterbuck hide, and their meat is not bad to eat, though it has rather a strong taste, which saucy porters sometimes refuse. Lion are very fond of waterbuck.

The waterbuck is widely distributed over the Protectorate, on its rivers and lakes, and the two

WATERBUCK—COBUS ELLIPSIPRYMNUS

species are found, some in one place and some in another; and sometimes the two species occur together, though the sing-sing is less common. The ellipsiprymnus is found on the Tana River, on the Simba River, and on the Northern Uaso Nyiro. Near the Lorian Swamp, white waterbuck with eyes of a normal colour are found occasionally, though as they have been seen in herds with other ordinary waterbuck, and some animals of an intermediate colour, they do not constitute a species, but probably all are the descendants of one parent.

The sing-sing is found on Laikipia and in the Kavirondo country; and on the German border both species occur at some places.

Sable Antelope

Hippotragus niger. Swahili, *Pala-hala.*

The sable antelope is a beautiful animal, belonging to the same group as the roan, but rather smaller, being about 54 inches at the shoulder. Like the roan its horns are scimitar-shaped, but they are longer, and though only a little over 30 inches in this country they are over 50 inches in other parts of Africa. The neck has a prominent mane, and there is a tuft of long white hair below the eyes. In the sable, however, the white eye-stripe continues to the muzzle, and the ears are smaller. The colour of the bucks is

black, and of the cows dark-brown, with the underneath parts white. Both sexes carry horns, which are placed just over the eyes. The tail is long and tufted, and the mane is longer than that of the roan.

Sable antelope are found in British East Africa in the Shimba hills, about twenty-five miles from Mombassa, in a rather waterless country, and good heads are very scarce. I have been told that they are sometimes found as far inland as Voi.

Roan Antelope

Hippotragus equinus. Swahili, *Nelgut.* Masai and Lumbwa, *Lalgut.*

The Roan is one of the handsomest antelopes in the country. He is a large animal, standing from 54 to 57 inches at the shoulder. Both sexes carry horns, the horns of the does being rather smaller and thinner than those of the bucks. The horns curve backwards and outwards, and are ringed for three parts of their length. The general colour is a grizzled roan, as the name implies. The face is strongly marked with a black eye-stripe, in front of which comes a white eye-stripe, ending in a tuft of long white hair. The nose has a black patch joining the black eye-stripes, and below this comes a white band

ROAN ANTELOPE

across the nose and mouth. These white bands enable you to recognise the animal a mile away. The ears are rather long, and have a black tuft at the end. There is a prominent mane, and long hair below the neck, and the tail ends in a tuft. The weight is about 625 lb.

The roan is very like the oryx in many ways besides the appearance of his face-markings. He has the same way of constantly switching his tail; he is very observant, and spots you a mile off; he is extremely hard to kill, and more than one bullet behind the shoulder may be required to bring him down.

The roan is found occasionally on the German border across the Amala River, near Lake Victoria south of Kesi, and there is a small herd south of Muhoroni.

Greater Kudu

Strepsiceros capensis chora. Swahili, *Malo m'kubwa.* Masai, *Malo.* Somali, *Godir.*

Of all African antelope the greater kudu is undoubtedly the finest, and his horns rank as a trophy equal to the markhor of Kashmir. The greater kudu stands about 58 inches at the shoulder; his coat is of a grey slate-colour, and in the Somali race which is found in British East Africa there are six or seven thin white stripes running in pairs from a white stripe down

the middle of his back. The typical race has nine or ten stripes. His face has a white bar from the nose to the eyes. The underneath part of the tail is white, the upper part grey slate, and it ends in a bushy black tip. Underneath the stomach the kudu is black. His ears are large. He has a mane and a separate tuft of long hair on the withers, which are high, and he has long hair under his neck. In these points he resembles the Indian Blue Bull, which Lydekker says is the Indian representative of the kudu group. The kudu's horns form an open spiral, winding backwards and outwards, and are white and bony at the tips; their length runs to over fifty inches, measured by following the front ridge round the horn. The does do not carry horns, except very rarely. The greater kudu is found in the country of granite koppies, and you usually hunt him by climbing these koppies, a task requiring great industry. I was fortunate in finding the one I shot low down by the bank of the Northern Uaso Nyiro, without having to do any climbing, which is wearing to your boots and your patience. I saw two kudu feeding at midday. This was contrary to their usual custom, which is to retire under the shade at 8 A.M., but the day was cloudy.

Kudu are very wary, and have very good senses of smell and hearing. They occur in Somaliland in similar country to the granite koppies

GREATER KUDU

of British East Africa, and they are very widely distributed over South and Central Africa in more wooded country. The places where they are found in British East Africa are not many—at Baringo, which is now closed as a reserve for them; Lake Rudolph, which is rather remote; on the south bank of the Northern Uaso Nyiro below the Uaso Narok where I shot mine (the north bank is in the Northern Game Reserve); on the Southern Uaso Nyiro, on the Mau escarpment; and in the Hata hills.

Lesser Kudu

Strepsiceros imberbis. Swahili, *Malo n'dogo.* Somali, *Andeiro* or *Godir.* Masai, *Malo.*

The lesser kudu differs little from the greater except in point of size—he is only about 44 inches high at the withers. A good pair of horns will measure 28 inches along the curved ridge, which is followed round the horn. He has the same grey slate colour, and the same white stripes. His tail is perhaps rather more bushy, but the mane and hair below the neck are not so long. The horns form a closer spiral with smaller divergence, the legs are fawn colour, and there are two conspicuous white bands on the neck. He frequents thick bush, and is best hunted in the early morning, though the one I shot was out at midday, feeding

in a very hot sun. They usually prefer to rest in the shade. I was told by a white hunter to look for lesser kudu up the rocky koppies on the Uaso Nyiro, but that was a mistake, as all the lesser kudu we saw were in thick bush, usually not thorn bush, and close to the river, as a rule.

Captain Dickinson, in his *Big Game Shooting on the Equator*, states that, "It is not at all improbable that if either gerenuk or lesser kudu are seen in a certain place, the other will be found there, or thereabouts, as well." However, I think that this only applies to a limited extent, as the range of the gerenuk on the Northern Uaso Nyiro at any rate was much wider than that of the lesser kudu, which I only found in the neighbourhood of Merti escarpment. The lesser kudu is fairly numerous in the neighbourhood of Tsavo, and following the Tsavo River towards Kilimanjaro; near Teita; in the hills at Voi; at Kismayu; and I have been told he is the common antelope near Lake Rudolph.

Topi

Damaliscus corrigum jimela. Swahili, *Kongoni.* Masai, *Kinyangoswa.* Waganda, *Mangazi.*

The topi resembles the hartebeest in appearance, and in his bounding motion, but his horns are not bent in the same way; they slope backwards, with the tips curving inwards in the shape

TOPI

of a lyre. The horns are short, thick, and heavily ringed, and are sometimes broken at the tips. A fair head will have horns of 18 inches. The horns of the cows are thinner, and about 15 inches long. The general colour is dark red-brown, with a shiny blue-grey gloss; the under parts are coloured bright crimson; there are large purple patches on the shoulders, forelegs, flanks and face. These dark markings are not found in the young. The height is about 49 inches, and weight about 300 lb. The face is not so long as that of the hartebeest.

The topi is common in Jubaland, Tanaland (well down the Tana River), and the Loita plains, where the allowance is six. Elsewhere the allowance is two. He is fairly numerous on the Anglo-German boundary near Lake Victoria, at Muhoroni, and at Lake Rudolph. I shot mine near Muhoroni, where the long grass and trees enable you to get within easy range, and I did not find them at all difficult to approach. They frequently associated with Jackson's hartebeest and zebra.

Hartebeest

Bubalis cokei, Bubalis lelwel jacksoni, Bubalis neumanni. Swahili, *Kongoni.* Masai, *Olkondi.* Kikuyu, *Daragwesi.*

There are three kinds of hartebeest found in this country, Coke's or the common hartebeest, Jackson's hartebeest, and Neumann's hartebeest.

The common hartebeest stands about 48 inches high, is of a fawn colour, and both sexes carry horns. The length of a good pair of horns along the front curve is 18 inches. The horns are the shape of an inverted bracket, ascending a short way, then bending out at right angles, and then sloping upwards and backwards; horn pedicle moderate; horns short and thick. The colour is a uniform bright fawn with the lower part of the rump rather lighter. The tail is long, with a long black tuft.

Jackson's hartebeest has a higher horn pedicle and a darker face, and there is no black blaze on it as in other lelwel hartebeest; the horns are very sharply bent backwards, and before they bend they ascend fairly straight in the form of a letter V. The horns are longer and heavier than in the other species, running to about 23 inches, and the height at the shoulder is about 53 inches. In Neumann's hartebeest the horns do not bend so abruptly backwards as in Jackson's, but bend more outwards; they first extend outwards almost at right angles, then incline slightly inwards, and then slope outwards, so that they are more widely separated. They are stouter, with terminal rings to near the tips, and they are also shorter, measuring about 19 inches.

There has been some discussion as to the hartebeest round lakes Elementeita and El Bor Lossat being hybrids between Jackson's and

JACKSON'S HARTEBEEST

NEUMANN'S HARTEBEEST

LAKE EL BOR LOSSAT

Coke's, or Jackson's and Neumann's. Of the two I shot at lake El Bor Lossat one was clearly a Neumann's, and it is shown in the photograph facing this page; but the other had horns which bent back sharply like a Jackson's.

The common hartebeest, like the zebra, is widely distributed, though it does not occur north of a line from Naivasha to Kenia; it is found south of this line across the Athi plains to Kilimanjaro and Simba. It and the zebra are usually found on open plains, and in large herds. Its ungainly lollop and high withers make it look an ugly animal. Like the zebra it often disturbs the game you are stalking, and refuses to go away. They possess considerable vitality, and I have heard of one being shot which was found to have an old wound with a ·577 bullet in its neck. The kongoni had recovered from this wound, although it was in poor condition. The sportsman knew that a friend of his had wounded and lost a kongoni in that neighbourhood, using a ·577 rifle, some six weeks previously, so it was probably the same animal. I have found the shot behind the shoulder effective, though sometimes more than one bullet was required. Porters are very fond of kongoni, and are always asking you to shoot them. It is also a fair bait for lion. Its horns are a poor trophy, so it is not worth shooting more than a few heads.

Jackson's hartebeest is found to the north of

and across Lake Victoria, on the Mau escarpment, as far north as Baringo, and at Muhoroni on the Uganda Railway.

Neumann's hartebeest is rather rarer, and it is found north of Nakuru and Elementeita on towards lake Solai, and near lake El Bor Lossat.

Hunter's Antelope or Hunter's Hartebeest

Damaliscus hunteri. Somali, *Aroli.* Galla, *Blanketta.*

This animal occupies a place between the antelopes and the hartebeests. He differs from the hartebeests in the absence of a horn pedicle, the curve of the horns being more gradual, and the face being of moderate length. The horns slant upwards and outwards, then downwards, and then they are prolonged upwards into long points. The colour is uniformly rufous, with a white chevron on the face, and the tuft of the tail and the inside of the ears are white. The animal is gracefully built, and stands about 48 inches high. A good pair of horns will measure over 20 inches.

Hunter's antelope is found in Jubaland, from Afmadu to the left bank of the Tana River. As he is only found in desert country that is rarely visited, few specimens are shot, and I was informed that a museum paid £200 each for the heads and skins of a couple shot this year (1913).

A BONGO FAWN

Thomas's Cob (Uganda Cob)

Cobus coba thomasi. Waganda, *Sunu*, *n'sunu* or *nsuna*.

The cobs belong to the same group as the waterbucks, but they are smaller, the characteristics of the group are the naked muzzle, well-developed lateral hoofs, horns confined to the bucks, a fairly long tail, and undeveloped face-glands.

The Uganda cob has a coat of rich rufous colour, and the underparts and the inside of the legs, lips, chin, and muzzle are white. There are black lines on the front of the legs. The height at the shoulder is about 35 inches. There is a complete ring of white around each eye. A good head will measure over 20 inches.

The Uganda cob is found in the Kavirondo country; there are some below the Nandi hills near Kusumu, and also towards Silgui.

Bongo

Boocercus euryceros isaaci.

The bongo is an antelope like a large bush buck, which is found high up in mountain forests. It is of bright rufous colour, with nine or ten thin vertical white stripes on its back. It has also white markings on its legs, neck and face.

The hair underneath is black, and the tail has a black tip. Its ears are large and its sense of hearing is well developed, like all forest dwellers. Both sexes carry horns, and a good buck will measure 30 inches. The height at the shoulder is about twelve hands. Like the bushbuck it is found solitary or in pairs. I have found bongo on Mount Kenia in the bamboo belt, which comes above the forest at 8,000 to 10,000 feet, and also in the forest near the bamboos.

They are in the habit of scraping up the earth under a bush, and lying in its shelter. When disturbed they rush off through the undergrowth with so much noise that the sportsman may think he has come upon an elephant. The bongo is also found in Mau Forest, and in the Aberdares.

Impala

Aepyceros melampus. Swahili, *Swallah.* Masai, *Ndarawet.* Kikuyu, *Grandi.*

This handsome antelope is coloured dark foxy-red on the back, with a lower band of light red, white underneath, with a deep black rump patch, and a black stripe in the tail, which ends in a white tip. There are black tufts just above the fetlocks of the hind legs, and the ears have a black tip. The horns of the males, ribbed in their lower part, curve upwards, then outwards,

IMPALA

and then forwards, forming the letter S. The females do not carry horns. I found them rather difficult to stalk, and when alarmed the whole herd runs off, bounding in the air like the Indian blackbuck. They are found in herds from ten to twenty, with one good buck to the herd, which usually comes last. Solitary buck are not necessarily good ones, and a number of buck together are always young ones.

They frequent the neighbourhood of water, and are found in much the same country as waterbuck. They are widely distributed, but good heads are scarce, and 27 inches is passable. If a head has the horns curving in to form the oval, it is not much above 20 inches. A good head has the tips of the horns curving forwards, with a wide spread. They are found on all the large rivers—the Tana, the Northern Uaso Nyiro, the Uaso Narok ; Laikipia, Kilimanjaro, &c.

Sitatunga

Tragelaphus (*Limnotragus*) *spekei.* Waganda, *Njobi.*

The sitatunga is rarely found in British East Africa, but it occupies a place in the game list. It was discovered in 1858 by the great explorer Speke, on some islands in Lake Victoria near the Uganda shore. It belongs to the same group as the bushbucks or harnessed antelopes. The adult

bucks are of a uniform grey brown colour, without stripes. The does are rufous colour, with stripes. The lateral hoofs are well developed, and the hoofs are elongated to support the animal on marshy soil. The skin at the back of the pastern is hairless, thick and horny, assisting in the support of the foot. The horns of the bucks form a twisted spiral, with yellow tips, and a good pair measure about 30 inches. The does do not carry horns. The height at the shoulder is from 45 to 48 inches. The sitatunga lives in dense reed swamps, and is semi-aquatic in his habits, plunging in water up to his eyes.

Wildebeest

Connochaetes taurinus albojubatus. Swahili, *Nyumbu.* Masai, *O-engat.* Somali, *Lavagadli.*

The wildebeest, or white-bearded gnu, is an animal not unlike a small bison in appearance. Its colour is slate black, with dark-coloured marks on its nose, neck, and forequarters, and the tail has a black tip. The bulls are larger than the cows, and have black manes and long white beards, and a few white hairs in their manes. They are found in herds, with two or three bulls to the herd, usually on open grassy plains, twenty or thirty animals in a herd. The horns are much smaller and thinner than those of the buffalo, and

they are measured in the same way across their greatest breadth. An average bull will have a width of 24 inches. They are fond of water, and spend some hours daily in its neighbourhood. They are not usually difficult to stalk, though they frequent open plains, and if the sportsman takes care to remain motionless while their heads are up watching, he may get within easy range of them, and a single bullet should be sufficient.

They are found on the Athi plains, and at Simba, on the German boundary, near Kilimanjaro, and on the Sotik River.

Grant's Gazelle

Gazella granti. Swahili, *Swallah.* Masai, *Ngoldii.* Ndorobo, *Ngoli.* Boran, *Hidi.*

Grant's gazelles are pre-eminent among gazelles for the great length of their horns, which are extremely long for so small an animal. The upper parts are fawn colour, and the hair on the neck and back is waved. The lower parts are white, and this white extends well upwards on the rump, and is separated there from the fawn colour by a dark streak. The tail has a black crest, and is otherwise white, or white below and fawn above. There is a fawn-coloured streak on the nose, with a black spot. Both sexes carry horns;

those of the male are longer and thicker than those of the female. The horns of the female have fewer circular markings, and are 12 or 15 inches in length, resembling those of the male Thomson's gazelle. The height is from 32 to 35 inches, and the weight about 150 lb. The third schedule of the Game Ordinance 1909 recognises four varieties of Grant:

G. granti typicus.—This has the longest horns, the record being 30¼ inches, shot by Captain Dickenson near Kilimanjaro. The flank bands are faint, and the white of the rump does not extend far upwards. The horns are lyre-shaped.

G. granti notata.—This is the Lowghi Grant. The horns are nearly straight, and there is a well-marked dark band on the flanks.

G. granti brighti.—This is the Lado Grant. The horns are smaller, and there are no dark bands on the flanks. There is a narrow black border to the rump patch.

G. granti robertsi.—This is the Usukuma race. The horns are a good length, and have an outward twist, so that the tip-to-tip measurement is equal to, or sometimes greater than the length of the horn. In other varieties it is about half or a quarter the length of the horn, because the points of the horns turn inwards. It is found on the Sotik, and on the German boundary.

G. granti petersi is classed in the third schedule separately, but it is a variety of Grant. The horns

GRANT'S GAZELLE (*G. granti brighti*)

WALLER'S GAZELLE (*Gerenuk*)

are smaller, 20 inches being a good head, and the horns are nearly straight. There is a fawn-coloured stripe down the top of the tail, where other Grants are white. It is found in the coastal districts and the lower Tana valley, the Taru desert, Machakos, Voi, Laikipia and the Uaso Narok, near its junction with the Uaso Nyiro.

Grant's gazelles are very common in British East Africa, and are found on open rolling plains and in bush scrub, in herds of up to fifty, and sometimes singly.

Waller's Gazelle (Gerenuk)

Lithocranius walleri. Swahili, *Swallah.* Somali, *Gerenuk.* Masai, *Nanjaat.* Kikuyu, *Garatari.*

Waller's gazelle, commonly called the gerenuk, is a handsome little animal, standing about 36 inches at the shoulder, but with a very long neck, so that his head is over five feet from the ground. The giraffe, the camel, and the gerenuk all show this adaption of the animal to its environment; all live in desert country, and their long necks enable them to feed on the young shoots at the top of the shrubs and thorn bushes. When feeding the gerenuk sometimes stands up on his hind legs like a goat. When running his long neck is held in a line with his body, and he offers a very small mark, and he is extremely wild.

The males carry horns, thick and ribbed, forming a lyre, with the tips turned forward; fourteen inches is a fair head. The females carry no horns. The colour is a rufous fawn, with the lower parts white, and a black tip to the tail. They are found in herds of half a dozen, with one good buck to the herd. Single bucks are usually good, but two or more buck together are young ones.

They are found in thick bushy country and near stony plains, and they are said to be found in the desert far from water, but I have not found them more than twenty miles from it. They are sometimes found in the same locality as the lesser kudu, as I have noted under that animal. They are found in fair numbers on the Northern Uaso Nyiro towards Merti, especially on the south bank, and from there to Kismayu and presumably on to Somaliland, where the animal is more common; in the Taru desert, and from there to Kilimanjaro and Lake Magardie, which however is in the Reserve.

I found them very difficult animals to stalk, as directly one of a herd caught sight of me, or heard footsteps on the hard, rocky ground, all usually ran off; and unlike many animals, when once they start running they run a long way.

Duikerbok

The duikers are an extensive group of small antelopes, in which the muzzle is naked; elongated face-glands and lateral hoofs are found; the tail is of moderate length, and the females have four teats. The does carry horns as well as the bucks, smoother and more slender, as usual. There is a tuft of long hair on the top of the head.

Four species are found in British East Africa:

Harvey's Duiker (*Cephalophus harveyi*), which is dark chestnut-red in colour, with a dark brown or black blaze on the face. The horns, which are thick and rough at the base, are from 2 to 3 inches in length. Height at the shoulder 18 or 19 inches.

Isaac's Duiker (*Cephalophus isaaci*) is an allied species. Both occur in the Mau Forest.

The Blue Duiker (*Cephalophus monticola*) is marked by the smoky brown or black colour of its body, and the rufous colour of its legs. The rump is the same colour as the rest of the body. The height is only 13 inches, and the weight about 8 lb. clean. The horns slope backwards, either in the line of the profile of the nose, or just below it. The length of the horns is only from 1 to 2 inches.

Abyssinian Duiker (*Cephalophus grimmi abyssinicus*) has a general colour of greyish brown. It

stands about 15 or 16 inches in height. The horns incline upwards at a sharp angle above the plain of the profile of the nose. In the Kenia district an allied race to the Abyssinian duiker is found, with horns of about 4 inches. I notice that this duiker is not mentioned in the third schedule of the Game Ordinance of 1909.

Duiker are also occasionally found in the Tana Valley.

Steinbok

Rhaphiceros campestris. Swahili, *Isha.*

The steinbok is allied to the oribi group, from which it is distinguished by the horns rising almost straight up from the skull, the absence of lateral hoofs and of the bare ear-patch, and the smallness of the openings below the eye-sockets. Its coat is a bright sandy rufous, deeper on the head, with a dark-coloured mark on the top of the head in the shape of a horse shoe. Its weight is about 26 lb., and its height at the shoulder 22 inches. Five inches is a fair size for the horns. The does do not carry horns. The horns of the bucks are as thin as those of dikdik, and about twice as long, curving slightly forwards and outwards.

The British East African variety, *R. c. neumanni*, is by no means so common as the animal is in South Africa, but it is found on the Kapiti plains,

and it does not seem to require water. It is not in the third schedule, though it is mentioned in the fourth schedule, animals allowed on a traveller's licence.

Dikdik

Madoqua

Dikdik are the smallest tribe of antelope, weighing about the same as a hare, 5 to 7 lb. As their legs are longer, they stand 14 to 16 inches at the shoulder. The males carry tiny horns, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches or so, which are very difficult to distinguish. The horns are straight or sinuate, and strongly ribbed at the base. The colour is an inconspicuous brown. They have the nose elongated, like a proboscis, and its top is almost entirely hairy except on the lower part of the nasal septum. There is a tuft of hair on the crown of the head, and the tail is very short, and almost rudimentary. There are very minute accessory hoofs present.

They are found solitary, in pairs, or three or more together, usually in bush jungle. When alarmed they run about twenty yards, and stand in the shelter of a bush to gaze at the intruder. I found a shotgun best for dikdik, though a light rifle may also be used, with solid bullets which do not spoil them for eating.

Kirk's Dikdik.—(*Madoqua kirki;* Swahili, *Paa.*)

This species has a very pointed nose, and possesses a rudiment of the third lobe to the last molar of the lower jaw. The colour is grizzled greyish fawn, more or less suffused with fulvous on the back, with rufous on the sides and neck. The limbs are rufous, of varying intensity.

It is found from Southern Somaliland to Ugogo, mostly on the coast, and at Kilimanjaro and Taveta.

Guenther's Dikdik.—(*Madoqua guentheri;* Somali, *Gussuli* or *Sakaro.*) This species has a still more pointed nose than Kirk's dikdik, and its nose resembles a small trunk. The horns are slender, and reach $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The general colour is a coarse grizzly grey fawn, with no rufous on the sides; limbs dull rufous. There are a lot of black hairs on the crest, and the backs of the ears are greyish fawn. Its common habitat is on the central plateau of Somaliland, and in British East Africa it occurs on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, and from there to the Somaliland border.

Two other species are in the third schedule—Hinde's dikdik, and Cavendish's dikdik. The latter is very similar to Kirk's, and has been shot at Lake Baringo.

The name dikdik was given because of the shrill whistling notes of alarm made by the little animal as it bounds away in the bush, the sound being like the words "zick zick."

Oribi

Oribia. Swahili, *Taya.* Uganda, *Nsilatso.*

The oribi, suni, steinbok, and klipspringer are a group of small antelopes which have certain points in common. There is no tuft of hair on the head; the tip of the muzzle is naked; the face-glands are large and open beneath the eyes by a small aperture on each side, and the tail is fairly short; lateral hoofs may or may not be present. The bucks only have horns, which are short, straight, and ringed at the base; the does do not carry horns.

The oribi are the largest antelope in the group, and have a bare spot beneath each ear, and a large opening in the skull beneath each eye-socket. Five inches is a fair length for the horns. There are tufts on the knees; accessory hoofs are present; tail short, black tuft. There are three species of oribi in the third schedule.

Oribia montana (*the Abyssinian Oribi*) has a short tail, with only a few black hairs at the tip, horns smooth and slender, only two inches at the base being slightly ringed. There is a black patch on the forehead between the horns. The height at the shoulder is 22 or 23 inches. They frequent long grass and thick bush, and are found near Muhoroni on the Uganda Railway, and on Laikipia.

Haggard's Oribi (*Oribia haggardi;* Swahili, *Taya*) has stouter horns, which are strongly ridged for more than half their length. The height at the shoulder is 24 inches. It is found in the coast districts near Lamu, and in the lower Tana Valley.

Kenya Oribi.—This species is found in the deserts bordering on southern Somaliland. The auricular gland is well developed. It has thick, strongly ridged horns, and is about 24 inches at the shoulder.

Suni

Neotragus moschatus.

These small antelopes are distinguished from oribis by the absence of the glandular patch below the ear, and of lateral hoofs. The horns slope backwards almost in the same plane as the face; the skull openings in the front of the eye-sockets are large; and the nasal bones are broad.

The general colour is a greyish brown. The horns are strongly ridged, but very small, from 2 to 3 inches in length. The height at the shoulder is only 13 or 14 inches.

The suni is found on Zanzibar and two adjoining islands, and on the coast of the mainland from Mozambique to Kilimanjaro.

WARD'S BOHOR REEDBUCK

EASTERN MOUNTAIN REEDBUCK (CHANLER'S)

Klipspringer

Oreotragus saltator. Somali, *Alakud.*

The hoofs and hair of the klipspringer distinguish it from oribi and other antelope. The hoofs are so placed that the klipspringer walks on his toes, and the hoofs are large, blunt, and cylindrical. The hair is pithy and brittle, like that of the musk deer, and its colouring—olive-grey tipped with golden yellow—gives it a speckled appearance. The horns are ringed for about an inch at the base, and rise almost vertically upwards, curving slightly forwards, and a fair pair of horns will run to 4 inches. The tail is merely a short stump. Lateral hoofs exist. The height at the shoulder is 20 to 22 inches.

The klipspringer is found on granite koppies, and as it is extremely active and shy it is difficult to shoot. I have seen it near the Uaso Narok, and it occurs at Merti on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, and doubtless in other rocky localities. In British East Africa both sexes usually have horns, but in South Africa only the bucks carry horns.

Ward's Bohor Reedbuck

Cervicapra redunca wardi. Waganda, *Njaza.* Swahili, *Kari.* Masai, *Mbarras.*

Ward's bohor reedbuck has short stout horns, ringed at the base, curved outwards, the points

much turned inwards so as to form distinct tips. The general colour is bright rufous fawn, with long hair and a bushy tail, fawn above and white beneath. There is a black patch of bare skin on the back of the ear, and another at the base. The length of a good pair of horns is 10 inches, and the height of the bohor at the shoulder is about 28 inches. The does do not carry horns. The base of the horn is soft, and should be carefully cleaned inside, as it has a tendency to come off in flakes.

This reedbuck is usually found in long grass, sometimes in pairs, but more often solitary. When alarmed he whistles and bounds away; sometimes he stops behind a bush to look at the intruder, but it is difficult to get a second shot. I have managed to get close up to one on bad ground without his perceiving me, and they are not considered to be very alert. In the heat of the day they lie very close, usually in long grass or reeds near water.

They are found towards Lake Victoria, and in suitable country on the south Guaso Nyiro and Loita plains.

Chanler's Reedbuck

Cervicapra fulvorufula chanleri.

This is a local race of the mountain reedbuck. It is distinguished from the bohor reedbuck by

THOMSON'S GAZELLE

not having hooks to the tips of its horns. The general colour is greyish fawn, with a rufous tinge, and the nose has a black stripe. The height at the shoulder is from 28 to 31 inches, and a good pair of horns will measure 6 or 7 inches. It has the characteristic bare patches beneath the ears, and a bushy tail. It is found on the Loita plains and grassy areas of the South Guaso Nyiro, near Kibigori, Muhoroni, and Kijabe on the Uganda Railway, and on the Athi plains. Mr. Chanler obtained his original specimen on the Jambene mountains in Meru district.

Thomson's Gazelle

Gazella thomsoni. Swahili, *Swallah.* Masai, *Ngobara* or *Ngoli.*

This gazelle resembles the Indian chinkara, but it is distinguished by a deep black flank-band, and a black nose spot. The general colour is rufous brown, with the underneath parts white, separated by a broad black band, above which is a band of lighter brown than the back. The tail is brown with a black tip, and like the chinkara the Tommy is constantly wagging his tail. The buttocks are white, but the patch of white is much smaller that in the Grant. There is a black eye-stripe, and a brown stripe on the nose, ending in the black patch.

Its smaller size, and the deeper flank band

prevent the sportsman from mistaking it for a female Grant, which has horns about the same length as a male Tommy, say 13 or 14 inches. The does of Thomson's gazelle sometimes carry horns and sometimes not. The buck stands about 26 inches at the shoulder, and weighs fifty pounds.

They are sometimes difficult to approach, and usually live on open plains, though they may be found in bushy country. They occur on the Athi plains, Kilimanjaro, Laikipia, the Guaso Nyiro, the Uaso Narok, and near lakes Naivasha, Nakuru, and Solai.

Soemmerring's Gazelle

Gazella Soemmerringi. Somali, *Aoul.* Sudani, *Ariel.*

This gazelle is only found towards the Somaliland and Abyssinian border. The horns are shorter, and therefore apparently thicker than those of the Grant, a good head measuring twenty inches in the Somali variety, and fifteen inches in the Soudan variety. The white of the rump patch extends further upwards than in the Grant's, and is not usually separated from the fawn colour by a black streak. The face-markings are black instead of fawn, and the horns always curve in, and are hook shaped at the tips.

Bushbuck

Tragelaphus scriptus. Swahili, *Mbawara.* Somali, *Dol.*

Bushbuck are bright foxy-red in colour, with spots and stripes, the bucks being darker than the does. The bucks have simple spiral horns, a good pair being 16 inches in length. The does do not carry horns. The height at the shoulder varies from 30 to 36 inches, and the weight from 100 to 170 lbs. The bucks have a crest of long hair down the middle of the back.

The bushbuck is exceedingly wary, and the best way to get him is to go about 4 P.M. to a path in the forest, and sit down and wait for him. If there are bushbuck about, they will whistle, and one may show himself and give you a snapshot.

Bushbuck frequent forest and scrub jungle when sufficiently thick, and they are widely distributed. I have seen does near Simba, buck and does on the Northern Uaso Nyiro near the Zambo plateau, and near the Uaso Narok.

Colobi Monkeys

Swahili, *Mbega.* Kikuyu, *Korwi.*

The Colabus monkey has no thumb, and it derives its name from a Greek word meaning mutilated. There are two varieties of colabus monkey in British East Africa. The commoner

sort is coloured black with white markings, and the rarer sort is nearly all white. I shot two of the former on Mount Kenia, and they had long black hair on the back, with white underneath, white face-markings, and stiff white whiskers. The tail has a fluffy white plume at the end, the rest of its length being black. The total length was about four feet, but as this was largely made up of the tail they are small among monkeys. As they live at the tops of very tall trees you must use a rifle to shoot them, and they are by no means easy to bring down, as when wounded they hang on by their paws or tail. When they do come down you will know it by the very pungent smell. I found them mostly in the lower forest ranges of Mount Kenia, but they also live high up near the bamboo belt. They have a hoarser cry than the ordinary monkey, which the local guides can recognise. Their skins are valued on account of the nice long hair, and they can be made into muffs.

Warthog

Phacochoerus aethiopicus. Swahili, *Ngurwi.* Kikuyu, *Giri.* Masai, *Ubidir.* Somali, *Karkari.*

The African warthog derives his name from three pairs of wart-like growths between the eyes and tushes. The upper tushes attain a length of 10 or 12 inches exposed from the gum, and

GIANT PIG FROM MOUNT KENIA

curl over the snout. The lower tushes as a rule do not exceed 6 inches in length exposed, and thus, unlike typical pigs, warthog have the upper tushes longer than the lower ones. The average height is 30 inches, and weight 200 lb., so he is a good-sized pig.

Little pigsticking is done in British East Africa, perhaps because pig are not sufficiently numerous and they take to ground when pursued, trotting off with their tails erect in the air, and turning round and going down their holes tail first. They have a fair mane, but the rest of the body is bare.

They are found, usually in pairs, in scrub jungle and grass, distributed over the whole country. In the northern Uaso Nyiro desert area they are scarce, and I only saw one pig, which may not have been of this species.

The Giant Pig

Kikuyu, *Giri.*

The Giant Pig is found high up in mountain forest, and he has very thick tushes, the same warty growths, and he stands some nine or ten hands high. He is usually solitary, lies up in thick undergrowth during the day, and feeds at night. I have disturbed him occasionally high up in the forests of Mount Kenia, and caught a hurried glimpse of him as he rushed off into cover. He

is also found on the Aberdare mountains. The upper tushes of the animal in the photograph, shot by Mr. G. St. J. Orde Browne, measured over 10 inches exposed, and were very massive, and the total length of the boar was some seven feet.

The Forest Hog

Hylochoerus meinertzhageni.

This pig is found on the lower slopes of Mount Kenia, in the Nandi forests, and on Laikipia in forest. He stands some 26 inches at the shoulder, and weighs about 150 lb. The tushes measure 8 inches outside the gum for a good upper one, and 4 or 5 inches outside for the lower one. He stands between the bush-pigs and the warthogs, and he has not got the large warty growths.

Giraffe

Giraffa camelopradalis. Swahili, *Twiga.* Masai, *Ol-o-ado-kiragata.* Somali, *Giri.*

The giraffe is not usually considered an animal for sportsmen, and a special licence costing £10 extra is needed to shoot a specimen. It stands about ten to twelve feet at the shoulder, and its height to the top of its head is sixteen to eighteen feet. The hide is marked with large

chestnut patches, and the bulls are darker than the cows. A bull is usually almost black, and the cows are often bright fawn. The largest pair of horns rise from between the ears, and are covered with skin. Another rudimentary pair of horns are seen in some animals, and grow from the back of the head; and a single rudimentary horn rises from the middle of the forehead.

The Kilimanjaro race, *G. c. tippelskirchi*, has the legs partly spotted, and the body markings are somewhat star-shaped. There are both five-horned and three-horned giraffes near Kilimanjaro.

The Baringo race, *G. c. rothschildi*, shows dark black spots on the bulls, and markings on the cows with peculiar rough edges.

Giraffe frequent open bush country, and they have wonderfully good sight. I found them rather tame on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, as they had probably not been hunted much there. They have a curious shuffling gait, which takes them over the ground at a good rate. Their long necks enable them to reach high up on the thorn trees for the young shoots.

They are found near Kilimanjaro, Simba, Sultan Hamud, on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, especially near the Zambo plateau, the Tana, and Baringo.

Birds

There are two birds on the game list, the marabou or marabou stork, and the egret. The ostrich (Swahili, *Buni*) used to be on the list, but it was taken off some years ago when settlers started ostrich farming. This pays very well in South Africa, where a good breed of bird has been evolved, but so far it has been little of a commercial success in British East Africa, and it is possible that the prohibition against shooting ostriches might be removed in the future. They are fairly numerous in many parts of the country, in open bush and on grassy plains; on the Athi plains at Simba, Sultan Hamud, on the Tana, on the Northern Uaso Nyiro; and some of these places are remote from the ostrich farms.

The egret is valued for its feathers, which are white and hair-like, mingled with the ordinary feathers on its back. It is found in Lake Victoria Nyanza, often sitting on pieces of floating papyrus, or on the bank. It is a large bird, all white, with long black legs not unlike a small stork; and it must not be confused with the white cattle-bird, which is smaller. One variety has yellow feet and a black bill, with a crest, and the other has black feet and a yellow bill, and is a little larger; both have

TAME MARABOU STORK, BEIRA

black legs. The bill is about three or four inches long, not so long as the bill of a stork. They are not difficult to approach.

The marabout or marabou stork (*Leptoptilus crumenifer*) is a bird not unlike the Indian ibex in appearance, with wings, back and tail black, the underparts being white, with a dirty yellow patch on the breast. The neck is bald, the bill long and broad, and of a yellow colour. At first I confused the marabou with the common stork, which migrates for the winter from Europe; this has been proved by rings attached to his legs. The common stork has not got the broad yellow bill, nor is his head bald, though he is also coloured black and white. The common stork is found in flocks, but the marabou is often solitary or in the company of vultures, as he also feeds on carrion, though he also eats fish and termites. He is usually too wary for the shotgun, and you stalk him with the rifle. The feathers which are of value are the downy white ones under the tail. There are a fair number on the Northern Uaso Nyiro.

The handsome crowned crane is common round Lake Victoria, and I have also found him near Archer's Post and on Laikipia. The crest of blue feathers is formed of shafts twisted spirally, with a few hairy barbs.

Of birds useful for the pot there are a fair number—guinea-fowl (Swahili, *Kanga*), bustard

quail, quail (Swahili, *Keregende*), sandgrouse, duck (Swahili, *Bata*), teal, and snipe. Guinea-fowl are in my opinion the best bird for the table, and in most places they are common. You can shoot them at a pinch with a rifle, and if you use solid bullets you will not spoil them so much. There are several varieties of guinea-fowl, of which I may mention the vulturine guinea-fowl, whose head and neck are naked and coloured dull lead blue; it is found on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, near the Zambo plateau, and also between Archer's Post and Rumruti; it is common in Jubaland and on the Sabaki River, and near the railway at Maungu, and between Voi and Kinani. It has bright blue feathers, as well as the usual speckled feathers of the guinea-fowl.

Quail you find in pairs in the bush, and like the Indian bird, they usually run away instead of flying. They are adepts in concealment if they are not shot dead. Sandgrouse are very numerous in the bush desert, but they are so small that they are not worth shooting. Duck and snipe are found in Lake Naivasha, Lake El Bor Lossat, and other lakes. The rivers have little cover for duck, but a reddish-brown and black duck is found in pairs, or three or four together; it resembles the Brahmini ducks of India, and like them it is indifferent eating.

I found a long-range hard-hitting twelve bore effective, as you want to kill your birds at once,

or your boys will fail to find them in the thick cover; they are not good at searching for wounded birds. Nor did they understand how to beat in a line, but after some teaching they made an attempt to do this.

In case any readers care to identify the birds they meet, they may consult Shelley's Birds of Africa, and an article by the Honourable Mr. F. J. Jackson, C.B., C.M.G., in the Journal of the East Africa and Uganda Natural History Society, Vol. I, No. 2, 1911, on the Game Birds of the Protectorate.

CHAPTER VIII

OUTFIT OF A SAFARI

When you have settled on making a shooting expedition in British East Africa, the first question to decide is the time of year to arrive. Most people come in November. They escape the English winter, and have about three months' fine weather in January, February, and March. But this is the hottest season of the year; the country is crowded with shooting parties; and the lesser rains begin in November and last through December, making camping unpleasant, and the greater rains begin towards the end of March and last till June. The best season to visit the country is probably early in June, and you may have nearly six months before the lesser rains begin. Sportsmen from India would escape the hot weather and rains there, and find British East Africa in its cool season. People from England do not come at this time, partly, I suppose, because they wish to be at home for the shooting in August and September, and partly because there is a tradition that November is the time to visit British East Africa.

There are several lines of steamers to choose

from: the Union Castle calling at Naples and Southampton; the Messageries Maritimes starting from Marseilles; the Deutsche Ost Afrika calling at Southampton; the Italian Mail line from Genoa and Naples; the P. & O. in connection with the British India, with transhipment at Aden.

The average time of the mail steamers is eighteen to fifteen days from Marseilles and Naples. The fares are from:

	Single.	Return.
First Class . . .	£48	£72
Second Class . . .	£32	£48

The Italian Mail line is the cheapest, Rs.500 from Naples or Genoa, and Rs.120 first-class rail to London, single ticket; but this line calls at a dozen ports on the way and takes nearly a month, although it has the attraction of free drinks!

Heavy baggage is taken from London to Marseilles free, and only light baggage should be taken by rail across Europe.

From Bombay to Mombassa there are two lines, the British India and the D. O. A. L., and the boats take from twelve to sixteen days, according to inclination. The fare first-class single is Rs.320.

On arrival at Mombassa customs duty of 10 per cent. *ad valorem* is levied on everything except clothing, one camera, one pair of field-glasses, and one telescope. Rifles and guns have to be taken to the Treasury and stamped, and ammunition

over 200 rounds will be detained until you get a shooting licence and a permit for the ammunition.

It is better to stay a day or two at Mombassa, and see that your heavy luggage and ammunition is cleared and despatched by goods train. I went off by train on the day I landed and relied on agents to forward me my ammunition, &c., and I did not get it for a fortnight.

Most people coming to British East Africa for the first time place themselves entirely in the hands of safari agents—and regret it afterwards: and on the next trip they do not deal with agents. The reason why agents are often found unsatisfactory is perhaps that they undertake to fit out more safaris than they can manage, and there is not enough competition to keep up a high standard of work. Most sportsmen coming to British East Africa fall into one of two classes—firstly, those to whom money is no object, who come out from Europe or America for a short time, who have usually no previous experience of big game shooting, and who do not wish to take much trouble. These persons find it easier to leave matters to one of the firms of outfitters, and to employ a white hunter.

The second class of sportsmen, to whom most of my readers from India belong, have had some experience of shooting big game and are accustomed to camp life, and are not averse to making the necessary arrangements themselves and saving

the expense of employing agents. I may note that the lump sum agents charge for running a safari, exclusive of wines and licence fees, is £100 per gun per month in the field, but I found it cost me less than half that amount.

Porters

Having settled on the approximate date you will arrive at Mombassa, you should write some three or four months in advance for twenty-five Swahili or Wanyamwezi porters to meet you there on arrival, or thirty-five porters if there are two sportsmen. The pay of these porters will be Rs.10 a month, and posho (1½ lb. of mealie meal a day, say Rs.2 a month), also a blanket at R.1, and a water-bottle at R.1. These Swahili and Wanyamwezi seem expensive compared with the Wameru and Kikuyu, who get Rs.5 or less a month, but they will stay with you for all your trip of four or six months; and they should be made to sign an agreement to that effect before the magistrate at Mombassa. These porters will be supplied to you by the agents of the line you travel by; Messrs. Smith, Mackenzie & Co. are agents for the British India line, the British East Africa Corporation are agents for the Union Castle, &c.

Do not have a professional "headman," who is a scoundrel supplied by the safari agents on Rs.25 a month, rice and sugar, &c. extra, and

what he can screw out of the porters. The Swahili and Wanyamwezi will choose one of themselves as headman, and you may give him Rs.2 a month extra, though having a headman at all is rather unnecessary. The twenty-five Mombassa porters act as a backbone for your safari. Their fare to Nairobi is Rs.6.91 each, and as you will probably stop at Tsavo, Simba, Sultan Hamud, &c. on the way, it is better to bring porters from Mombassa. In Nairobi it is very difficult to get porters, and the local people are Kikuyu of a very bad type, well known as bolters. Make it clear in your letter ordering the porters that you want Swahili and Wanyamwezi, and that you will not pay the Rs.3 commission per head for Kikuyu or Wameru who have wandered down to Mombassa. You will recognise these tribes by the holes in their ears. Four of them were palmed off on me as Swahili, and they bolted at once.

When you arrive in Mombassa, if you select the Tana Valley trip to start with, you may write to the District Commissioner of Fort Hall to kindly supply you with fifteen or twenty Kikuyu on the date you expect to arrive there; it is 67 miles, or four days' march, from Nairobi. It is quite easy to get porters at most stations away from Nairobi, and I always found District Commissioners most obliging. These Fort Hall porters get Rs.5 a month and a blanket, but they do not like to stay for more than two months. Your Mombassa

porters should be able to carry your outfit from Nairobi, and you will get little "merikani" bags for each man holding up to six days' posho. Buy as little posho as possible at Nairobi, as Rs.5 per 60 lb. load is charged there, and in outstations it is half this price, or less, if you know how to bargain with the wily Indian shopkeeper. I got posho at Meru for Rs.1.25 plus 0.50 for the bags, which the shopkeeper took back at the same price; and merikani bags were 0.25 cents. But do not neglect to examine and weigh everything you buy in Indian shops, as they sometimes give short weight, take half the oil out of a tin, &c.

The twenty porters you add on at Fort Hall carry posho, and you use about a load a day, so you may send some porters back for posho occasionally. After two months or less you may get more porters from another station, and send your Fort Hall men home.

You require about one tent for six Mombassa porters, say four tents for the twenty-five, and two tents for the Kikuyu. I got these little single fly tents, weighing about 15 lb. each, for Rs.4 each in the Indian bazaar at Nairobi, and the agents charge Rs.5 plus commission. These tents can also be got in Mombassa. You should get six "safurias" or cooking-pots for porters at about Rs.3.50 each in the Indian shops.

Gun-boy

Only one gun-boy is required, but by a vicious custom a second gun-boy is sometimes thrust upon you. Another idea is that Somalis are by far the best gun-boys. This idea is chiefly held by the Somalis. Some time before I visited British East Africa I read an article in the *Pioneer* newspaper, in which the writer said he would rather trust to raw natives in British East Africa than to the professional gun-boy supplied; and what I have heard from other sportsmen, and my own experience convinces me that he was right. The best gun-bearers are Wanderobo, a hunting tribe, as they are born trackers and have the instinct of finding game; the Nairobi gun-boys have only the instinct of finding bakshish. Wanderobo may sometimes be got in out-stations, but seldom in Nairobi. I have come across an excellent Swahili gun-bearer who was also a good tracker, and his pay was Rs.40 a month. Captain Dickinson used Masai gun-bearers, but I do not think you could get them very easily now, as the Masai are no longer recruited for the King's African Rifles. Somali gun-boys demand Rs.75 per month, and rice, sugar and ghi, which comes to about Rs.25 more; they also expect boots, clothes, hats, and try to get you to give them the skins of any buffalo you shoot by representing it is the custom, which

is not so. The Somali is not a natural tracker, and he understands no method of shooting game except stalking. He speaks English well, and possibly other European languages as well, and this appeals to the sportsman new to the country. But if you employ a gun-boy who does not know English you will soon pick up enough Swahili (which is the lingua franca) to make yourself understood. Gun-boys are not good judges of the size of heads; but if you have shot antelope or gazelle in other countries, you will have little difficulty in estimating the heads of game in this country.

Wakamba gun-bearers are pretty good, much the same as Swahili. I tried Kikuyu and Wameru gun-bearers, but they were not much good, except in one case, as they have too little pluck. One thing which puts most people against Somalis is their conceit and general insolence; they consider themselves as good as "Europeans," and never refer to them by the word other races use, "Bwana," that is, Master or Sahib. Also, they are always trying to induce you to buy things, so as to get a secret commission.

Cook and Bearer

If you have friends in the country, it would be desirable to ask them beforehand to engage a gun-boy; or you may get one from the agents, their

fee being Rs.18; or you may select one on arrival, as you will select your cook and bearer, or personal boy. I had a Waganda cook and boy, and I paid them Rs.25 each per month; in a station their wages would be about Rs.15, but they expect more on safari. I had been informed that they would eat posho, but I soon found that they ate my stores, so I provided them with rice and sugar, which came to about Rs.10 each per month, as they did not entertain all their friends on the road like the Somali.

In this country it is an idea among the natives that it is a swagger thing to eat rice, which is very dear, as it has to be imported from India. In India, where it is cheap, your servants scarcely ever eat it. I think it is a mistake to bring one's cook and bearer from India, as they do not know the language or the country; they usually want about Rs.40 per mensem and food, and they are no better than the boys you get in the country for Rs.25; the steamer fare is Rs.60 third class single, in addition to railway fare at each end. They would probably get ill in the damper climate, and in the cold of the highlands. This is the experience of some officers from India who are serving in this country, though sportsmen from India sometimes bring their servants with them. Most of the servants from India in Nairobi are Goanese.

Safari agents, besides adding a second gun-boy and headman, want you to take two or more

"askaris," or armed orderlies; they are absolutely unnecessary, and to see sportsmen imposed on in this way is a cause of much amusement to people living in the country. Any messages can be taken by your porters, and as soon as you have marched for a few days and eaten a few bags of posho, there are always men without loads. Each of the seven boys prescribed by the agents requires two porters to carry his bedding and rice, if you are going out for a long safari; and these fourteen porters require other porters to carry their posho; so a safari organised on these lines is expensive and unwieldy. I cannot help thinking that this extraordinary system, which prevails nowhere else in the world, has been got up by agents with a view to the commission they charge for each boy —Rs.18 for a gun-boy, and so on.

In addition to your gun-boy, you employ local guides at different places. Thus I had two Kikuyu to show me buffalo in the Tana Valley, and guides from M'Bogole's village who undertook to show me elephant on Mount Kenia, Lumbwa at Muhoroni, and Kavirondo on Lake Victoria. These men usually know something about tracking.

The meat of animals you kill is usually given to porters in addition to their posho. If, however, you are going on a trip where posho is difficult to obtain, porters may take a less allowance of posho when you give them meat, but you must get them

to agree to this when you engage them. Though Swahili are Mahommadans, they do not want to "halal" the animal under its neck, as Indian Muslims do, but they are content to cut the animal's throat between its forelegs, and this does not spoil the headskin. They seem to be less strict in their religion, as only one of my Swahilis ever said any prayers. Porters much prefer goats to any game, and they are now so saucy they will no longer eat zebra, though some years ago they were fond of it. Kikuyu also eat meat, but Wameru do not. Indian sportsmen will find porters better on the whole than those you get in the Indian hills; though Swahili and Wanyamwezi are apt to become lazy, and do little but stuff themselves with meat, smoke cigarettes, and gamble, if you do not keep a firm hand on them. Wameru and sometimes Kikuyu are apt to run away, so I found it advisable to engage them for short terms only, and give them no advances of wages.

Animal Transport: Camels

The reason why you have to take porters, who are expensive and troublesome to feed, is that all animals are liable to die from tsetse fly, which infects practically all the country more or less. When the fly bites an animal, its blood seems to lose strength and turn to water, and when rain

comes it dies. No method of inoculation has so far been discovered, but as soon as inoculation becomes successful animal transport will doubtless supplant the porter, except on the very hilly roads round Kenia and in the Aberdares.

Camels are best for the Uaso Nyiro and for the Guaso Nyiro ; and they might also be used on the Tana River, but it would be rather difficult to get them over the hilly roads leading to it. They are always used for the trip to Marsabit, and in Juba-land. They can be obtained from Somali trading safaris coming up the Uaso Nyiro from Kismayu, as these people bring up cattle to sell, and then return by boat from Mombassa ; or from safaris coming down from Abyssinia through Marsabit. If you are in a hurry, these people will probably ask you to pay Rs.200 or so for each camel ; if you bargain with them you may reduce the price to Rs.150, and about Rs.125 is a fair price, though in Marsabit or Kismayu I believe they can be got for half that sum. You might purchase camels through the Government Transport Clerk (a Somali) at Archer's Post, Meru district, or through Aladin Vishram, Naivasha, on the Uganda Railway ; or wait shooting on the Uaso Nyiro till a safari comes along wanting to sell camels. Camels carry about six or seven loads, and even ten at a pinch, though the Government amount is four loads. They cost nothing to feed, as they only eat branches. I used Swahili porters on Rs.10 a

month as camel boys, and they did just as well as Somalis on Rs.20, plus rice, sugar, and ghi. You should bring about 60 feet of half-inch rope from Nairobi to tie on each camel's load, and you buy mats with the camels. You may also put the porters' tents under the loads to prevent the camels getting sore backs, and a light canvas cover to keep the rain off each camel might be brought. The kind of rope bags on a framework of wood used in India called "khajawahs" would save much trouble in tying on loads, but they would have to be brought from India.

Camels march a little slower than porters, but as they do not stop to rest the rate of progress is about the same. They are necessary if you want to follow elephant into the bush desert. One camel carries a couple of porters' tents, your bedding, a groundsheet, a bag of posho, a gun-case and a chop-box; and another carries two water-tanks—large petroleum tins which you get with the camels. Thus equipped, you take only three or four porters and a gun-boy, and you can go for two or three days with the water you carry. For the trip to Marsabit six camels might be bought, and for the other trips three or four will do. Some of the camels will probably die from tsetse fly, but one camel does the work of twelve or fourteen porters on a trip where posho cannot be got, as half your porters have to carry posho. So the camels are cheaper in the end. You

should always camp at a distance from the rivers, as there is more fly near their banks. I was able to spend a couple of months down the Uaso Nyiro, as I bought three camels, and I only kept twenty porters; ten would have been sufficient.

Donkeys

Donkeys may also be used when posho cannot be obtained. A donkey carries two loads; you should get panniers of rope network to save their backs. The proper price is Rs.30 or so, but they can sometimes be bought from Semboro on the Uaso Nyiro for less. They can be bought at Nairobi, and at some stations. Donkeys go rather slowly, so it would be best to make your porters carry the things you want to fix up camp, and the donkeys would carry posho mostly and arrive later. Donkeys are not immune to tsetse, but there are different kinds of infection, and the tsetse in a place may be fatal to camels and not fatal to donkeys, and vice versa.

Mules

Mules are rather too expensive to use as transport, but they can be bought in Nairobi. Some sportsmen buy a riding mule, which costs Rs.300 or so, but I found I soon got hardened to marching. This, however, is a matter which depends

very much on the physical fitness of the sportsman. Of course if mules did not usually die from fly, it would be better to get one, but as far as I have observed the worry of constantly looking after the mule to see if he is going to die or not seems to be more than the advantage he is worth. And your men will make better marches if you are also marching with them. If a mule is taken, get a leather gun-bucket, and have "Ds" on the saddle to attach your water-bottle.

Ox Waggon

An ox waggon drawn by sixteen oxen can usually be hired at Rs.16 a day at Kijabe station from Mr. W. Russel Bauker of Escarpment. This will take you on the Southern Guaso Nyiro trip for three or four weeks, and not more than six to ten porters need be taken in addition. The waggon carries fifty loads, and it can go to most places down the Guaso Nyiro where there isn't fly, and you can take your porters and go off for a few days using it as a base. It saves a lot of trouble, and the Dutch driver is useful to you. The drawback is that as the Nairobi agents try to arrange for more safaris than they can provide porters for, they send a lot of safaris down the Guaso Nyiro in ox waggons, and the country is rather shot out. An ox waggon may also be used for the trip to Baringo from Nakuru

station, but I believe in wet weather the roads there are sometimes too bad for an ox waggon to traverse them.

White hunters are a luxury for wealthy sportsmen, as they charge from £50 to £90 (and even £150) a month, and require a pony or mule if the sportsman has one. They are frequently settlers who have had experience of shooting. They are useful to take charge of all arrangements for a large party, but they are not hunters in the same sense as the guides hired for shooting in the Rocky Mountains. For people who have never shot big game it is doubtless a comfort to know that you have a man beside you who will shoot a dangerous animal if it charges; and probably on some safaris white hunters do the shooting on other occasions also.

Stores

I have given a list in the Appendix of stores for one person for two months, and this may be varied according to taste. These stores fill about four chop-boxes, with your cooking-pots, and this is the most you should start out with. When this amount is exhausted, you may purchase more stores from the Indian shops at any district headquarters, Fort Hall, Embu, Nyeri, Meru, Rumruti, &c.; or you may send in porters to Nairobi with skins and heads to bring out more stores. In

Nairobi stores may be purchased in any of the grocery shops, but it is better to buy stores in London and ship them out to the agents of the line you travel by two or three months in advance. It will cost you less, and you will have fresh stores of good quality, whereas some of the things I bought from European shops in Nairobi were bad. The load for a porter is 60 lb., so stores should be packed in wooden chop-boxes weighing this amount when full.

Tents may be bought in British East Africa, but they are expensive, about Rs.200, and weigh about 120 lb., as they have wooden poles instead of bamboo, and are too large. I think one eighty-pound tent should be bought for yourself, and one forty-pound tent for your cook and boys. Green Willesden canvas is good for the damp climate. Such tents are easily obtainable in India, where the art of making tents is well understood; they can also be bought in London.

The Elgin Mills, Cawnpore, make excellent tents. I brought a couple of eighty-pound tents from India which I had used for years, and they did me very well, though a safari agent assured me they would not stand the climate. For marching light after elephant, a couple of porters' tents may be taken, but they do not keep out rain. Mr. Leslie Simson, who has done a good deal of elephant hunting, recommended a very light tent, 24 lb. weight, of paraffin oiled silk, or, better still

of tanalite, a specially prepared canvas, as the paraffin is a little apt to run in a hot sun. This tent is sold by Messrs. Abercrombie & Fritz, Reade Street, New York City, for about thirty dollars. Camp furniture should of course be light. I brought a Roorkee chair, a folding-table with canvas top, canvas wash-stand and bath combined, and a dhurrie from India, which I eventually discarded for a ground-sheet. I got an Elliot pattern folding-bed for Rs.20 in Nairobi; it is better than the iron sort, as it can be easily repaired, and it can be also used as a machan. I brought a ground-sheet, and a water-bottle I got from the military stores department in India, and a set of aluminium cooking-pots; your cook will insist on buying a huge kettle and saucepans in Nairobi in addition. I recommend a collapsible drinking-cup of aluminium to carry in your cartridge-bag, and they cannot be got in Nairobi. A good cartridge-bag should be bought, which has a pocket to hold some lunch; it is not worth while carrying a tiffin basket except for a party. For a light emergency ration, always carry chocolate in a tin in the cartridge-bag, and some biscuits. Tabloid tea and saccharine might be carried, but a small kettle would be required.

A mosquito net should be brought, dyed green, as you may want to use it in a boma or machan; if necessary you can dye one brown by using permanganate. Poles are not needed, as you

fasten the net to your tent. Flies are scarcely ever so bad that you need to dine under a mosquito curtain, though I think I used my net for this purpose once. Three camp lanterns of the ordinary hurricane type provided sufficient light, though an acetylene lamp may be carried if you wish to read at night. Most people are too tired to read, and the bright light attracts insects. Swahili porters usually provide themselves with knives, but you may bring a few hunting knives, besides a good set of skinning knives. If you wish to weigh your game, a 300 lb. Salter's spring balance may be brought. Two steel tape-measures are needed for measuring heads.

Two small tin trunks, weighing 60 lb. each when full, should carry all your papers, clothes, medicines, &c. I have put a list of medical stores for a six months' trip in the Appendix, and you can purchase more at the district dispensaries if required. Water in the uplands of British East Africa is usually good, but sometimes you camp at places where the only water is a muddy ditch. It is advisable to have a Berkenfeldt filter with a spare part; I also ordered water sterilizing tablets, but I do not think they are necessary. A sparklet syphon, size B for one person, with a felt cover, and fifteen dozen sparklets should be taken. I think the best drink in camp is lime juice, as it helps to remedy the want of vegetable food; half a dozen

bottles may be taken, and more lime juice and sparklets may be purchased from the Indian shops on tour. Three or four bottles of whisky will probably suffice for most people.

Watches often go wrong in the jungle—probably gun-metal watches are best; a small clock might also be taken. I use a combined compass and sundial which I bought years ago for Rs.3 from Friend & Co. of Muttra, and it has never gone wrong; in any case a compass should be carried. A plentiful supply of writing-paper, stamps, a fountain pen and ink tabloids, and a large blank book for a diary and record of game shot should be taken.

Maps can be bought from the Survey Office, Nairobi, or from Mr. Edward Stanford, London, or other agents for War Office maps. Send for Africa sheet 94–95 (Kilimanjaro), and sheet 87 (Boran), and sheet 93, the Lake Victoria Nyanza area, scale 1·041 inches to 16 miles, which practically cover all British East Africa. Maps of the Tana Valley, &c., can be purchased on a larger scale from the Survey Office, Nairobi.

Clothes depend very much on individual taste, but beware of taking too much. After providing breeches with leather knee-caps for crawling in the bush, I found that I always wore shorts, which may be bought in the country, and four pairs are enough; two pairs of Fox's spiral putties; six khaki shirts with spine pads; two khaki coats

with a back pad; one pigsticker topi, and one double terai felt hat; nine pairs of thick woollen socks—thin ones are no use for marching; one waterproof and one umbrella, as it rains often. Up Kenia I found a sweater comfortable in the evening, as it was very cold. Bedding may consist of a rug, two blankets, one pair of sheets, two pillows, a rizai or light mattress, two pairs of pyjamas, and a ground-sheet and holdall. Boots are a most important item on a shooting trip, especially in British East Africa, where places vary very much. For general marching I recommend three pairs of strong ammunition boots, brown colour, slightly large, so as to be comfortable with thick socks; for wet marshy ground, early morning stalks in long grass, and rainy weather, a pair of gum boots, obtainable from Messrs. Maxwell, Brady and Co., Nairobi; for stalking on hard dry ground, not rocky, such as the Uaso Nyiro bush jungle, two pairs of sambhur skin boots with rope soles, supplied by the North-West Tannery Co., Cawnpore; and some spare soles may also be bought, with nails to attach them.

A thermos flask is useful, but it should have a good cover to keep it from getting broken. I brought a "chagal," or canvas water-bottle holding eight gallons, from the Army and Navy Stores, Bombay. A camera should also be brought, and twelve dozen films, as it is most interesting to keep records of the various animals you shoot

and the people you see. I had a Kodak camera, postcard size, with a Goerz lens. I developed my own films as I went along, taking only small rytol developing tabloids, some hypo, a piece of red paper for the lantern, and using the cook's dishes. There are two or three photographers in Nairobi who develop films, but if there is delay in sending films in they are apt to go bad in tropical climates. If photographs of live animals in the bush are wanted, a telephoto lens is needed, but some experience in working this lens is required. Most excellent photographs of live animals have been taken by Mr. A. R. Dugmore, *Camera Adventures in the African Wilds;* by Professor Schillings, *With Flashlight and Rifle in Wildest Africa;* and by Mr. R. J. Cunninghame: and one can scarcely hope to rival these artists when on an expedition intended primarily for shooting.

As it is desirable to pick up a little Swahili as soon as possible, you should send for the little *Swahili Vocabulary* published for R.1 by the *East African Standard*, Nairobi, and read it up on the voyage to Mombassa. You never know when you may run short of cash when travelling, so I used to carry twenty-five sovereigns in a hollow leather bracelet on my upper arm. There are two banks in Nairobi, with either of which an account may be opened, the National Bank of India and the Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd. In out-stations District Commissioners will usually

cash cheques on Nairobi banks without commission, as it saves Government the cost of transport to Nairobi of rupees collected in hut tax. These cheques are made payable to the Treasurer, East African Protectorate. The station-masters on the Uganda Railway will also cash cheques if an arrangement is made with the railway authorities. Indian officers on furlough can draw furlough pay from the Treasury at Nairobi, and if you send your last pay certificate to your Nairobi bankers they will do this for you. The currency of the country is rupees (Indian money), divided into one hundred cents, nice clean nickel coins with a hole in them, tied with string in bunches of a hundred or fifty. You should take about Rs.15 in cents—no small weight—to buy bananas, &c., from the villagers.

Your letters may be sent to the postmaster, Nairobi, to forward to the different districts you are camping in; or you may ask agents to do this, though my own experience was that they did not take the trouble to do it correctly.

CHAPTER IX

ARMS AND AMMUNITION

So divergent are the theories held about the choice of weapons, that I must prefix my remarks by saying that I merely wish to indicate to the novice some points about rifles for big game, and more experienced sportsmen who have their own views on the subject may omit this chapter. In India sportsmen as a rule use heavy rifles for dangerous game, but experienced sportsmen in Africa often prefer lighter weapons. I think one reason is that Indian jungles are much denser than the African bush. For buffalo, however, I believe that all sportsmen use heavy rifles, and I personally prefer a heavy rifle for all big game, including lions. One point about a rifle for big game in Africa is that great penetrating power is needed for elephant, hippo, rhino, and buffalo; as the low-pressure cordite and black powder ·577, ·450, ·500 bore express rifles, the ball and shot guns, and shot guns with lethal bullets, which are effective in India against tiger, would fail to penetrate the tough hides and massive skulls of these African animals. I brought a double-barrelled modified cordite ·577 as a second heavy rifle, but I never used it; and I do not think a

second heavy rifle is required, or that your gun-boy would be able to hit anything with it, in case you were being charged.

A high velocity cordite rifle is required, of ·450 or ·470 bore, double-barrelled, and a hammerless ejector if possible. There is no restriction on the importation of the ·450 rifle into British East Africa, but it is not allowed in Uganda. I used a ·450 double-barrelled hammerless ejector, 70 grains cordite and 480 grains bullet, by Messrs. Thomas Bland & Co. of London, and I lost nothing I hit with it except one lioness, which was slightly wounded while I was attending to another, and in general one shot was sufficient. I think cordite should be used in Africa, as more power is needed, though in India I always use axite, which does the barrels less harm. The ·577 and ·600 bore double-barrelled cordite rifles are sometimes used for the body shot for elephant, but they are not required for anything else, and elephant are so scarce that these rifles are not necessary, and they are very heavy for the gun-boy to carry.

For lesser game a cordite magazine rifle is required, and there are many on the market. I used a ·350 Mauser Rigby, firing 37 grains cordite and 310 grain bullet, but though useful for a second rifle for lion, &c., this was rather a heavy bullet and high trajectory for ordinary antelope and gazelle. I am now having the sights adjusted for the lighter bullet for this rifle, which I believe

has a velocity of 2,600 feet per second; this is called the ·350 No. 2 cartridge with pointed bullet. The Magnum Mauser Rigby ·350 has a still greater velocity. The ·318 Westley Richards, with, I think, a 250 grain bullet, is used a good deal in Africa, as it has, like the Mauser Rigby, good penetration, and it is used for the head shot for elephant with success. One make of Winchester rifle has also got this quality of penetration, and this rifle can have another cartridge put into the breech without taking the rifle from the shoulder; it is the ·300 bore Winchester, with the United States Government 1903 model cartridge of 220 grains. Of late years rifles such as the Ross have been produced with velocities up to 3,000 feet per second, giving a straight sight up to 500 yards. No doubt this is very attractive, and I must confess that when I missed it was nearly always from taking a wrong elevation. And if you like a fine sight at 100 yards, with a rather low velocity, you are apt to fire over an animal when you get a shot quite close in cover, say at twenty yards. In regard to the very high velocities of 3,000 feet per second and so on, I have been told by sportsmen who have used these rifles that the makers have not managed to make the bullets sufficiently hard, and that the great velocity caused even solid bullets to fly into splinters from the impact on an animal's skin, without penetrating it at all; and similarly if the

bullet hit any small twig or branch on the way. It is also stated that bullets under 220 grains are too light to give a sufficient wound to prevent an animal escaping in the bush. The ·355 Mannlicher or Mannlicher-Schoneur, firing a bullet about 230 grains, which is well known in India and the United States, is not much used in British East Africa. The ·256 Mannlicher-Schoneur and the ·275 Mauser Rigby are considered rather too small bores for anything except the smaller antelope and gazelles. I started my shooting in India with a ·256 Mannlicher, and a very accurate little weapon it was; and though the blackbuck I hit usually ran away wounded, I nearly always managed to get them, as the country was open fields. But an animal which gets away wounded in the African bush is very liable to be lost, and it is not sportsmanlike to use a rifle which will not bring down your game if hit behind the shoulder. For shooting dikdik the magazine rifle may be used with solid bullets, so as not to spoil the animal for the pot. A shotgun may be brought for birds, which are plentiful in most places except on the mountains, and form an agreeable change from the eternal antelope and gazelle. Dikdik may also be killed by a hard-hitting shotgun. I used a double-barrelled hammerless 12 bore, with 32 inch barrels, both fully choke, taking the $3\frac{1}{4}$ inch cartridge, and I found its hard-hitting qualities useful, as guinea-fowl and quail were apt to be lost in the

grass except they were absolutely knocked over. Some people prefer a very small-bore rifle, say a ·22 bore, to a shotgun, but I do not see much point in it, as I think few people can shoot birds on the wing with a rifle.

A useful thing to have for your magazine rifle is a silencer, if you mean to go much after elephant, as you want to shoot for meat, and it is undesirable to make a noise.

Most people find themselves unable to hit anything with a heavy cordite rifle when they try it first, and this is perhaps one reason why some sportsmen use light or medium rifles for dangerous game. It is not good for the rifle to use it much with a full charge, so what you may do is to take 50 cartridges with a lighter bullet and lighter charge of axite; say for the ·450 bore H. V. rifle a bullet of ·376 grains and a charge of 46 grains axite, and practise with these cartridges on kongoni, zebra, &c., instead of using your magazine rifle.

The amount of ammunition you may import is not limited, and I recommend the following for a six months' shoot with the weapons I used—

·350 bore soft-nosed split cartridges . .	400
„ „ solid cartridges	75
·450 bore soft-nosed split cartridges . .	50
„ „ solid cartridges	50
„ „ soft-nosed split cartridges, light charge and bullet . . .	50
12 bore shot-gun, No. 2 shot cartridges .	50
„ „ No. 4 shot cartridges .	500

I do not think a revolver is necessary, though I took one and 100 rounds with me. I prefer soft-nosed split cartridges to soft-nosed, as I found that soft-nosed sometimes jammed in the breech of a magazine rifle; because the very soft lead of the head, being unprotected, is apt to catch if the bolt is pushed forward too quickly. I was told by a safari agent that soft-nosed bullets inflict a more severe wound than soft-nosed split bullets, but my experience did not show this. Cartridges for all ordinary bores can be bought in Nairobi, but it is a little cheaper to have them shipped from London, and you are sure they are fresh. You should order them to be packed in sealed tin boxes with the contents marked on the outside, and these tins to be placed in two wooden boxes.

A plentiful supply of cleaning rods and brushes, nitroclene, gun-oil, and vaseline should be brought. Gun-boys are fairly careful about cleaning rifles, but you should have the barrels shown to you daily after cleaning.

Many people bring telescopic sights for their rifles, but I have not yet met a sportsman who found them satisfactory. I think the trouble arises from several causes. Firstly, telescopic sights get out of order very easily. Secondly, many people find their focus so close to the end of the sight that the rifle is held loosely in an unnatural position, and sometimes it hits the bridge of the nose in its recoil. Thirdly, I think that the

different points at which the different people find their focus makes a difference in the sighting of the rifle, and what is correct sighting for one man may not be correct for another. As it is rarely necessary to shoot at distances of over 150 yards, and with a little trouble 60 or 70 yards may be reached, telescopic sights are not much required for British East Africa.

Aperture backsights are much liked by people who are accustomed to them, as they find that the eye places the foresight in the centre of the aperture without conscious effort, and only the foresight has to be aligned on the animal, and the aperture does not obscure your view of it.

You should have your rifles re-sighted before starting on safari; this can be done, I believe, at Nairobi at various gunshops. And if you have not been doing much shooting lately, a morning's practice with your rifles on a range would be a good thing. As not more than 200 rounds of ammunition may be imported without a licence, you may arrange to take out your licence at Mombassa at the office of the District Commissioner, and he will grant you a permit for the ammunition. Otherwise it may be consigned to the District Commissioner, Nairobi, and you take out your licence and permit there.

I do not think that a telescope is of much use in British East Africa, but two pairs of field-glasses, say X8, may be taken, one for yourself

and one for your gun-boy. It is a good thing to have an 8 feet or 9 feet fishing-rod if you are at all keen on that sport, and in any case a rod will enable your boys to catch fish for the table, as fish are plentiful in the rivers. My cook did quite good execution with a string and bent pin.

CHAPTER X

SAFARI ROUTES AND GAME ON THEM

On my arrival in British East Africa I found great difficulty in obtaining information which would enable me to make a satisfactory tour of about six months, as the existing books seemed out of date, and the safari agents send all their safaris to the same place, which soon becomes crowded and shot out. Eventually I started out with no definite route arranged, and by good luck I chanced on the best shooting ground in the country, which is not generally visited. I have endeavoured to tabulate the different shooting grounds as far as my knowledge and information from other sportsmen goes, and I hope it will enable sportsmen to select a suitable route according to the time at their disposal and the game they wish to shoot. It is to be noted that most animals inhabit a particular locality, and you should visit different places for different animals.

I. *The Northern Uaso Nyiro to Merti.*

This is, I think, the best shooting ground now. It requires at least two months' time, and it has

the drawback of being a long way off, and rather low-lying and hot. Still, the amount of game you get makes up for the inconvenience. You may go from Nairobi by Fort Hall, and Meru or Nyeri to Archer's Post, some fourteen days' march; or you may go from Gilgil or Naivasha station to Rumruti, four days' march, fifty-eight miles, having a try for hippo, Neumann's hartebeest, and also Tommy, zebra, waterbuck, on the way near Lake El Bor Lossat. Camels are required, and three or four might be got at Naivasha or Rumruti if there is a Somali safari wanting to sell them. If not, some more porters may be recruited at Gilgil, as they cannot be obtained at Rumruti since the civil station has been closed. Two days' march from Rumruti down the Uaso Narok that river unites with the Uaso Nyiro, and with the help of local guides the safari may march one day east following a small stream which is met a little below the junction of the two rivers. The Uaso Nyiro is again reached by another day's march north-east, and this route cuts out a large bend of the river where it passes through very difficult country. Archer's Post lies on the Uaso Nyiro, about eight days' long march from Rumruti. There is not much shooting on this march, as the north bank of the Uaso Nyiro is the boundary of the Northern Game Reserve, but oryx beisa, rhino, and some lions are found on the south bank, and I also got a greater kudu. Near Archer's Post there are

some eland, and marabou storks are common. Two marches farther down the Uaso Nyiro is a posho hut, which I have called Camp Rooseveldt on my map, as the Ex-President stayed there. There are numerous lions on the south side of the river in this neighbourhood, especially near a swamp, and there are some buffalo on the north side. The safari should march on the north bank of the river, as the south side is very rocky; and even on the north side it is necessary to diverge from the river in some places, as the map indicates. A day's march down the river there is another posho hut where a depot may be made, and two marches below this hut are the Chanler Falls. One march below Chanler Falls is a good shooting neighbourhood, which I have marked Campi Simba, the camp of the lion, as there were several families of lions about this place. Small herds of elephants came down to the river to drink at night, and they retired ten or twenty miles into the bush next morning. Near this camp there were lesser kudu and numerous gerenuk, also impala, beisa oryx, giraffe, leopard and cheetah. Buffalo were found near the river and in a grassy hollow ten miles north of it; and a fifty-inch head had recently been shot here.

From Campi Simba a day may be saved by marching north-east into the bush, guided by three rocky koppies, and from them the track turns east to meet the river again. There is no trail along

the bend of the river, and the bush is very dense. Water is not found on the twenty-five miles' march except sometimes in little pools near the koppies, so the safari should carry water. A narrow strip of bush lies between Merti escarpment and the river, and in this bush I saw lesser kudu and gerenuk, and heard leopard and lion. Beyond Merti a great bare plain stretches for thirty miles, and on it dwell the Boran with their herds of goats and sheep and a few camels. In the Appendix I have given a list of Boran words which I hope will be useful, as it is difficult to get boys who know this language. I saw some Grant's gazelles with fine heads and Grevy's zebra on this plain, but not much other game. Four days' march beyond the Boran the road to Wahjir branches off, and there are Somalis of doubtful character on the way. A day's march farther on comes the Lorian Swamp. The accounts of the quantity of game near the Lorian Swamp seem to me to have been exaggerated, and although elephant have been shot there they seem to move about a good deal. I quote the following description of the neighbourhood of the Lorian Swamp given by Mr. J. N. Dracopoli in a letter to the *Leader*, dated 20th March 1913:

"The river Uaso Nyiro enters the main Lorian Swamp in longitude 39° 35′ East, and divides into three channels, of which the northern and southern branches were dry when I saw them. The main

channel is well defined, and winds its way for some twenty-four miles, at first through dense reeds and then through tall and coarse grass, until it emerges once more into an open plain at a place called Malka Waja. In the dry season the belt of reeds and grass is about two miles in breadth on the northern bank, and about eight miles on the southern bank; but the marshy area is probably much extended during the rains. A dry river-bed runs into the swamp from the low hills, over which there is a trail to Wajheir. After emerging from the main Lorian Swamp the river, now much diminished in size, runs for five miles through a flat alluvial plain, when it enters another small swamp some three miles long by one broad. The river banks are lined on both sides by thorn trees here. After leaving this swamp the river gradually grows shallower until, after some twelve miles, permanent water finally ends at a series of small pools, known to the natives as Madeli. The dry river-bed, however, continues right down to Afmadu, and after an exceptionally wet rainy season water has been known to flow all the way down. The fact that there are a number of wells at Afmadu sunk in the river-bed, and other indications, point almost certainly to an underground flow of water, and it is very evident that though much of the water of the Uaso Nyiro is lost at the Lorian Swamp, the greater part sinks underground, and flows thus into the Deshek

Wama in Jubaland." If the route through Meru to the Uaso Nyiro is selected, it is necessary to apply for permission to the Provincial Commissioner of Nyeri, as Meru is a native reserve. I heard that the route on the north bank of the Uaso Nyiro was going to be closed, but doubtless permission would be granted at Nairobi to go down it.

II. *The Southern Guaso Nyiro and Sotik.*

This trip takes from a month and half to two months, and an ox waggon may be hired from Kijabe station, or camels may be used. Six to ten porters should also be taken, and it will then be possible to go for two or three days away from the waggon to places where the oxen cannot go on account of tsetse fly. From the Loita plains the route lies to Sotik Post, which used to be a district headquarters. There is a fair selection of game to be obtained—topi, wildebeest, Thomson's, Robert's, Grant's gazelles, waterbuck, impala, rhino, oribi, klipspringer, reedbuck of both species, and a few lion. Roan have been shot across the Amala River near the German border, and there are buffalo on the southern Loita plains. On the Mau escarpment there are a few greater kudu. From the Sotik safaris may go to the Amala River, and from there to Kericho, and thence to Lumbwa station on the Uganda Railway. On the

Amala River there is a European store for posho. Mr. Cunninghame has given a brief note on this route in the East African handbook. There are usually a large number of safaris on the Guaso Nyiro, as the agents send people there for whom they cannot provide porters.

III. *The Tana Valley.*

This is the best trip for buffalo. One route lies by way of Fort Hall, sixty-seven miles, or four days' march from Nairobi; and porters for posho may be supplied by the District Commissioner of Fort Hall. The safari crosses the Tana River by the iron bridge on the road to Embu, and a fortnight may be spent between the Tana and Zeba rivers. There is a large herd of buffalo on this plain, and another at a swamp; eland, impala, lion, hippo, rhino, waterbuck, common zebra, and hartebeest are also to be seen. Another route is to leave the Blue Post Hotel, halfway on the Fort Hall road, and go down the right bank of the Tana; there are not so many buffalo, but other game, including duiker, is more numerous, and greater kudu are occasionally shot on the Hata hills. If buffalo are not seen in the Tana Valley they may be found at Embu, two days' march or twenty-nine miles from Fort Hall. There are several large herds near Embu, and their tracks are often seen crossing the road.

IV. *The Yata Plains.*

This short trip may be done from Kapiti Plains station with about twenty-five porters. Machakos lies one march to the east, and as this is a native reserve it is necessary to apply for permission to enter it to the Provincial Commissioner of Nairobi. Another two marches leads to the Athi River, and beyond it lie the Yata plains in Kitui district, where there are buffalo, eland, Thomson's and Grant's gazelles, rhino, wildebeest, steinbuck, impala, waterbuck, and lion. Water is rather scarce on these plains, but there are some water-holes. This trip might be extended round the Hata hills on the chance of a greater kudu, and the return journey might be made by the Tana Valley.

V. *Kilimanjaro from Tsavo.*

Leaving Tsavo station the route follows the Tsavo River to the Seringati plains, and the return journey may be made to Voi station. It is necessary to carry water in jars, and Wateita porters may be obtained from the District Commissioner of Voi. The trip takes about one month. There is a station at Taveta on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, where porters and supplies may be obtained. It is not now possible to get a pass and

enter German territory, as the rule is that travellers must cross the border where there is a customs post. Fringe-eared oryx, lesser kudu, gerenuk, eland, Grant's and Peter's gazelles, rhino, zebra, some lion, and a few buffalo and wildebeest may be seen on this journey.

VI. *Muhoroni.*

This is a useful trip, as it only takes a week, and some species are found which are not seen elsewhere; and few porters need be brought, as a few more may be recruited at the railway station. I marched seven miles west and camped at a low ridge. On this plateau and in the valley below I got roan antelope, topi, Jackson's hartebeest, Chanler's reedbuck, and Abyssinian oribi. Ward's reedbuck is also in the neighbourhood. There was only one small herd of roan, and they were very wary. There used to be another lot of roan on the other side of the railway towards the Nandi hills, but I did not go after them. The country is covered with long grass, which is very wetting in the early morning, and gum boots are desirable. Numerous herds of zebra and sing-sing waterbuck wander about. I had some Lumbwa guides who were fairly satisfactory; the Kavirondo were more numerous, but they did not seem to know much about game. A herd of elephant used to live in the neighbourhood of Kibigori station, but they

have been pretty well shot out, and it is necessary to go for some five days' march to the Kesi country to find them.

VII. *Silgui.*

Silgui is four days' march from Londiani railway station, and near Silgui Thomas's cob and Jackson's hartebeest may be seen.

VIII. *Baringo.*

This district used to be visited for greater kudu, but it is now a reserve for them. It is also a closed district, and special permission from the secretariat is required to enter it. Leaving Nakuru railway station after one day's march the Menengai crater is passed on the left. Below it are herds of Neumann's hartebeest. Two days' further march is Lake Solai, and the hartebeest there are Jackson's. Taking the route to the right from there the track passes below the Laikipia escarpment to Baringo, and on the march of three days rhino and perhaps buffalo may be seen. Two weeks may be spent in camp near Njemps, where supplies can be obtained, and there are in the neighbourhood oryx beisa, rhino, some lion, Thomson's, Peter's, and a few Grant's gazelles, and giraffe of the Baringo race. Sometimes elephant have been found near this place.

IX. *Kusumu* (*Port Florence*).

It is well worth going to Kusumu to see Lake Victoria Nyanza. Well-equipped steamboats make the trip round the lake in a week, and the sight of these graceful white steamers on the waters of this inland sea affords perhaps the most striking index of the rapid progress of the twentieth century in this part of Africa. Some hippo are found at Homa Bay, the first port of call in the Kesi country, but they have been rather shot out there. I hired a small launch from Messrs. Boustead & Clarke, which took me about ten miles down the west coast of the Kavirondo Gulf, and I camped at a place called Asemi. I shot two hippo there and some egret. There are more hippo farther on, and I was told there were bushbuck in the hills back from the lake, and some Uganda cob below the Nandi hills near Kusumu.

X. *Kesi Country.*

One route is by steamer from Kusumu to Homa Bay, and two days' march to the south a large herd of elephant wanders about in the Kavirondo country. None of the bulls carry tusks much over forty pounds, and the herd has been so much shot at that the cows are apt to charge at sight. But the country is fairly open bush, and it

is possible to keep well to the downwind side. Roan antelope are also found there. The return journey may be made by Kesi post and Muhoroni railway station. Guides and porters can be obtained from Kesi.

XI. *Voi, Tsavo, Simba, Sultan Hamud.*

It is useful to spend a few days at some of these stations on the railway journey from Mombassa to Nairobi, to find out what is required for the safari and to tide over any delay in the arrival of baggage. At Voi and Tsavo lesser kudu are found towards the east. At Sultan Hamud I shot fringe-eared oryx, but they are not common there. I got wildebeest near Simba, and at these places there are numerous Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, common hartebeest and zebra, impala, and waterbuck. There are also rhino, but the horns are not good. Tsavo, which was famous for its man-eating lions while the railway was under construction, has, I believe, no lions now, but there are a few near Simba, though they live mostly in the reserve. At these stations there are waiting-rooms which provide shelter for a few days if it is very wet. It is also possible to have goods trains stopped at one of the "landis" (iron sheds) on the line and camp there. I camped at mile 220, but I do not recommend it.

XII. *The Shimba Hills.*

This short trip of two days' march from Mombassa is taken to get sable antelope, and there is also Peter's gazelle. Sable antelope occur in this neighbourhood only. Water is usually very scarce. About a week should be sufficient.

XIII. *Marsabit.*

This journey is not often undertaken, as it is through waterless country. From six to ten camels are required, and the safari follows the trade route to Abyssinia from Archer's Post on the Northern Uaso Nyiro, which is reached by way of Gilgil and Rumruti, or by way of Fort Hall, Nyeri or Meru in about two weeks. From two and a half to three months is needed for the journey. Lion abound on the way near the different water-holes, and Mount Marsabit used to have a good name for elephant, but I am told they are becoming scarce now. Some sportsmen with a desire for exploration have followed this route through Abyssinia to Port Sudan, a journey of about four months. There are some other long journeys which might be made; from Kismayu by way of Wahjir and the Lorian Swamp to Archer's Post; and down the Tana River to the sea. The

first route is followed by Somali trading safaris with cattle. For four days on the Kismayu side of Wahjir, and for five days on the Lorian side there is no water, and I have heard of porters dying of thirst. In 1913 an exploring safari came with twelve camels from Kismayu by the river Lakhdera to the Lorian Swamp, and on the way two Hunter's antelope were obtained.

To go down the Tana to the sea, a distance of say 400 miles without counting all the windings of the river, would take three or four months, and after the game obtainable in the Fort Hall and Embu districts had been shot, few new species would be seen until the coast was reached, except Peter's gazelle and possibly elephant. Some time ago a forest officer went down, and he arranged for supplies from Fort Hall, Embu, Meru, and other places down the river, and he had a collapsible boat. I think ten or fifteen camels should be taken on this trip. The river has too many rapids to be much good for boats.

Another long trip is to go from Nakuru to Lake Rudolph, via Baringo, and spend a month or two round Lake Rudolph, where there are greater kudu, and where lesser kudu are said to be the common antelope. There are also some herds of elephant. These elephant are sometimes poached by Abyssinians, and there is a company of the King's African Rifles stationed there to keep them

in check. It would also be possible to march with camels from Lake Rudolph along the northern boundary of the game reserve to Marsabit, and have a further try for elephant there, and then return by Archer's Post.

APPENDIX

THE PRESERVATION OF TROPHIES

A FEW words on the treatment of horns and skins may not be out of place, though I would refer the reader to Mr. Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Handbook*.

First, as soon as your antelope or gazelle is shot, if you wish to keep the headskin do not let your gun-boy or porters cut its throat at the top. Mahommadans in India will not eat meat except the animal is "halalled" in this place, but Swahilis and Somalis are much less particular, and they will eat animals if they mumble "Bismillah" and cut the throat between the forelegs before the animal is dead; and I sometimes note with amusement that they stretch their imagination to the length of considering an animal still alive because it has post-mortem tremors.

The headskin may be cut by a line on the top of the neck, and the neck broken off, the head being skinned properly when brought to camp. Your gun-boy should attend to the head in the jungle, but it is necessary to have a skinner in camp.

I found one of my Swahili porters knew how to skin very well, so I gave him an additional allowance for it.

In the case of lion skins, do not let your porters carry the lion to camp, as this causes delay, and even an hour in the hot sun may make the hair slip. The lion should be skinned on the spot, and the skinning of the head should be completed as soon as it is brought into camp.

Skins of lion, leopard, &c., are taken off by a longitudinal cut running from under the chin below the animal to the tail, with incisions up each leg in the inside. Always keep the lucky bones of these felines, as they can be set up as pendants; and do not let your boys take the claws.

Different sportsmen work with different preservatives. Salt is sold cheap by Indian shops in all stations, and usually alum, which is about 50 cents per lb. Other preservatives should be brought with the safari. The safari of the Maharaja of Datia was using "Theobaldine" with great success, a liquid sold by Messrs. Theobald, Mysore, India. About two porters' loads of it are required, and it is diluted with about twenty times its bulk of water.

It is a good plan to have a hundred little metal labels with your name stamped on them, and a hole to tie them on your heads and skins so that they may not be lost. As you pass through different district headquarters you should send your trophies to Nairobi, either by getting extra porters from the District Commissioner and sending one of your own Mombassa boys in charge; or you may ask the Indian shopkeepers to forward them, but I cannot recommend this, as some of the skins I sent this way, when I could not get porters, were injured by beetles. As the chief danger to skins lies in attacks from beetles, I think a few packets of Cooper's dip should be carried, and the skins dipped in it before sending them to Nairobi. Safari agents put them into an arsenical dip on arrival—at R.1 for each head or headskin—but the Cooper's dip prevents any beetles getting at them on the way.

The safari agents will store your trophies and look after them and ship them to Europe for you, the skins being packed in tin-lined cases to prevent injury from the sea air, and the heads may be packed in ordinary cases. I took my trophies to a tinsmith in Nairobi,

M. Harrtz, who makes these cases for the safari agents, and he charged me 75 cents and 60 cents per square foot of superficial area for tin-lined and ordinary boxes respectively, and did all the packing and sprinkling with naphthaline as well. I arranged with the East Africa and Uganda Corporation to forward these cases for me to the taxidermists in London, and this saved a lot of trouble. You fill in a form in duplicate from the Game Ranger's office, and he inspects and seals the boxes before despatch, so they are not opened at Mombassa.

The question of having your heads set up fully modelled, or with the horns on the bare skulls or frontlets only, is largely determined by the amount of money you wish to spend on your trophies. Larger antelope cost £3 to £5 to model, and smaller antelope and gazelles about £3 or £2. The mounting of skulls or frontlets is under 10*s.* as a rule. Many sportsmen get only a few of their best heads modelled, and have the others with frontlets only, and they do not keep the headskins, which greatly reduces the transport difficulty.

I may note that a rough estimate for a six months' trip, if you make your own arrangements and do not follow the theories of safari agents, would be about £400 in the country, including licence fees, and attention to your trophies, and packing them and despatching them to Europe; £100 for your passage return, voyage expenses, and ammunition, &c.; and £100 for setting up your trophies in London, so that the total comes to about £600. Safari agents estimate £100 per gun per month in the field, excluding licence fees, and at this rate at least another £300 would be added—total £900. Of course many people spend much more, and I met one safari which was spending £1,000 per month in the field.

SAFARI EQUIPMENT

Master's Tent, 80 lb.

Ground-sheet
Bed, bedding, rizai
Combined bath and wash-stand
4 plates
Cup and saucer
6 spoons
1 tent table
2 dishes
Teapot
Roorkee chair
2 knives, forks, and spoons
1 hurricane lantern
1 enamelled tumbler

Cook's Tent, 40 lb.

1 knife, fork, and spoon
1 tin opener
1 screw-driver and file
1 panga (cutter)
1 shoka (axe)
1 bread mould
2 hurricane lanterns
1 bucket
1 corkscrew
1 large kettle, aluminium
4 cooking-pots, „
1 frying-pan, „

Cook, Boy, and Gun-boy.

4½ loads rice (Rs.45), 36 lb. sugar (Rs.12).

Note.—Less rice may be taken, as it can be bought at out-stations, though the price is higher.

6 porters' tents, 6 safurias and senias (lids), Rs.20.

1 kibaba (1½ lb. measure), 25 porters' ropes, Rs.3.75.

25 small posho bags, Rs.4.50.

2 tape measures (steel), nails, hammer, pincers, Hank's sail twine and sail needles.

Medical Stores.

1 bottle 100 quinine 5 grs. tabloids
2 bottles quinine powder, 4 oz. each
2 bottles chlorodyne
1 bottle zinc ointment
1 bottle phenacetin tabloids
1 bottle Scrubb's ammonia
1 bottle castor oil
1 bottle 100 cascara tabloids
100 pills for constipation
3 bottles vaseline (also for guns)

Medical Stores—(continued).

1 large bottle iodoform (or iodol, which has no smell)
1 bottle glycerine of tannin
1 bottle boric acid and zinc powder
1 packet camomile flowers (sore eyes)
1 bottle strong carbolic acid
1 packet permanganate of potash
2 spools adhesive plaster
1 dozen 2½ in. cotton bandages
¼ lb. boric wool
1 yard boric lint
1 yard oiled silk
1 forceps
1 thermometer
1 pair scissors
1 Moore's Family Medicine
1 box for medicines
1 Berkenfeldt filter
1 syringe
1 Tabloid First Aid case, No. 715, from Burroughs and Welcome, London

Total cost about Rs.100. This should be brought from home.

List of Stores.

ONE PERSON FOR TWO MONTHS.

Breakfast or Tea.	Rs.
12 tins condensed milk	6.00
4 tins tea	5.60
2 lb. tins coffee	2.50
12 lb. brown sugar	4.50
6 lb. white sugar	1.50
4 tins butter	6.00
6 tins jam	3.00
4 lb. tins Quaker Oats	3.00
20 lb. flour	2.40
3 tins baking powder	3.00
6 tins marrowfat	8.22
10 lb. bacon	8.00
6 (½ lb.) tins cheese	2.70
2 lb. plain chocolate, eating	4.00
3 (2 lb.) tins biscuits	4.50
6 small tins potted meat	3.00
4 tins sausages	2.50
Fish.	
4 tins sardines	2.00

Soup.	Rs.
1½ dozen soup squares	4.50
Vegetables.	
4 lb. pease	2.00
4 lb. baked beans	2.00
30 lb. potatoes	1.25
20 lb. onions	3.34
8 lb. Patna rice	2.00
1 bottle curry powder	1.12
Puddings.	
2 lb. cornflour	1.50
12 packets jelly squares	2.40
3 lb. macaroni	2.25
4 tins apricot	8.00
4 tins apple rings	5.50
2 tins pine-apple	4.00
1 tin preserved ginger	1.50

List of Stores—(continued).

Miscellaneous.

	Rs.		Rs.
2 tins peaflour . .	1.50	3 tablets toilet soap .	2.25
1 bottle vinegar . .	0.75	1 tin table salt . .	0.50
1 bottle Worcester sauce	1.75	1 tin pepper . . .	0.45
2 bottles whisky . .	6.50	1 tin mustard . .	0.50
6 bottles lime juice .	7.50	4 tins gun-oil . .	2.00
10 doz. sparklets . .	10.00	1 bottle pickles . .	1.00
1 case 2 tins kerosine .	8.00	1 tin golden syrup .	1.00
2 doz. boxes matches .	0.24	4 lamp wicks . . .	0.50
1 packet bromo paper .	1.20	1 tin Cadbury's tropical chocolate	2.00
15 lb. alum (skins) .	9.00	50 eggs . . .	2.00
30 lb. coarse salt . .	1.80		
3 boxes Sunlight soap .	2.25		
4 chop boxes . . .	10.00	Total, Nairobi prices,	186.07

List of Boran Words.

English.	Boran.	Swahili.
Village enclosure	Warra	Boma
camel	rocho	gamia
this	kanah	yoko
not seen	ingirt	hapana waona
cloth	wayafeta	marduff
I want	mamfeta	nataka
I do not want	ye oh	sitaki
how many days?	halkan hagam	sic ingabe
water	bissan	maji
where is the water-hole?	garan meh	wapi maji
a guide	koti injoh	kanungozi
do guide	koti kalan agerisis	fenya kazi kanungozi
how much do you want?	rudun hagam	paisa ingabe
where is the boma (enclosure)?	warra kesame	wapi boma
no	injirra	hapana
yes	eh	ndio
come here	keuti	njoo hapa
go away	ben	nenda
good day	bultin nagaya	yambo
not understand	mefid	hapana sikia

List of Boran Words—(continued).

English.	Boran.	Swahili.
where are there elephant?	arba meh	wapi tembo
to see tracks	fan meh	waona magoo
gun	gowe	banduki
fire a gun	gowe dird	piga banduki
bad	hampt	mbaya
good	dansa	mazuri

Numerals.

Boran.		Boran.		Boran.	
1	toko	9	sagan	30	sodon
2	lam	10	kudan	40	afourtam
3	sadi	11	kudan e tok	50	shantam
4	afour	12	kudan e lamu	60	jatam
5	shan	13	kudan e sudi	70	turbatam
6	je	14	kudan e afour	80	sadetam
7	turb		&c.	90	sagaltam
8	sidet	20	didam	100	ib

GAME LIST, 1913

Third Schedule.

Animals, a limited number of which may be killed or captured under a Sportsman's or Resident's licence.

Kind.	Number Allowed.
1. Buffalo (bull)	2
2. Rhinoceros	1
3. Hippopotamus, except as provided in the First Schedule	2
4. Eland, except as provided in the First Schedule	1
5. Zebra (Grevy's)	2
6. Zebra (common)	20
7. Oryx (Callotis)	2
8. Oryx (Beisa)	4
9. Waterbuck (of each species)	2
10. Sable Antelope (male)	1
11. Roan Antelope (male), except as provided in the First Schedule	1
12. Greater Kudu (male), except as provided in the First Schedule	1
13. Lesser Kudu	4

14. Topi	2
15. Topi (in Jubaland, Tanaland, and Loita Plains)	8
16. Coke's Hartebeest	20
17. Neumann's Hartebeest, except as provided in the First Schedule	2
18. Jackson's Hartebeest	4
19. Hunter's Antelope	6
20. Thomas's Kob	4
21. Bongo	2
22. Palla	4
23. Situtunga	2
24. Wildebeest	3
25. Grant's Gazelle. Four varieties: Typicus, Notata, Bright's and Robertsi, of each	3
26. Waller's Gazelle (Gerenuk)	4
27. Harvey's Duiker	10
28. Isaac's ,,	10
29. Blue ,,	10
30. Kirk's Dikdik	10
31. Guenther's Dikdik	10
32. Hinde's ,,	10
33. Cavendish's ,,	10
34. Abyssinian Oribi	10
35. Haggard's ,,	10
36. Kenya ,,	10
37. "Suni" (Neotragus Moschatus)	10
38. Klipspringer	10
39. Ward's Reedbuck	10
40. Chanler's ,,	10
41. Thomson's Gazelle	10
42. Peter's Gazelle	10
43. Soemmerring's Gazelle	10
44. Bushbuck	10
45. Bushbuck (Haywood's)	10
46. Colobi Monkeys, of each species	6
47. Marabout	4
48. Egret, of each species	4

A copy of the Game Ordinance, 1909, which is still in force, may be had on application to the Chief Game Ranger, Nairobi.

MEASUREMENTS OF GAME SHOT

BUFFALO

	Greatest Width.								
	Outside.	Inside.	Tip to Tip.	Width of Palm.	Girth of Base.	Height.	Length of Bod .	Tail.	Fore-leg.
	In.	In.	In.	In	In.	Hnds. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	In.
I.	38	34	26¼	13	26	14 1	...	...	...
II.	45½	40¾	29½	11	27	15 2¼	9 11	3 4	24

WILDEBEEST

	Greatest Width.			
	Outside.	Inside.	Girth of Base.	Length of Horn.
	In.	In.	In.	In.
I.	24	20	13	20

RHINOCEROS

	Front Horn.		Back Horn.						
	Length.	Girth.	Length.	Girth.	Total Length.	Tail.	Height.	Round Forefoot.	Length of Track.
	In.	In.	In.	In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	In.	In.
I.	18	...	7¼	...	13 0	2 0	...	...	...
II.	11	19½	5½	13½	12 8	2 4	5 0	29	...
III.	17	20	9½	19½	12 11½	1 11	5 2	29	13

ELAND

	Length of Horn Straight.	Girth at Base.	Tip to Tip.	Height.
	In.	In.	In.	Hands.
I.	25½	11	11½	17

LION

	Length of Body.		Tail.	Total Length.		Girth behind Shoulder.	Height.
	Sportsman's.	Straight.		Sportsman's.	Straight.		
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	In.	In.
I.	6 4	6 1	3 0	9 4	9 1	44¼	36
II.	6 6	6 3	2 9	9 3	9 0	46¼	38
III.	5 6½	5 0	3 1	8 7½	8 1	37¼	38
IV.	...	5 4½	2 10	...	8 2½	38	33
V.	...	5 0	2 10¼	...	7 10¼	38	33
VI.	...	5 2½	2 9½	...	8 0	42	33½
VII.	6 6	5 6½	3 1	9 7	8 7½	46¼	35
VIII.	5 0	...	2 2	7 2	...	36	28

LION

	Girth of Foreleg. Above Joint.	Below Joint.	Sex.	Remarks.
	Inches.	Inches.		
I.	18	...	♂	Fine mane.
II.	20½	...	♂	Fine mane; a heavy lion.
III.	19¼	14	♀	Distinct spots.
IV.	18½	14½	♀	Distinct spots.
V.	17¾	13½	♀	Dark colour, with spots.
VI.	19¼	14½	♀	Distinct spots.
VII.	20½	16	♂	Dark mane, medium size.
VIII.	15¼	...	♀	Spots, cub; shot by gun-boy.

COMMON ZEBRA

	Height at Shoulder.
I.	11 hands 3 inches.
II.	12 „ ... „
III.	11 „ 3 „
IV.	12 „ ... „
♀ V.	11 „ 3 „
♀ VI.	11 „ 3 „
VII.	12 „ ... „

GREVY'S ZEBRA

	Height at Shoulder
I.	14 hands 3½ inches.
II.	14 „ 1 inch.

BEISA ORYX

	Length of Horn on Front Curve.	Girth at Base.	Tip to Tip.	Height.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	33	6	8⅛	47
II.	30½	6½	8⅛	46½
III.	31	6½	10⅜	46
IV.	30¾	6⅛	8¼	48

FRINGE-EARED ORYX

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	29	5	9	46½
II.	33	5½	9¾	47

WATERBUCK

Cobus ellipsiprymnus.

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	24	8¼	14	48
II.	24	8½	13½	48½

Cobus defassa sing-sing.

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	24⅛	8½	14½	46½
II.	27⅛	8⅛	12¾	48

ROAN ANTELOPE

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	21	8	8	54

GREATER KUDU

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	33¼	9½	23¾	54

LESSER KUDU

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	26¼	7	14	44½

TOPI

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	18½	8½	6¾	49
II.	17	8	8	49

NEUMANN'S HARTEBEEST

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	19¼	9⅜	12½	48
II.	21¼	9¾	17¼	47

JACKSON'S HARTEBEEST

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
♀ I.	17⅛	9	7⅜	48
♀ II.	18	8½	7⅞	50

COKE'S HARTEBEEST

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	18	9½	14	49
II.	16½	8	14½	47
III.	16	9¼	14¼	48
IV.	14	7	16½	46

IMPALA

	Length of Horns on Front Curve.	Girth at Base.	Tip to Tip.	Height.	Greatest Width.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	24½	6¼	11¾	35½	19
II.	26½	6½	22⅝	34	22⅝
III.	27	5½	19	34¾	19
IV.	29⅜	5⅞	15¼	36½	21

GRANT'S GAZELLE (*Bright's Variety*)

	Length of Horn on Front Curve.	Girth at Base.	Tip to Tip.	Height.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	20½	6¼	7½	35
II.	23½	6¼	12	35
III.	23½	6¾	8¼	35½

Typicus

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	23⅜	6½	9½	36½
II.	25½	7½	7½	35½
III.	24	6½	10	36

Notata

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	26¾	6½	9½	37½
II.	24½	6¼	7⅝	36
III.	22	6¾	9⅜	34¾

WALLER'S GAZELLE (Gerenuk)

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	12¼	5	4¼	36¾
II.	11⅝	4¾	6¼	36
III.	11	5	4	35½
IV.	15⅜	5⅜	4¾	37

GUENTHER'S DIKDIK

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$	16
II.	$2\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$15\frac{3}{4}$
III.	3	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	16
IV.	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$15\frac{3}{4}$
V.	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{3}{4}$
VI.	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	15

KIRK'S DIKDIK

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$15\frac{1}{2}$
II.	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	16
♀ III.	...	...	...	$15\frac{1}{2}$

ABYSSINIAN ORIBI

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	$5\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	22
II.	$5\frac{3}{8}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$23\frac{1}{2}$

CHANLER'S MOUNTAIN REEDBUCK

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	8	6	$2\frac{1}{2}$	32

THOMSON'S GAZELLE

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	$14\frac{3}{8}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{8}$	25

PETER'S GAZELLE

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	22	$6\frac{1}{2}$	9	37

COLOBI MONKEYS

♀ I. Length, including tail, 46 inches.
II. ,, ,, ,, 48 ,,

MARABOUT

I., II., III., IV.

EGRET

Larger Species, I., II., III., IV. Smaller Species, I.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

	Length of Body.		Tail.		Total Length.		Height.		Girth, Upper Arm.
	Feet.	Inches.	Ft.	In.	Feet.	Inches.	Ft.	In.	Inches.
I.	11	6	1	6	13	0	5	1	28
♀ II.	10	7	1	1	11	8	4	7	27

	Lower Curved Tusks.		Lower Straight Tusks.	
	Length round Outside Curve.	Girth.	Length round Outside Curve.	Girth.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	16	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$10\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$
♀ II.	13	$4\frac{3}{4}$	$8\frac{3}{4}$	4

WILD BOAR (Uaso Nyiro, eaten by lions)

	Lower Tusk.		Upper Tusk.		
	Projection beyond Jaw.	Total Length.	Projection beyond Jaw.	Total Length.	Height.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
♀ I.	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	...

FOREST HOG (Laikipia)

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
♀ I.	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{3}{4}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$8\frac{1}{4}$	28
♀ II.	3	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	6	26

SPOTTED HYENA

	Length of Body Straight.		Tail.	Total Length.		Height.
	Feet.	Inches.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.	Inches.
I.	3	8	8	4	4	30

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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
at Paul's Work, Edinburgh